TANCREDE,

TRAGEDIE,

MISE EN MUSIQUE

Par Monsieur CAMPRA.

REPRE'SENTE'E POUR LA PREMIERE FOIS

PAR L'ACADEMIE ROYALE DE MUSIQUE

Le septiéme jour de Novembre 1702.

A PARIS,

Chez CHRISTOPHE BALLARD, seul Imprimeur du Roy pour la Musique, ruë Saint Jean de Beauvais, au Mont-Parnasse.

M. DCCII.

Avec Privilege de Sa Majesté.

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Avec Privilege de Sa Majeſté.

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TANCREDE,

TRAGEDIE.

PROLOGUE.

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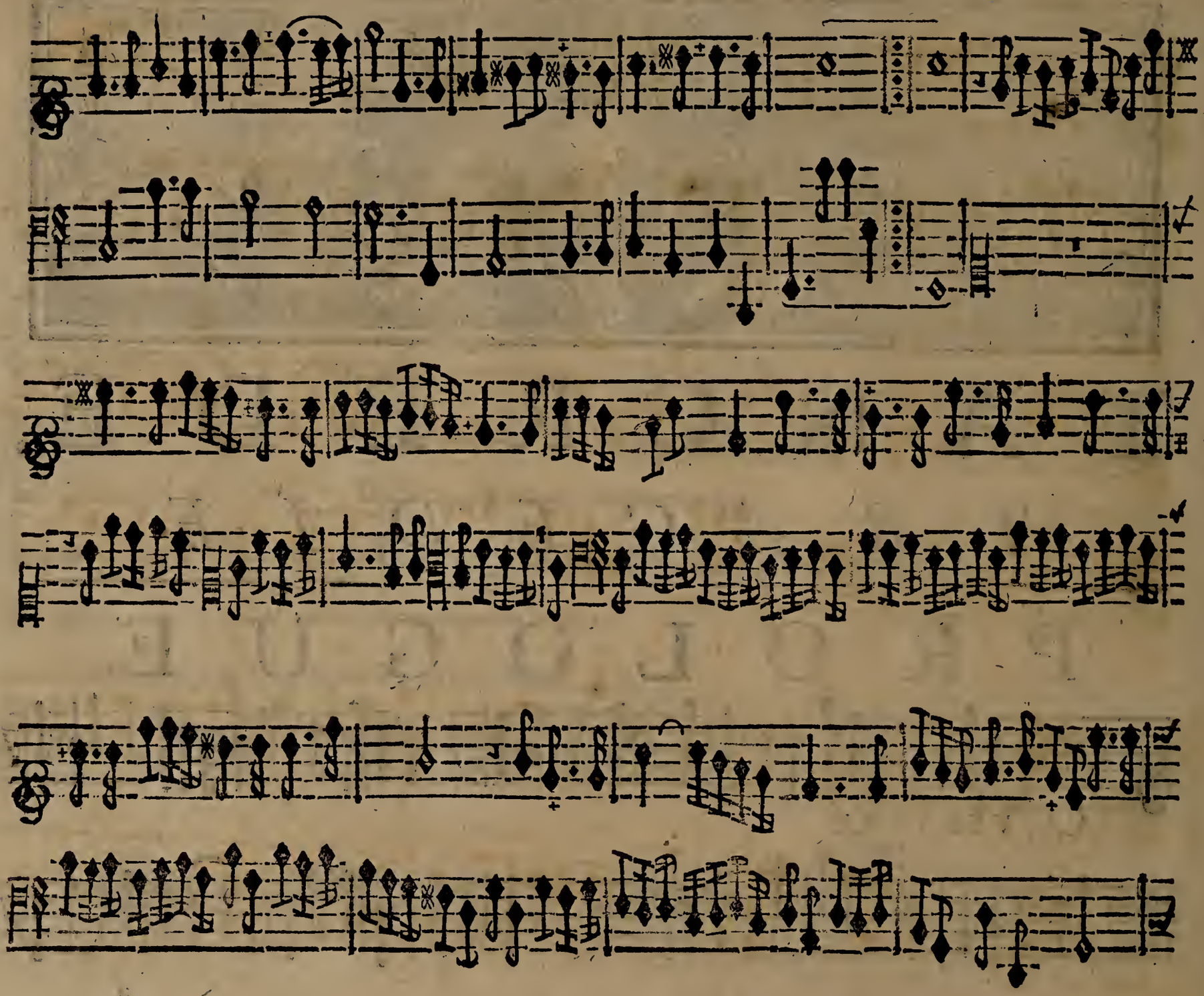
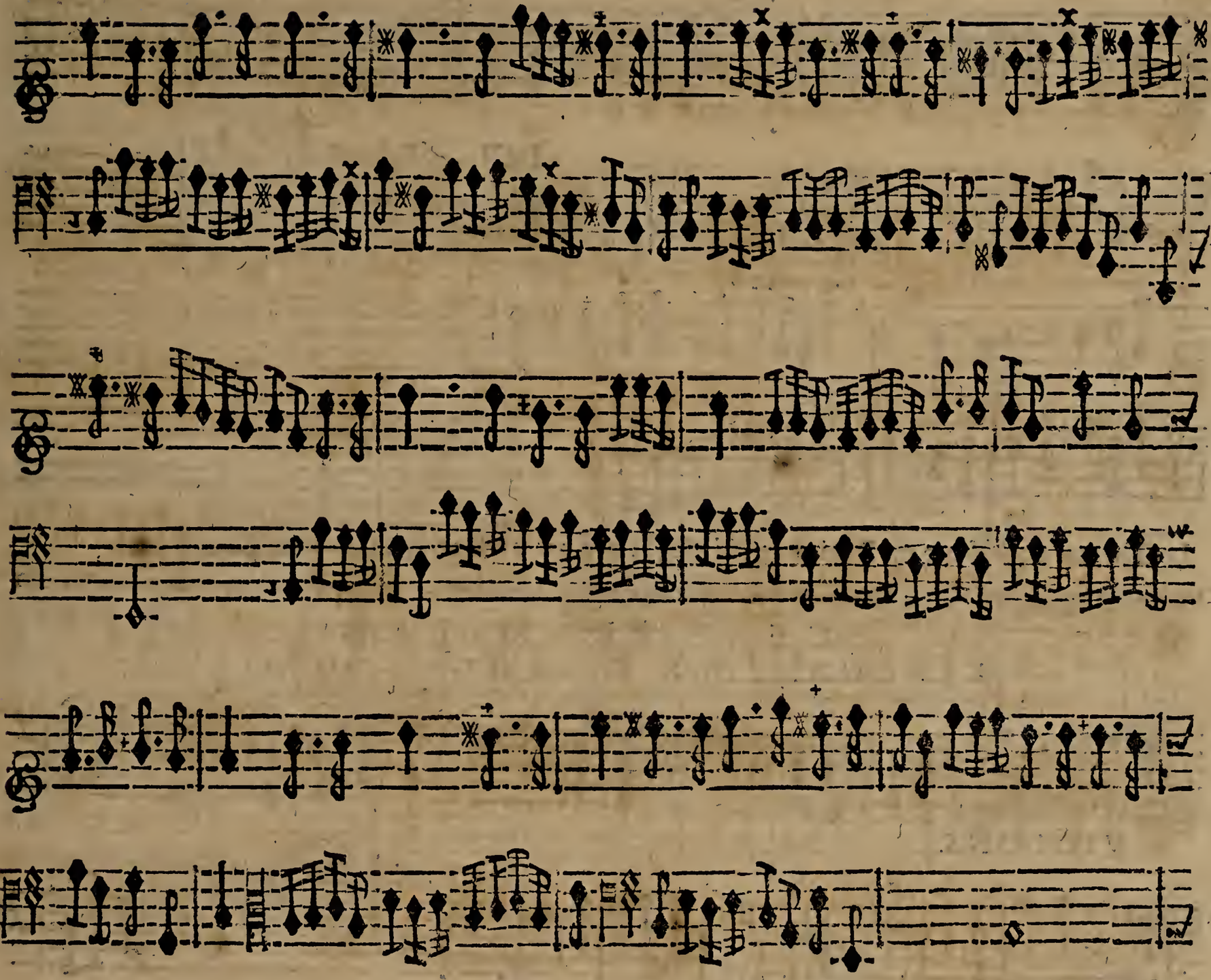
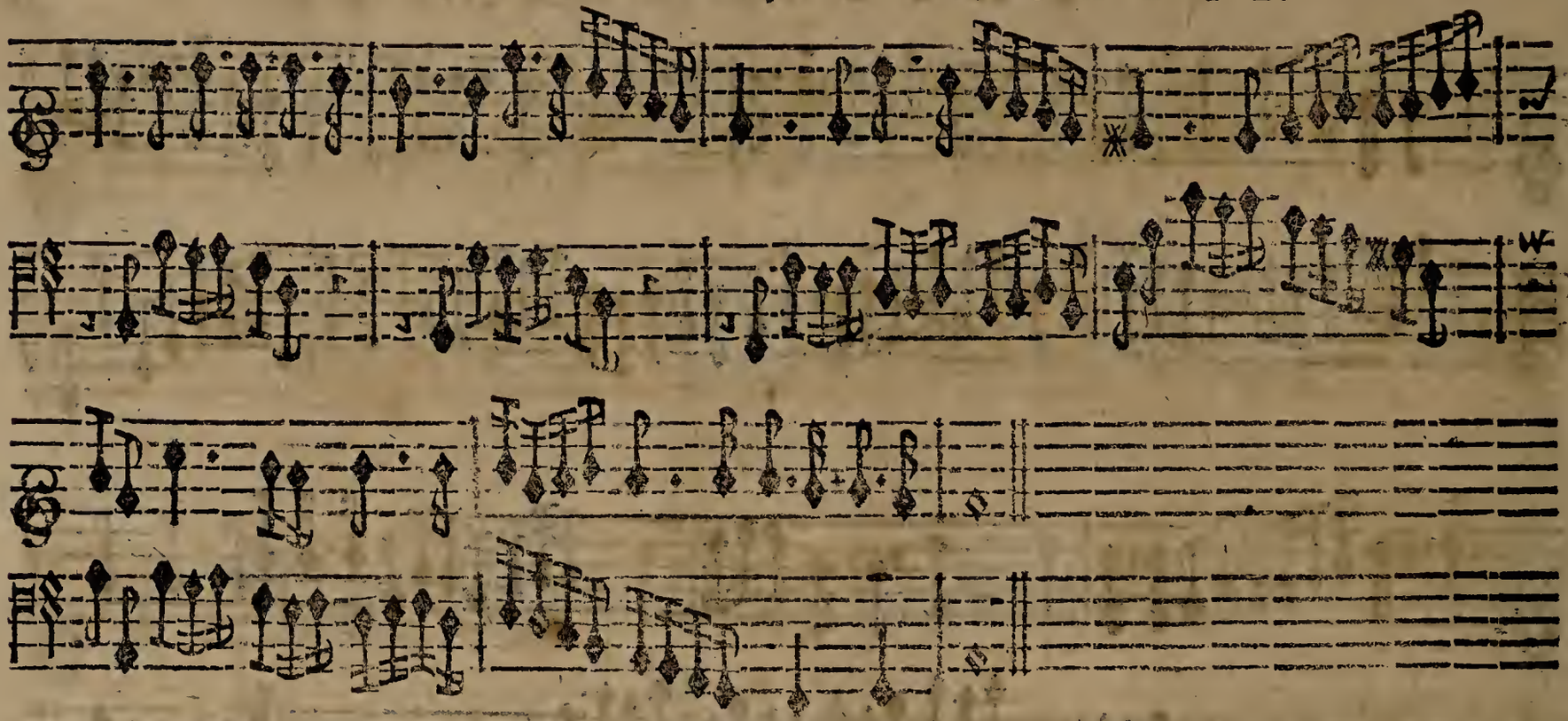


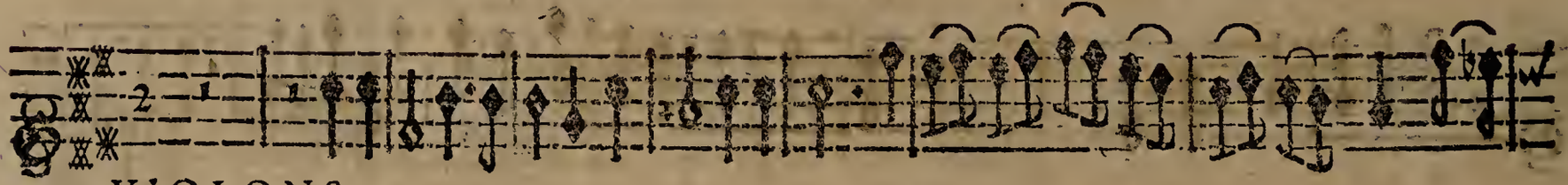




Le Theatre repréſente un Palais magnifique, élevé par un ſage Enchanteur ; prés du Mont-Liban.

SCENE PREMIERE.

L'ENCHANTEUR. Troupe de Genies de ſa Suite.



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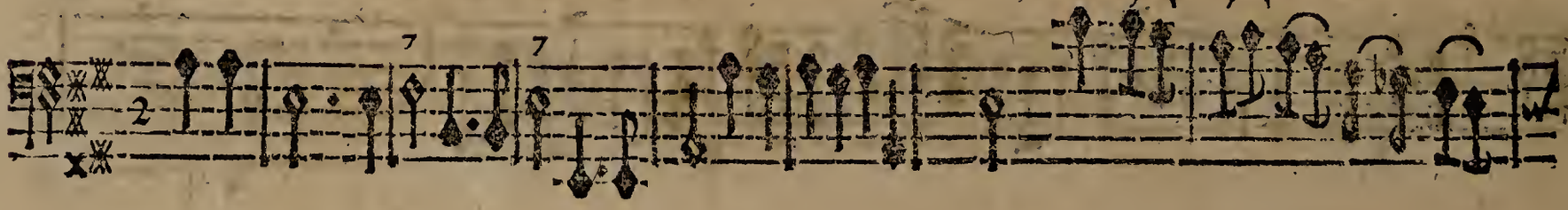

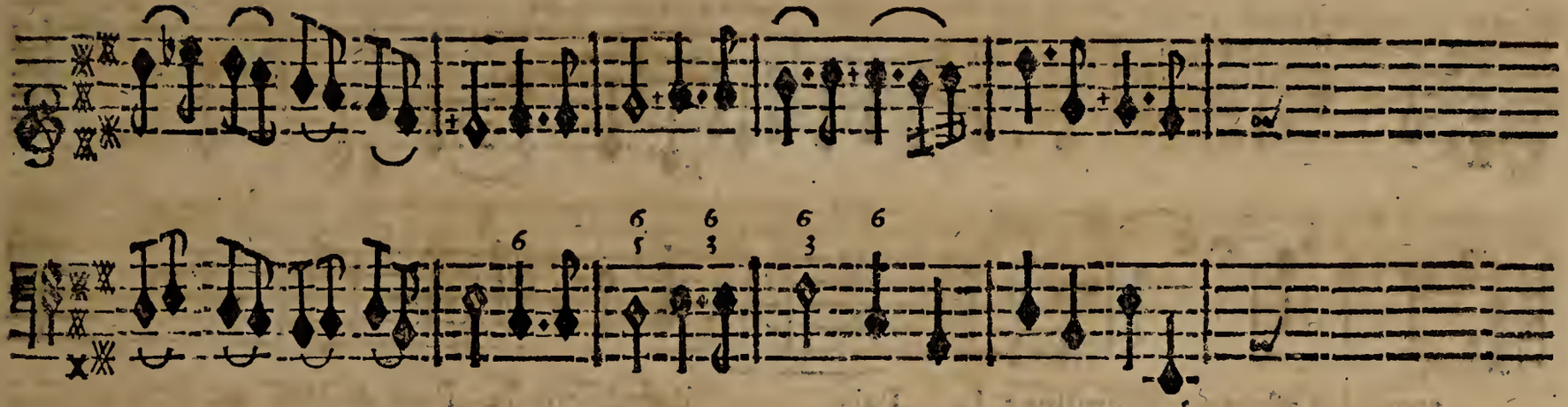

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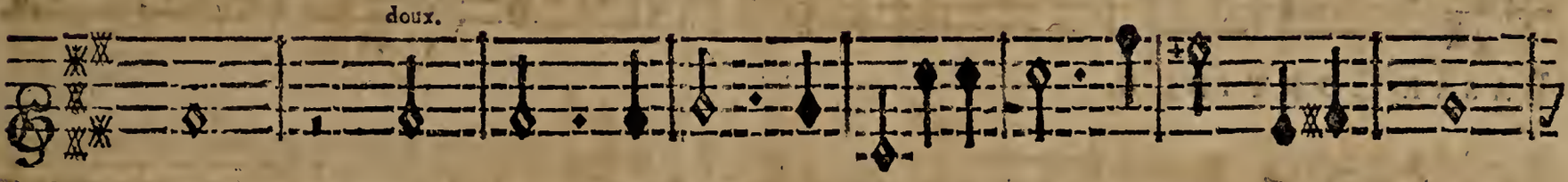
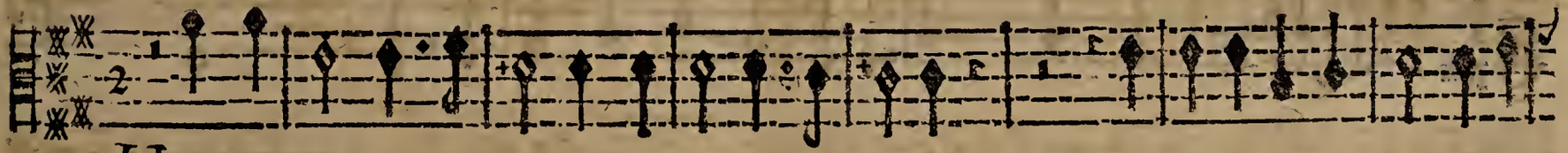
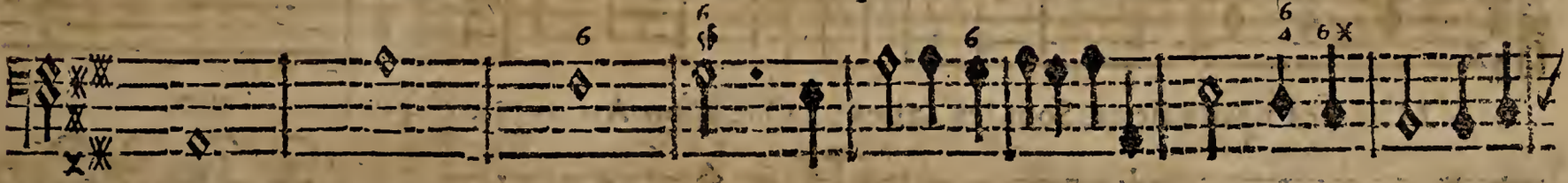


L'ENCHANTEUR.



HAtons-nous d'embellir ces demeures tranquilles; Des rives du Jourdain mille



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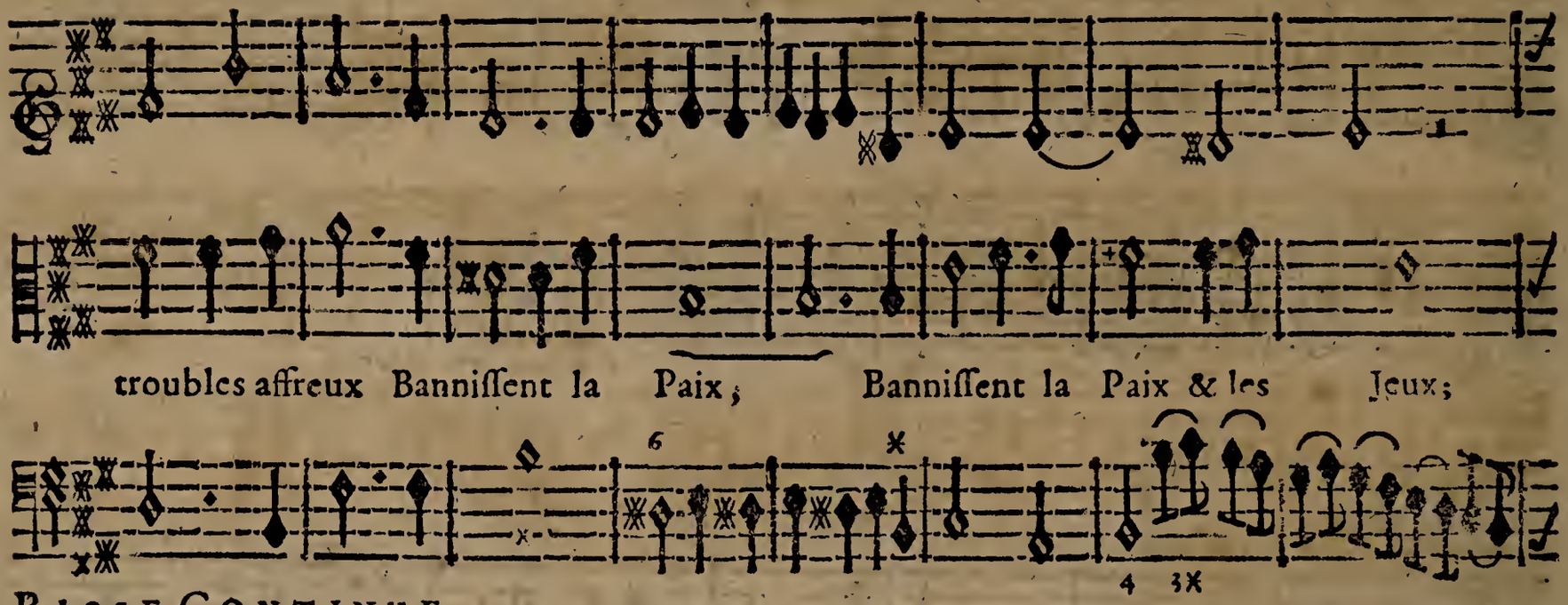

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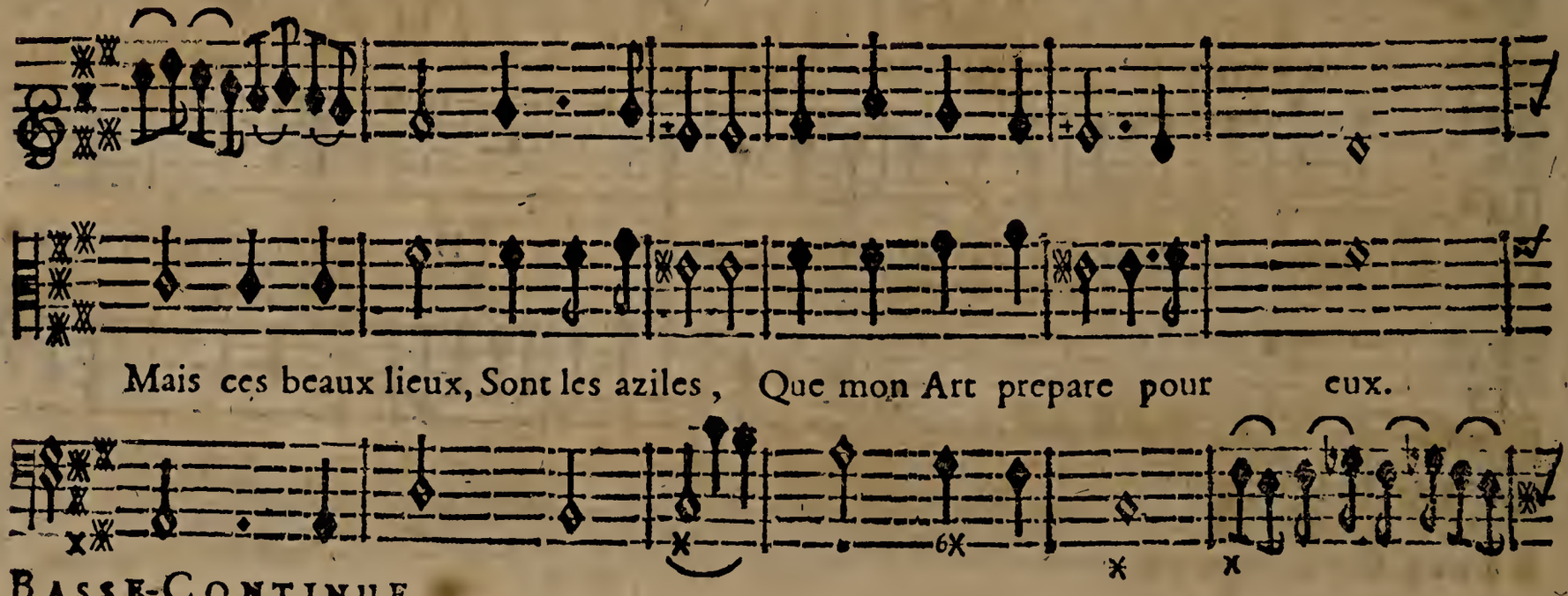

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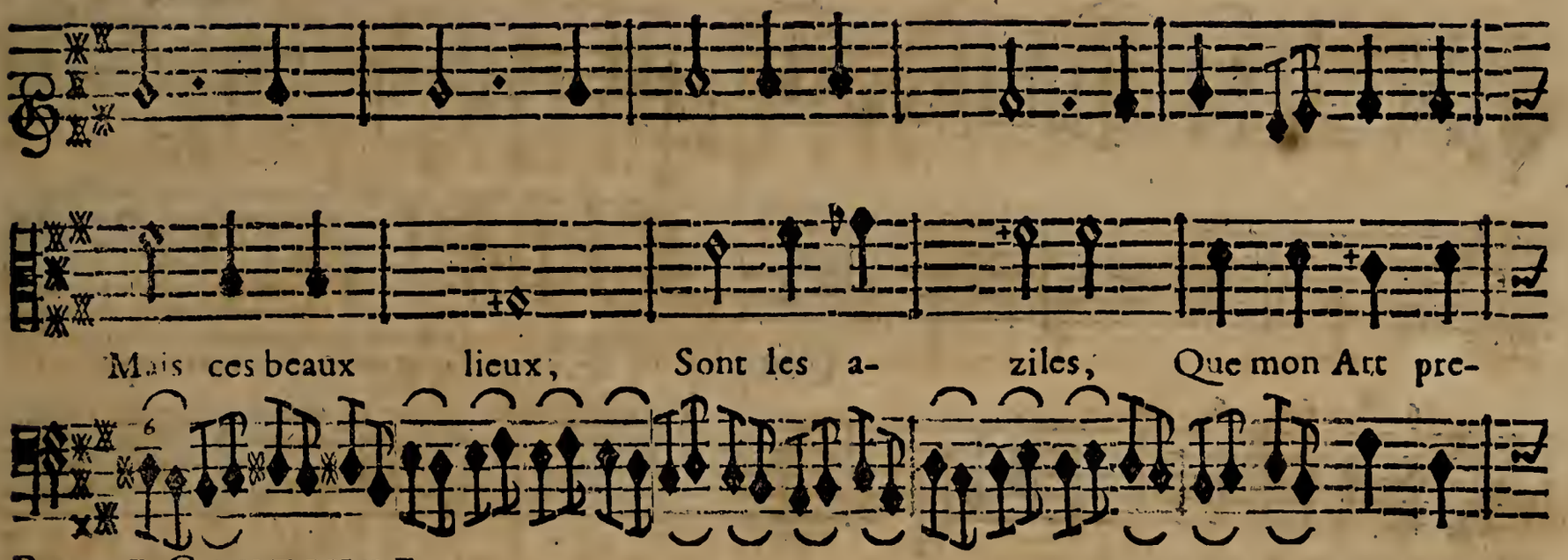

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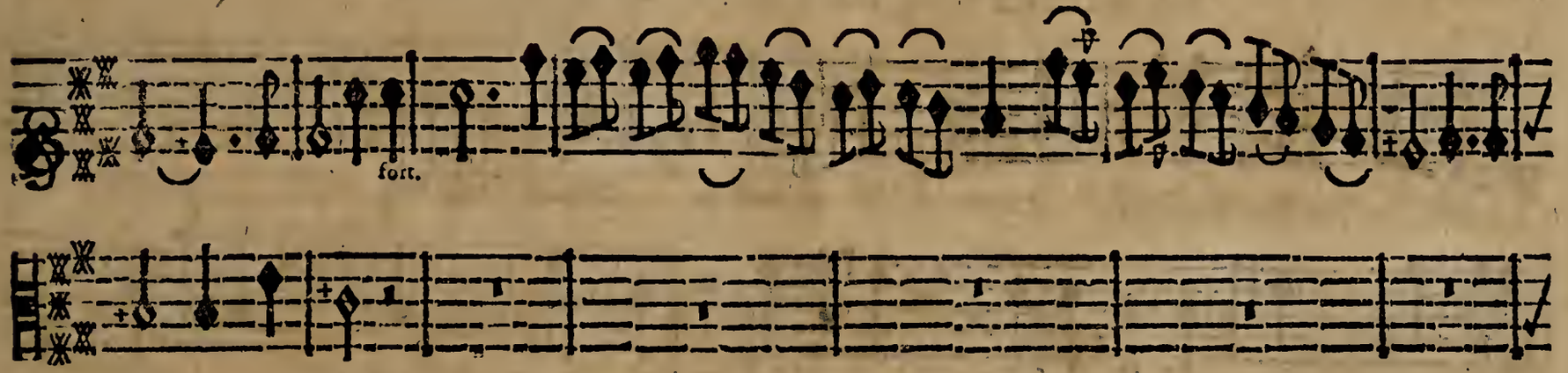

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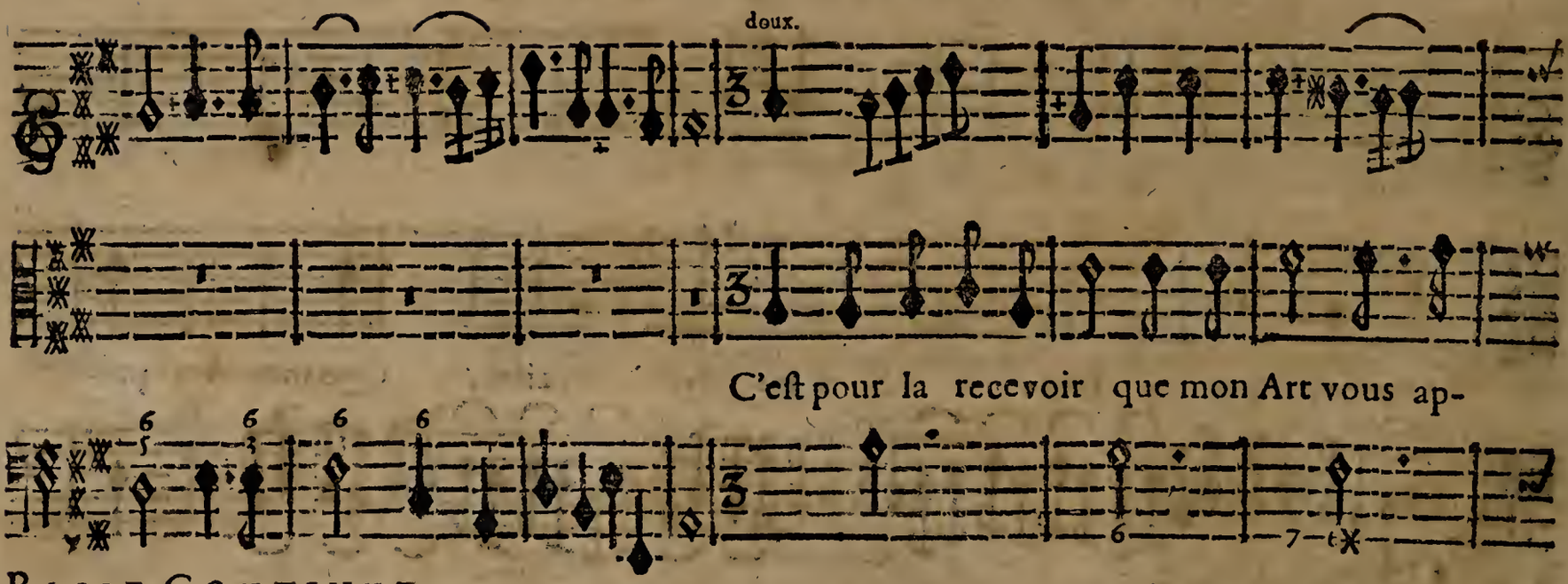

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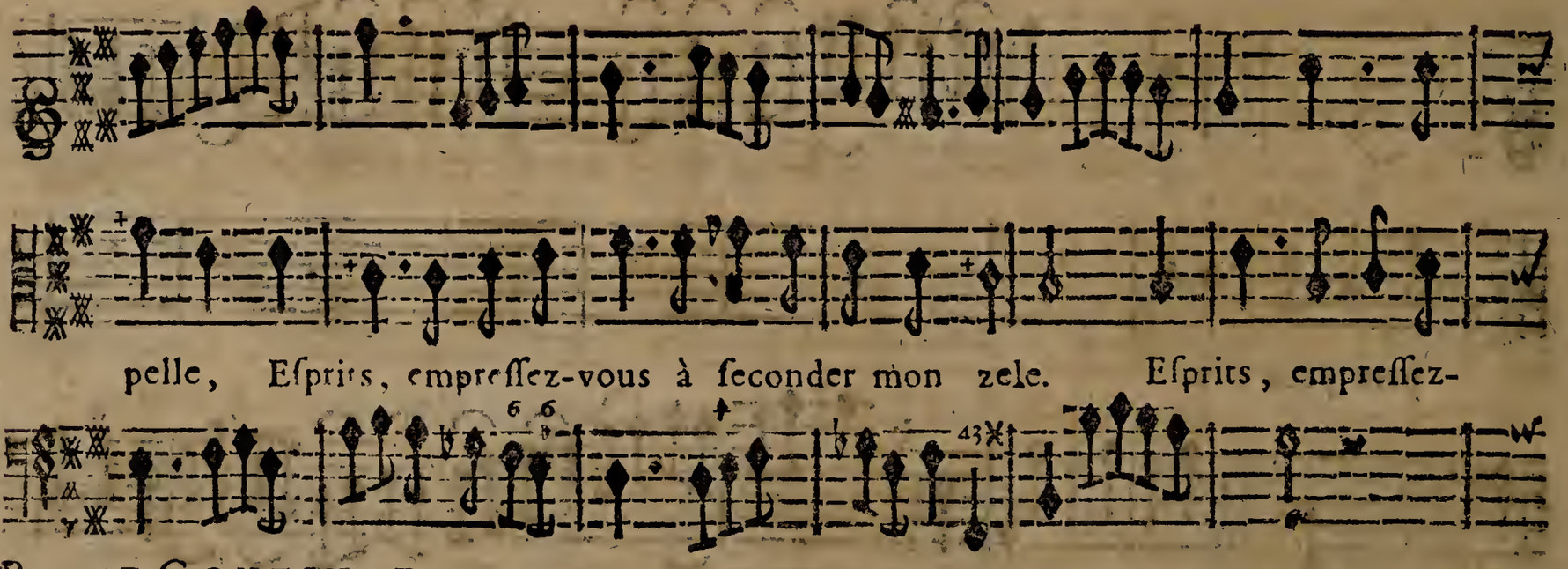


BASSE-CONTINUE.

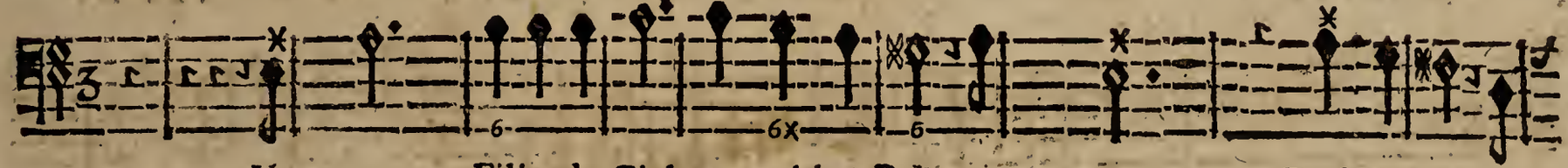
vous, empreſſez-vous à ſeconder mon zele.

BASSE-CONTINUE.

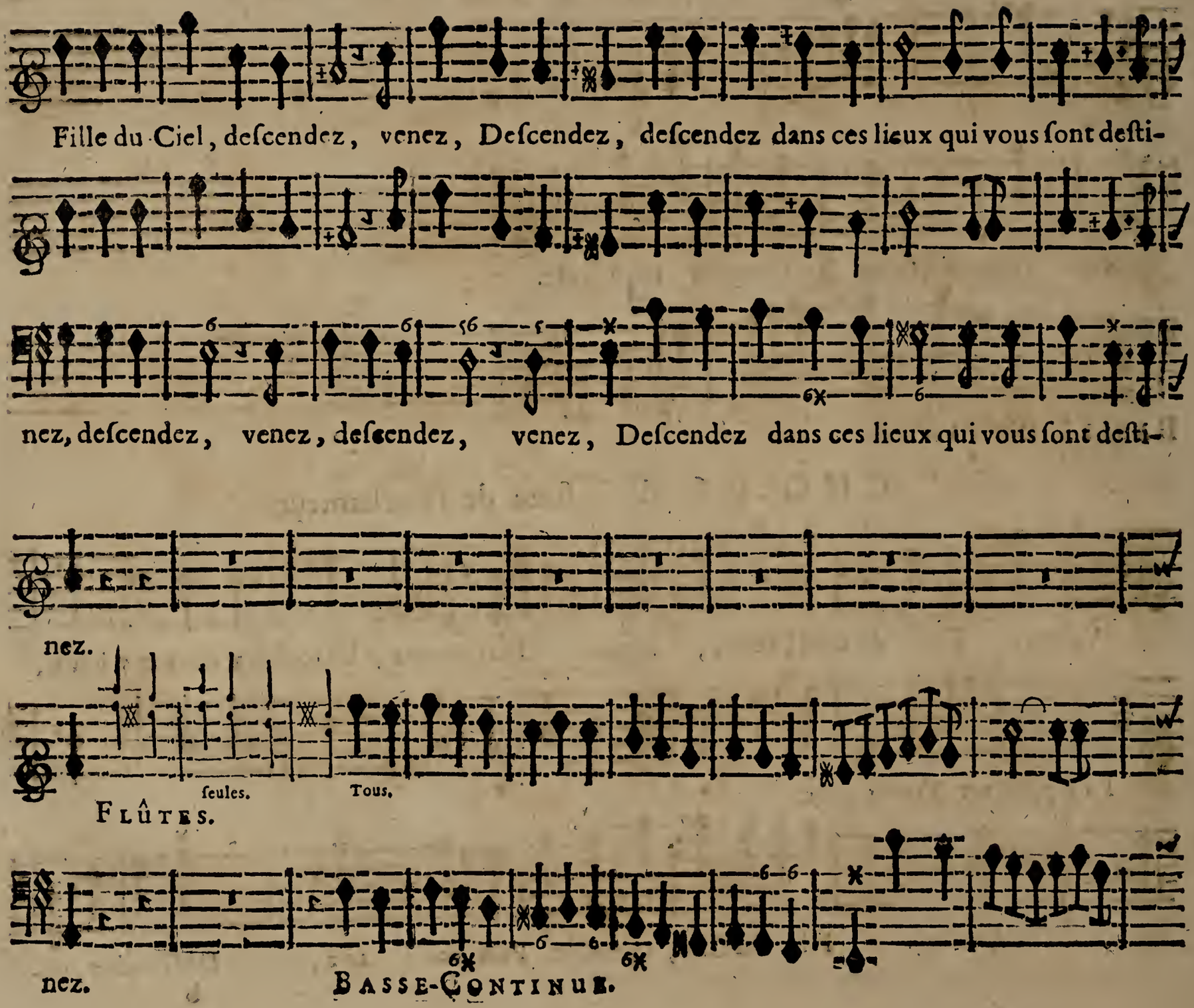
CHOEUR de la ſuite de l'Enchanteur.

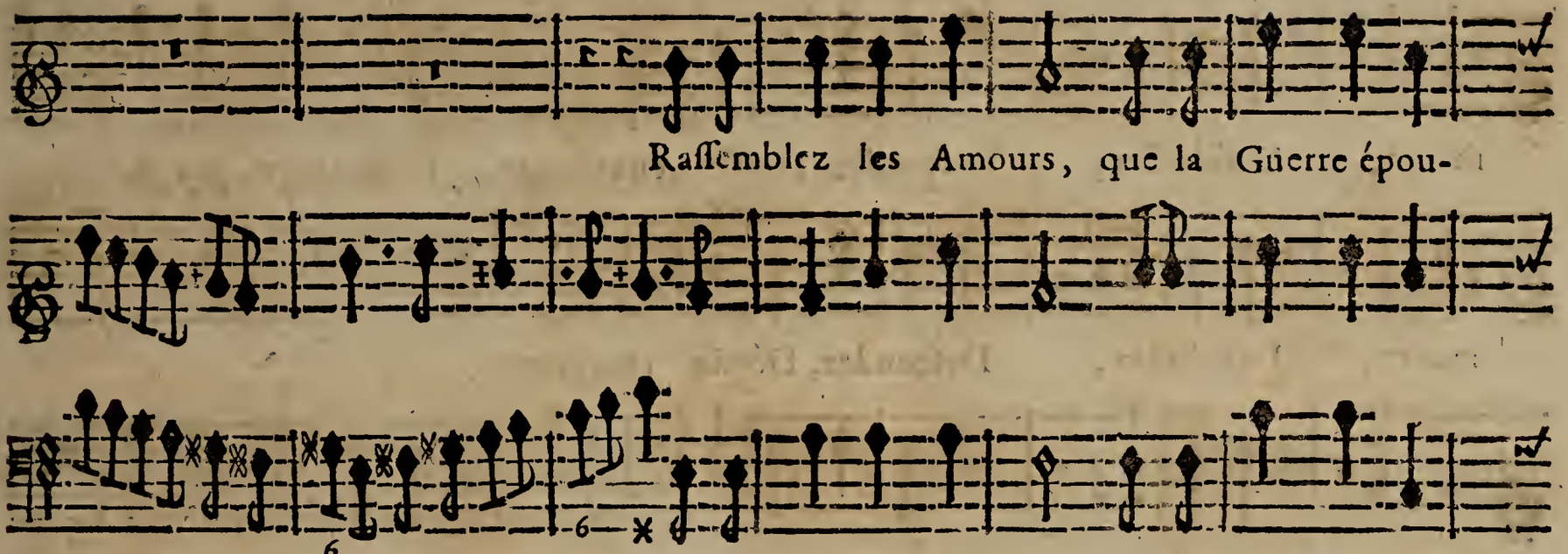
Venez, Fille du Ciel, veſſez, aymable Paix venez, Deſcendez dans ces lieux,

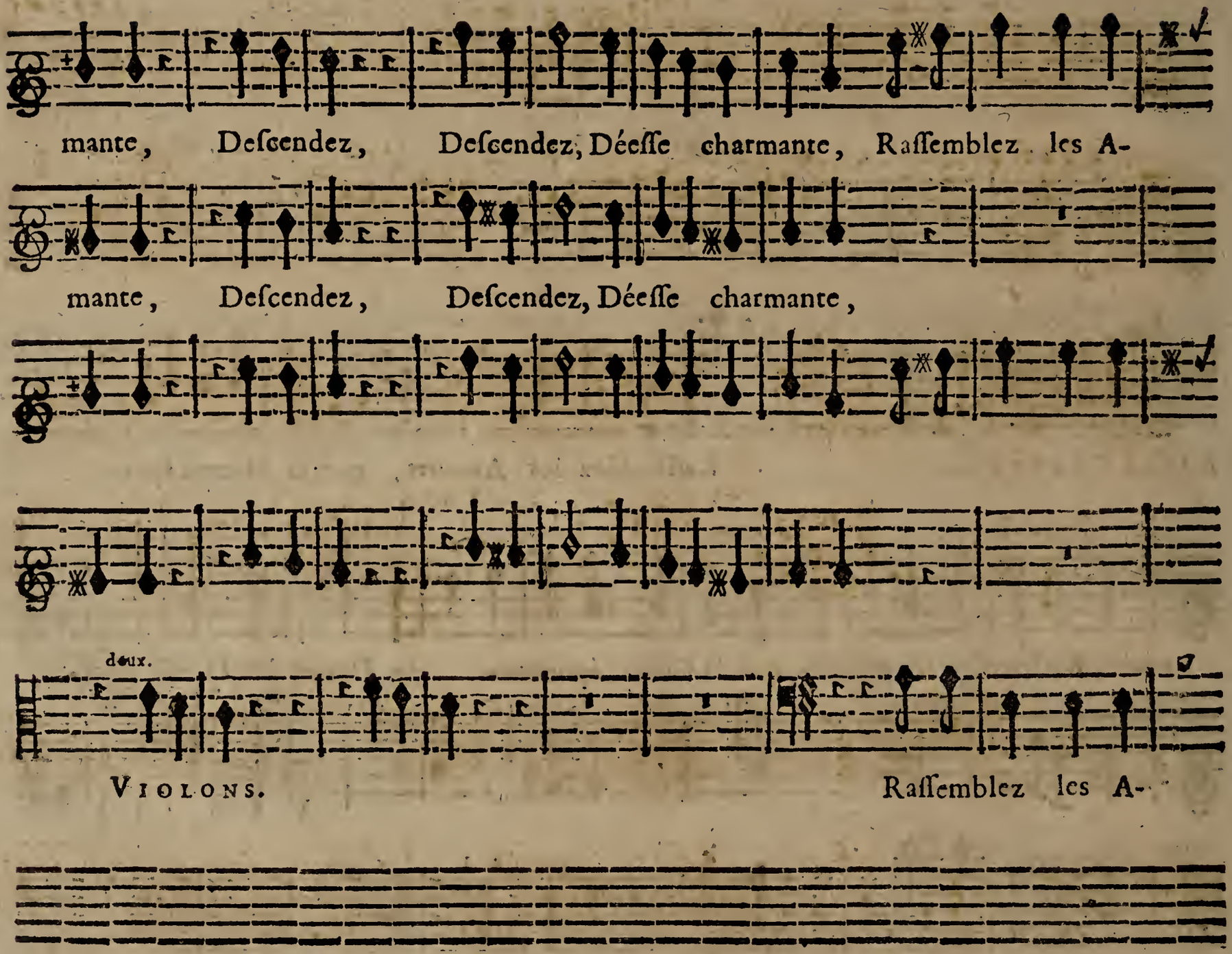
FLÛTES ET VIOLONS.

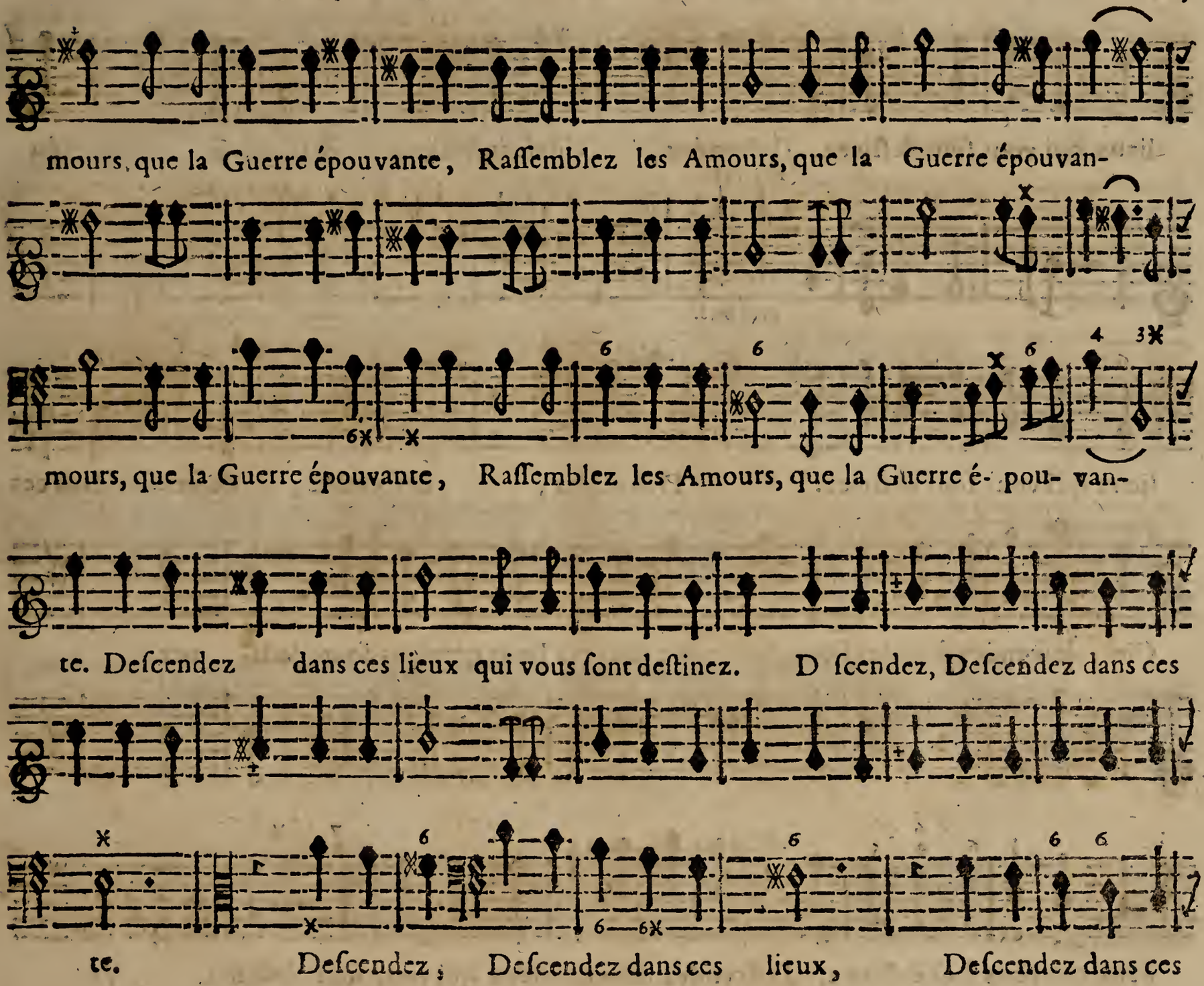


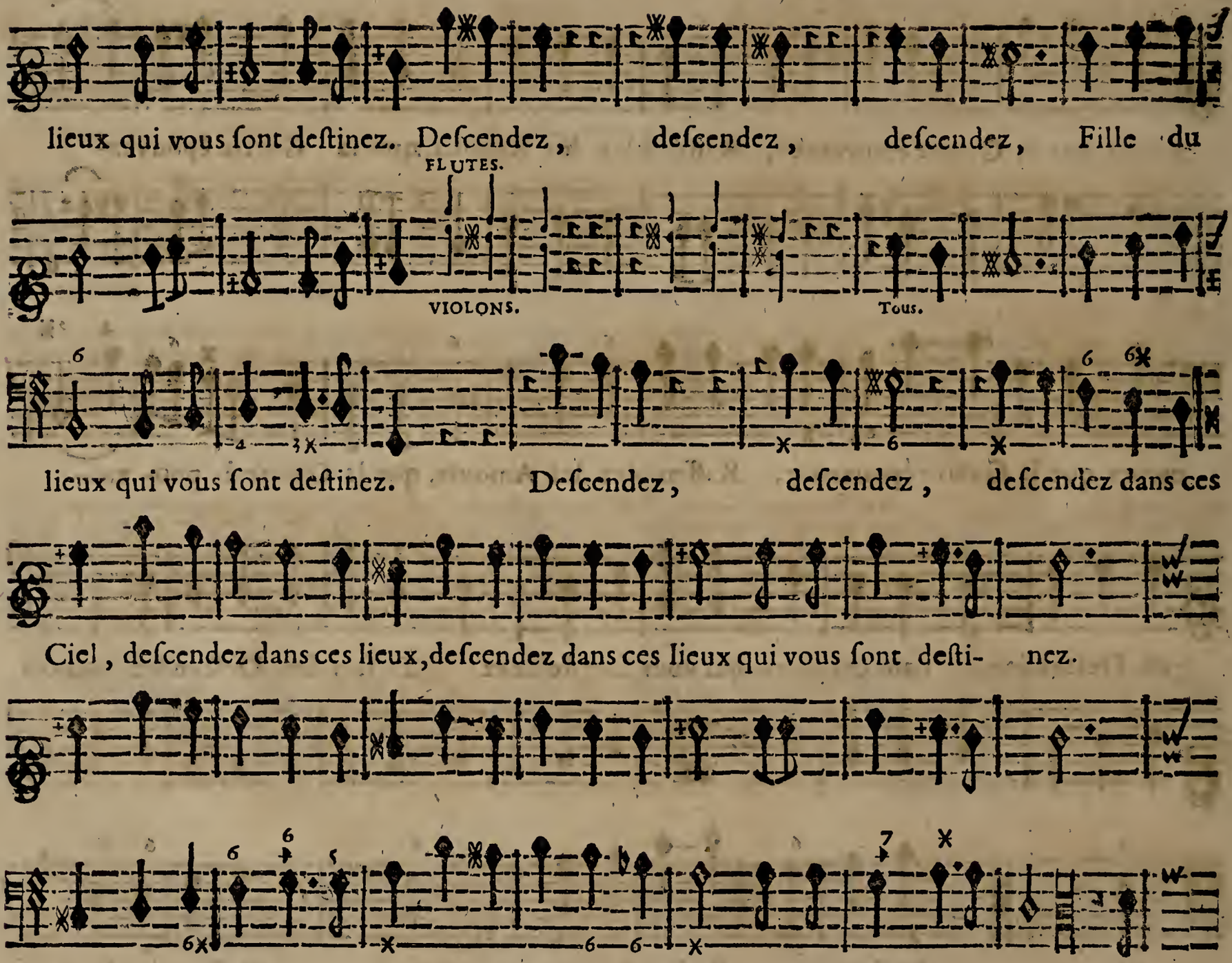
Venez, Fille du Ciel, aymable Paix ve- nez, Deſcendez, ve-

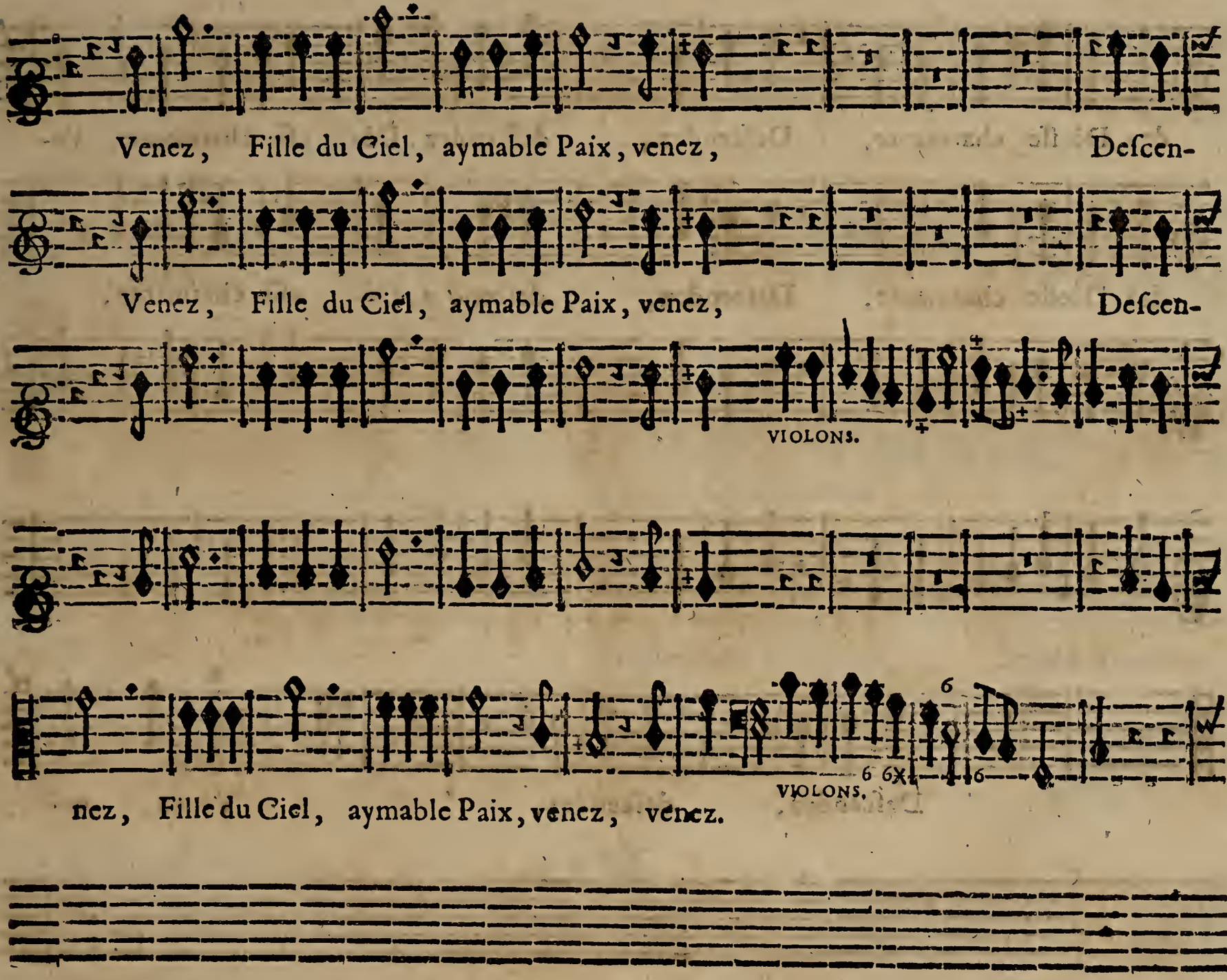

Fille du Ciel, deſcendez, venez, Deſcendez, deſcendez dans ces lieux qui vous ſont deſti-
nez, deſcendez, venez, deſcendez, venez, Deſcendez dans ces lieux qui vous ſont deſti-
nez.
ſeules.
Tous.
FLÛTES.
nez.
BASSE-CONTINUE.

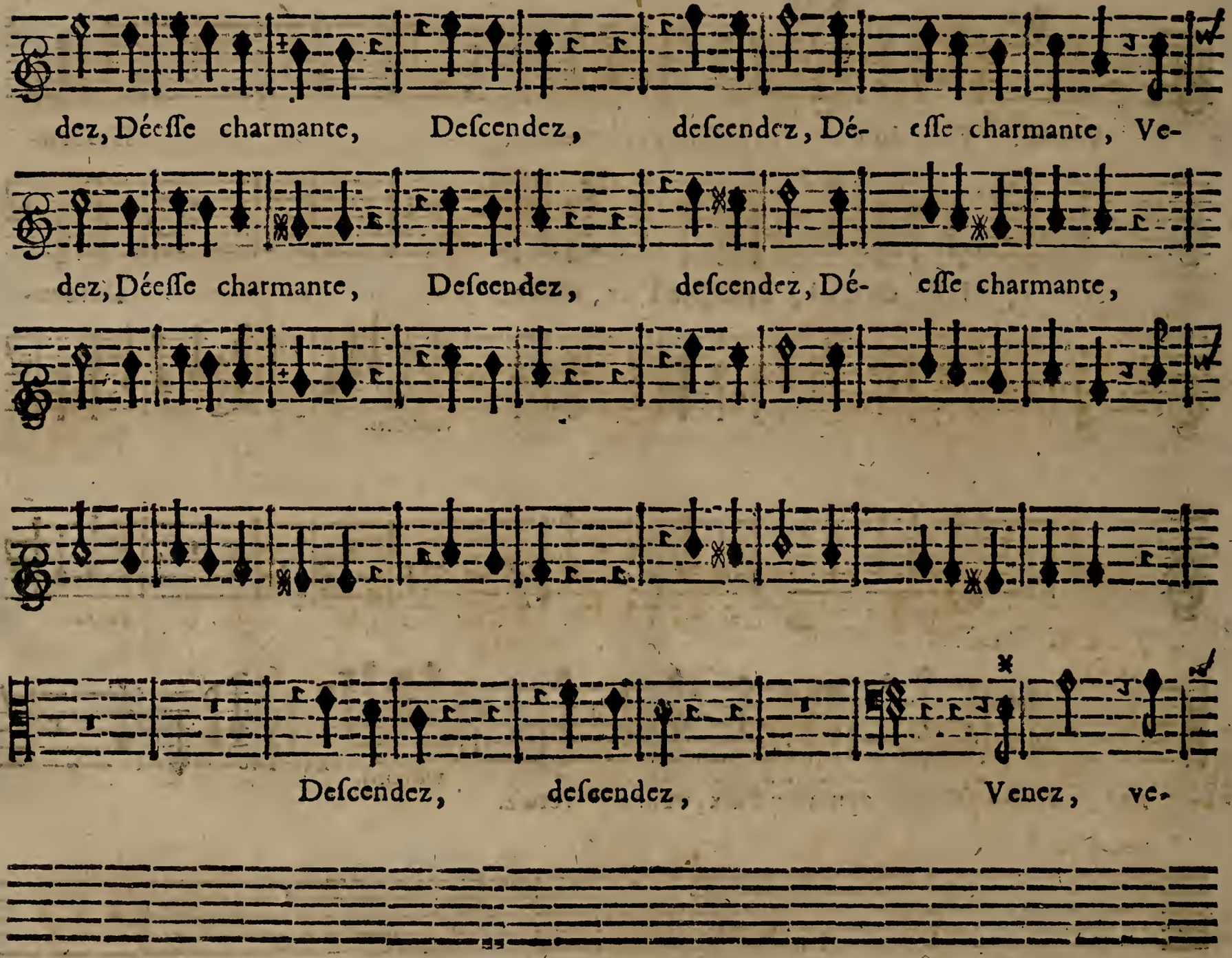

Rassemblez les Amours, que la Guerre épou-
BASSE CONTINUE.
Rassemblez les Amours, que la Guerre épou-
vante, Rassemblez les Amours, que la Guerre épouvan- te. Descendez, Déesse char-
vante, Rassemblez les Amours, que la Guerre épouvan- te.

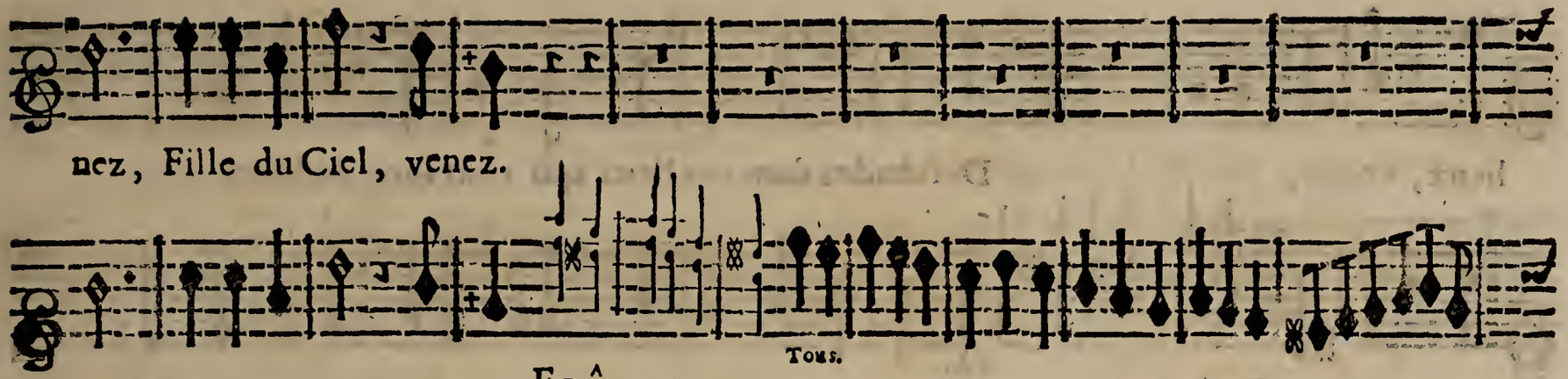

mante, Deſcendez, Deſcendez, Déeſſe charmante, Raſſemblez les A-
mante, Deſcendez, Deſcendez, Déeſſe charmante,
deux.
VIOLONS.
Raſſemblez les A-

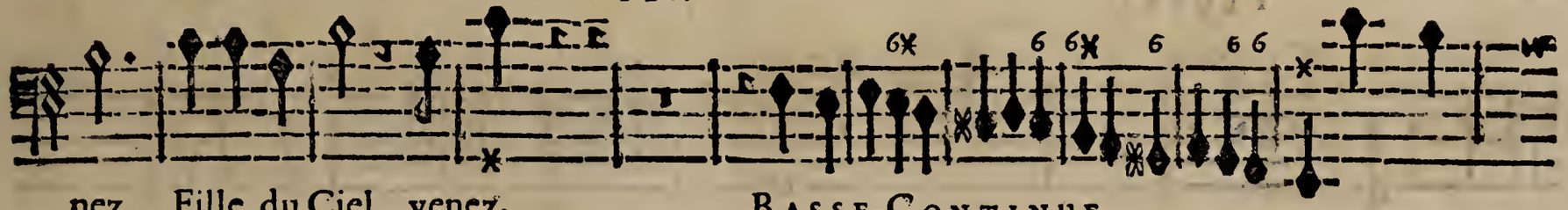

mours, que la Guerre épouvante, Raſſemblez les Amours, que la Guerre épouvan-
mours, que la Guerre épouvante, Raſſemblez les Amours, que la Guerre é- pou- van-
te. Deſcendez dans ces lieux qui vous ſont deſtinez. D ſcendez, Deſcendez dans ces
te. Deſcendez, Deſcendez dans ces lieux, Deſcendez dans ces


lieux qui vous ſont deſtinez. Deſcendez, deſcendez, deſcendez, Fille du
FLUTES.
VIOLONS.
Tous.
lieux qui vous ſont deſtinez. Deſcendez, deſcendez, deſcendez dans ces
Ciel, deſcendez dans ces lieux, deſcendez dans ces lieux qui vous ſont deſti- nez.
lieux qui vous ſont deſtinez. Deſcendez dans ces lieux qui vous ſont deſtinez. Ve-


Venez, Fille du Ciel, aymable Paix, venez, Descen-
Venez, Fille du Ciel, aymable Paix, venez, Descen-
VIOLONS.
6
6 6
6
VIOLONS.
nez, Fille du Ciel, aymable Paix, venez, venez.


dez, Déeſſe charmante, Deſcendez, deſcendez, Dé- eſſe charmante, Ve-
dez, Déeſſe charmante, Deſcendez, deſcendez, Dé- eſſe charmante,
Deſcendez, deſcendez, Venez, ve-


nez, Fille du Ciel, venez.
Tous.
Flûtes.


nez, Fille du Ciel, venez.
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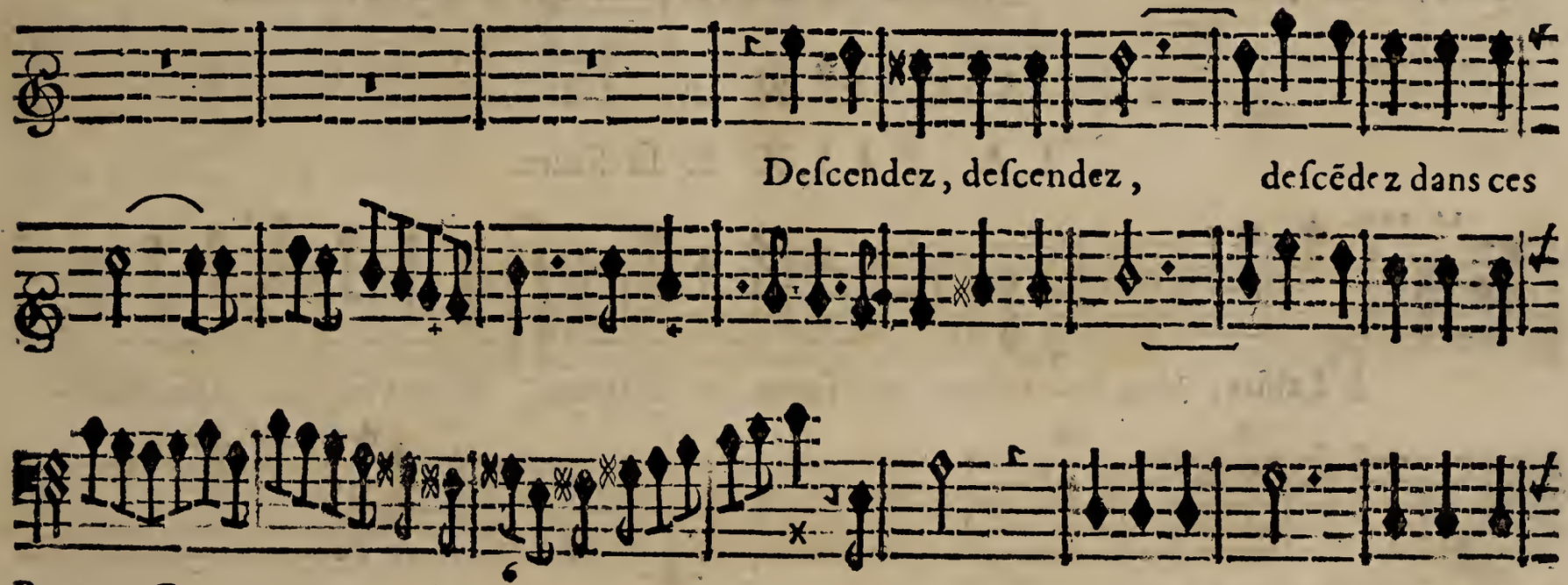
Descendez, descendez, descẽdez dans ces
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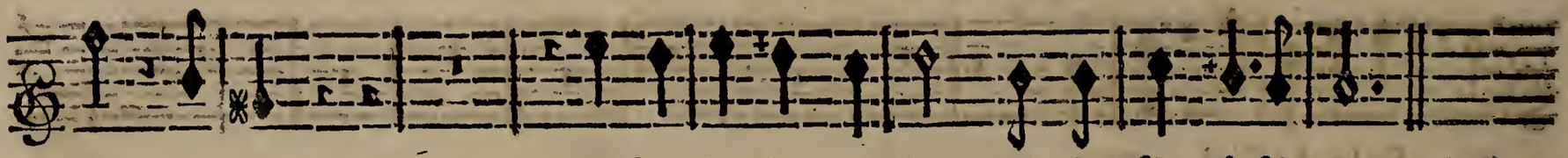
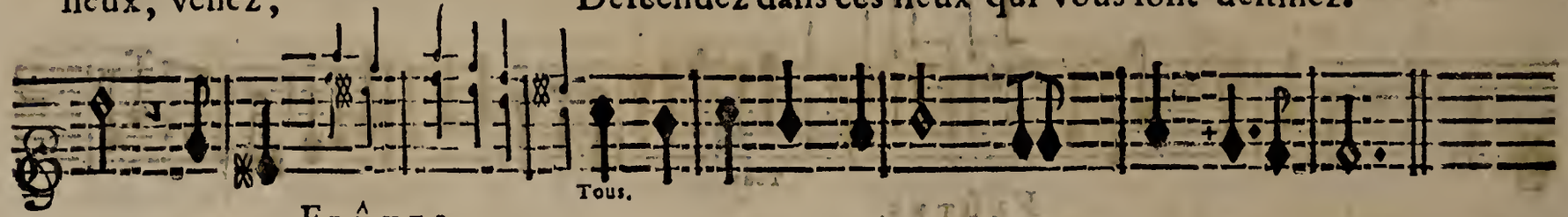
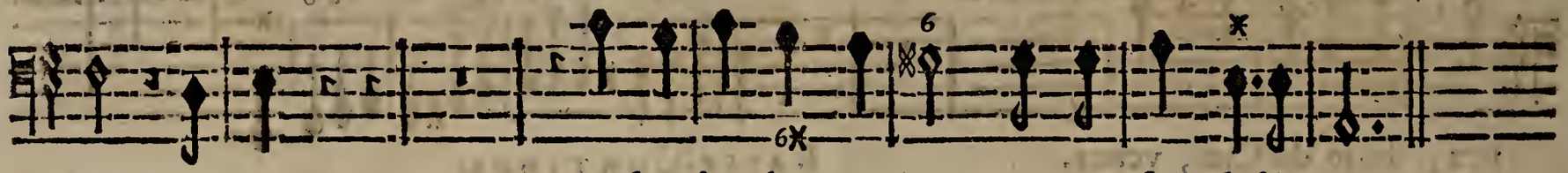
Venez, Fille du Ciel, aymable



lieux, venez, Deſcendez dans ces lieux qui vous ſont deſtinez.



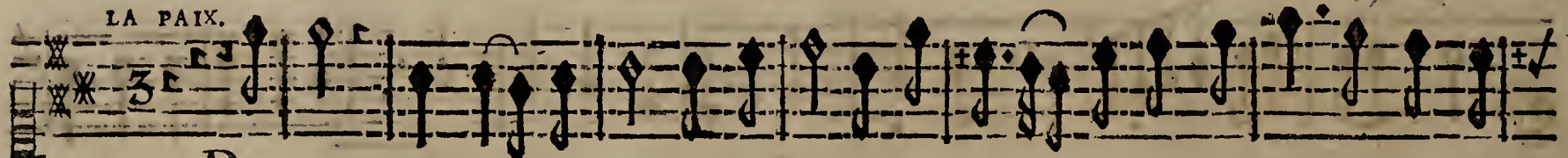
FLÛTES.



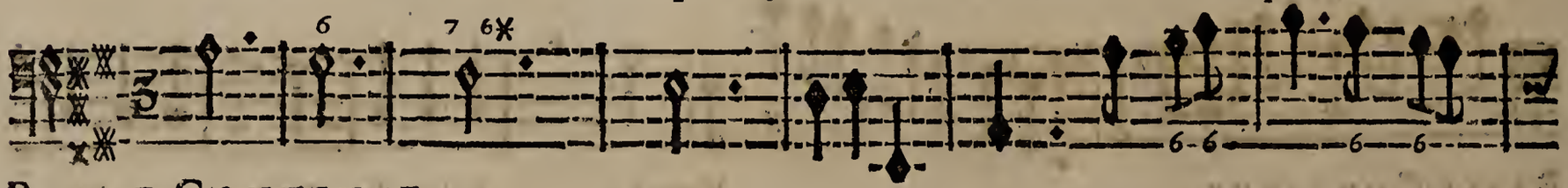
Paix, venez, Deſcendez dans ces lieux qui vous ſont deſtinez.

SCENE II.

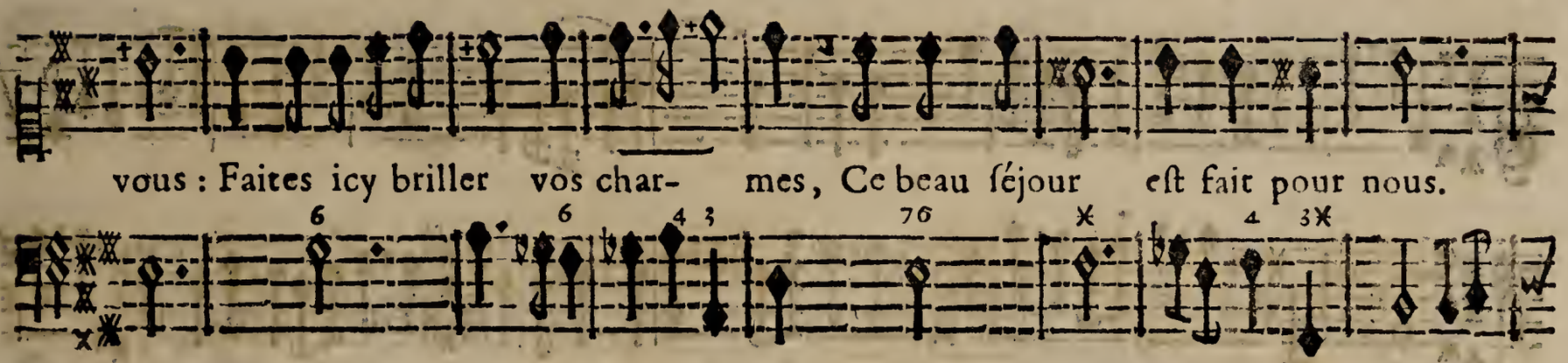
LA PAIX & ſa Suite.



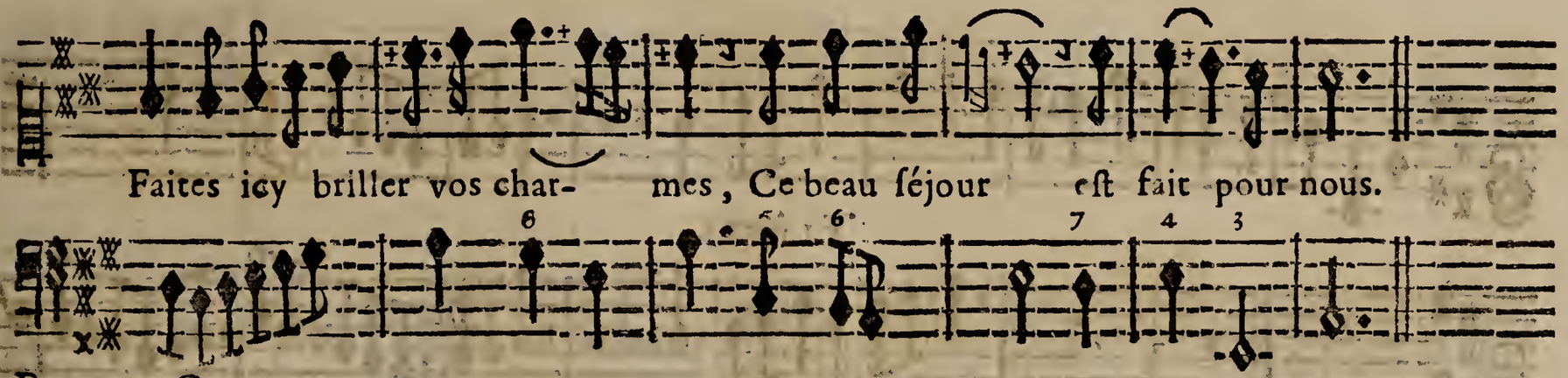
PLaiſirs, Jeux in- nocens qui fuyez les allarmes, Suivez mes pas, raſſemblez-



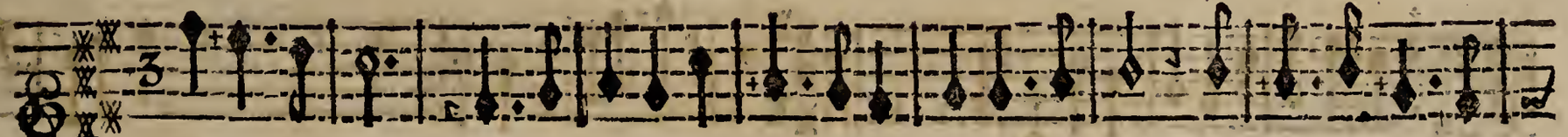
BASSE-CONTINUE.



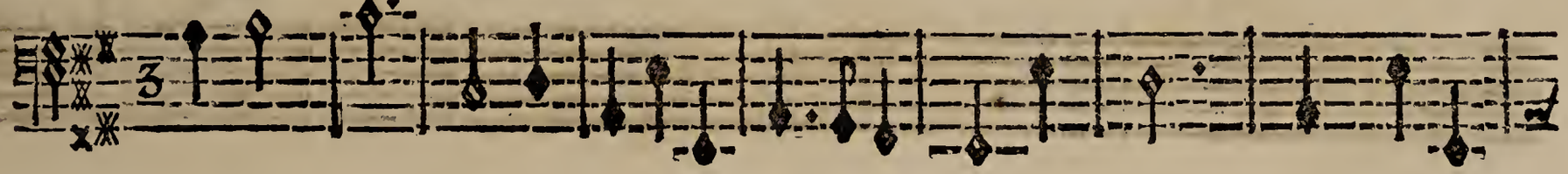
BASSE-CONTINUE.

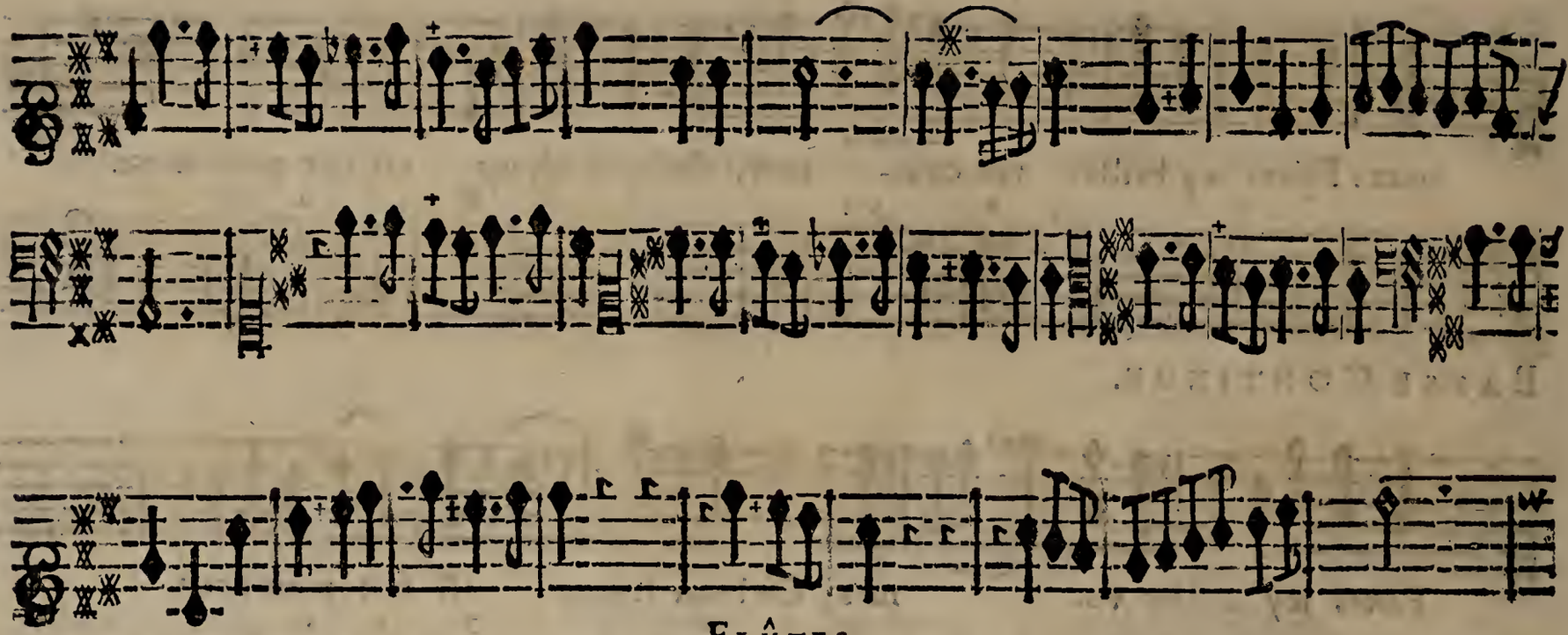


BASSE-CONTINUE.



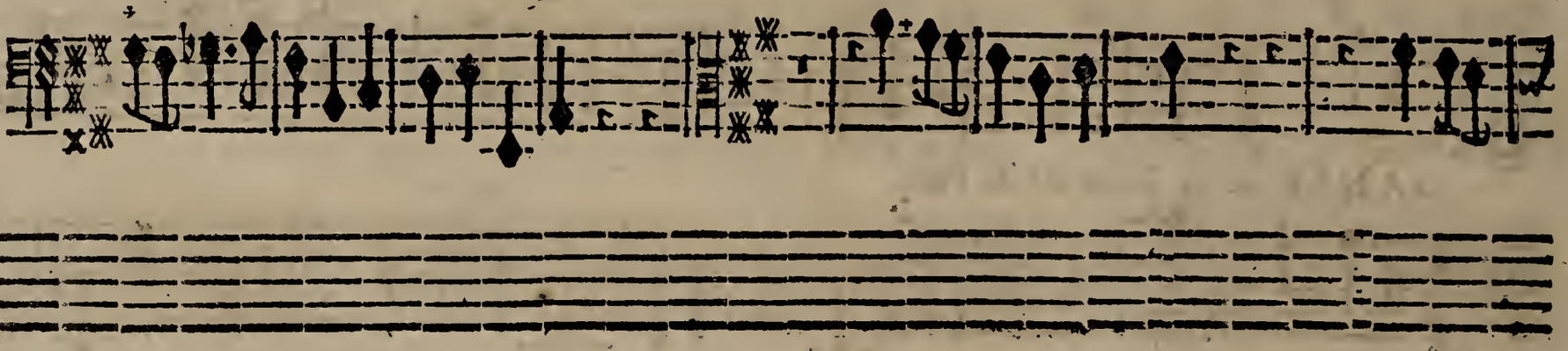
DANSE de la Suite de la Paix.

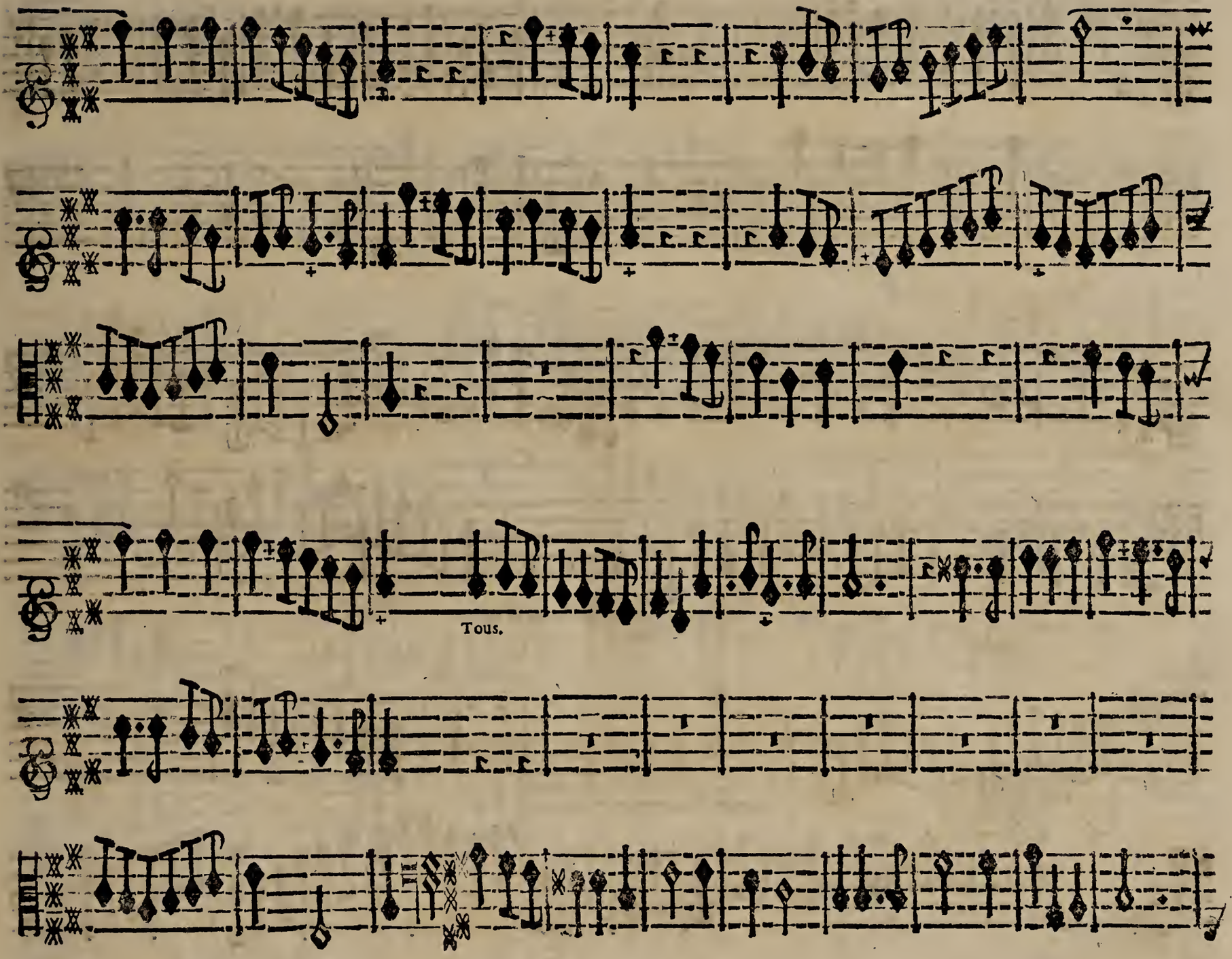


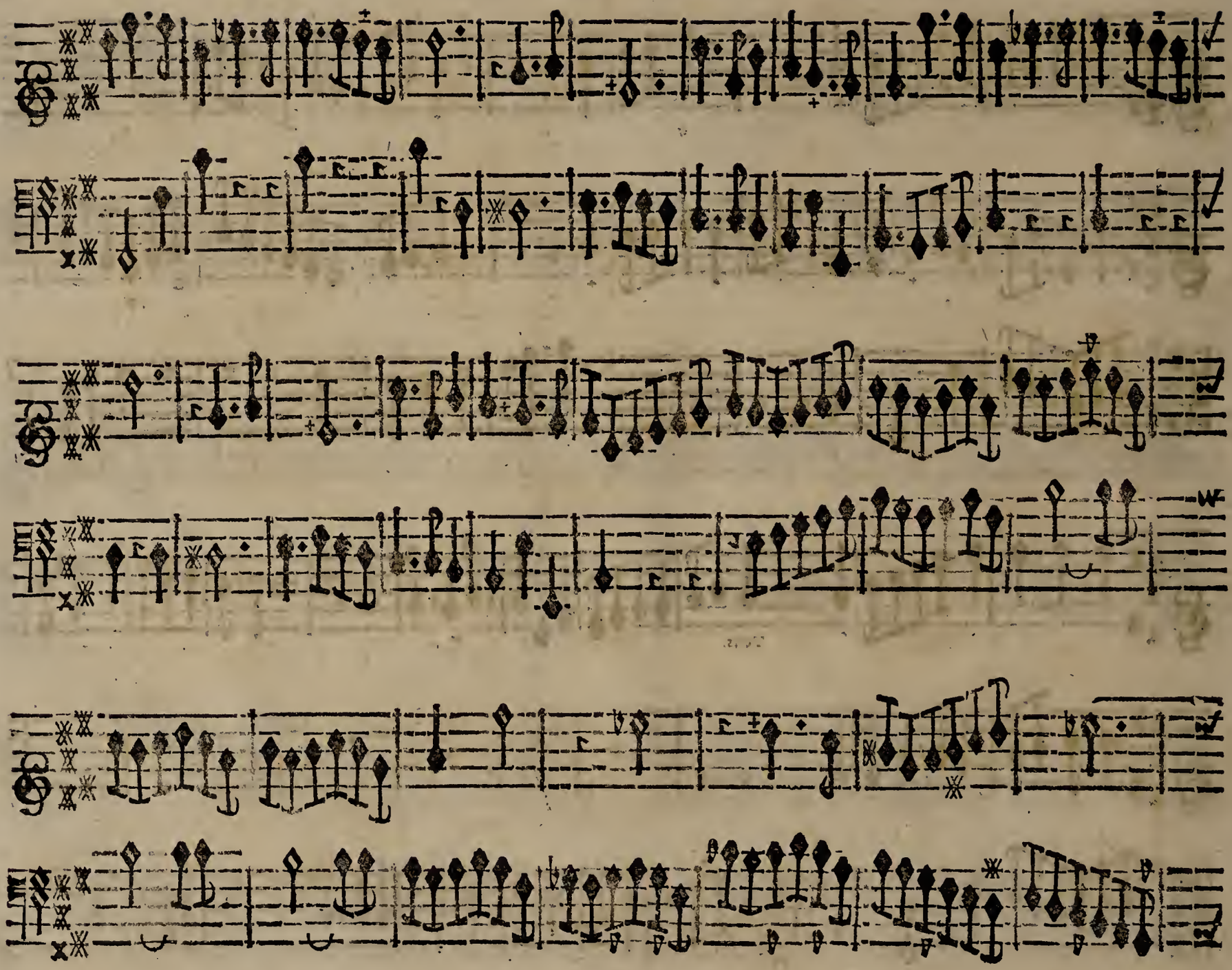


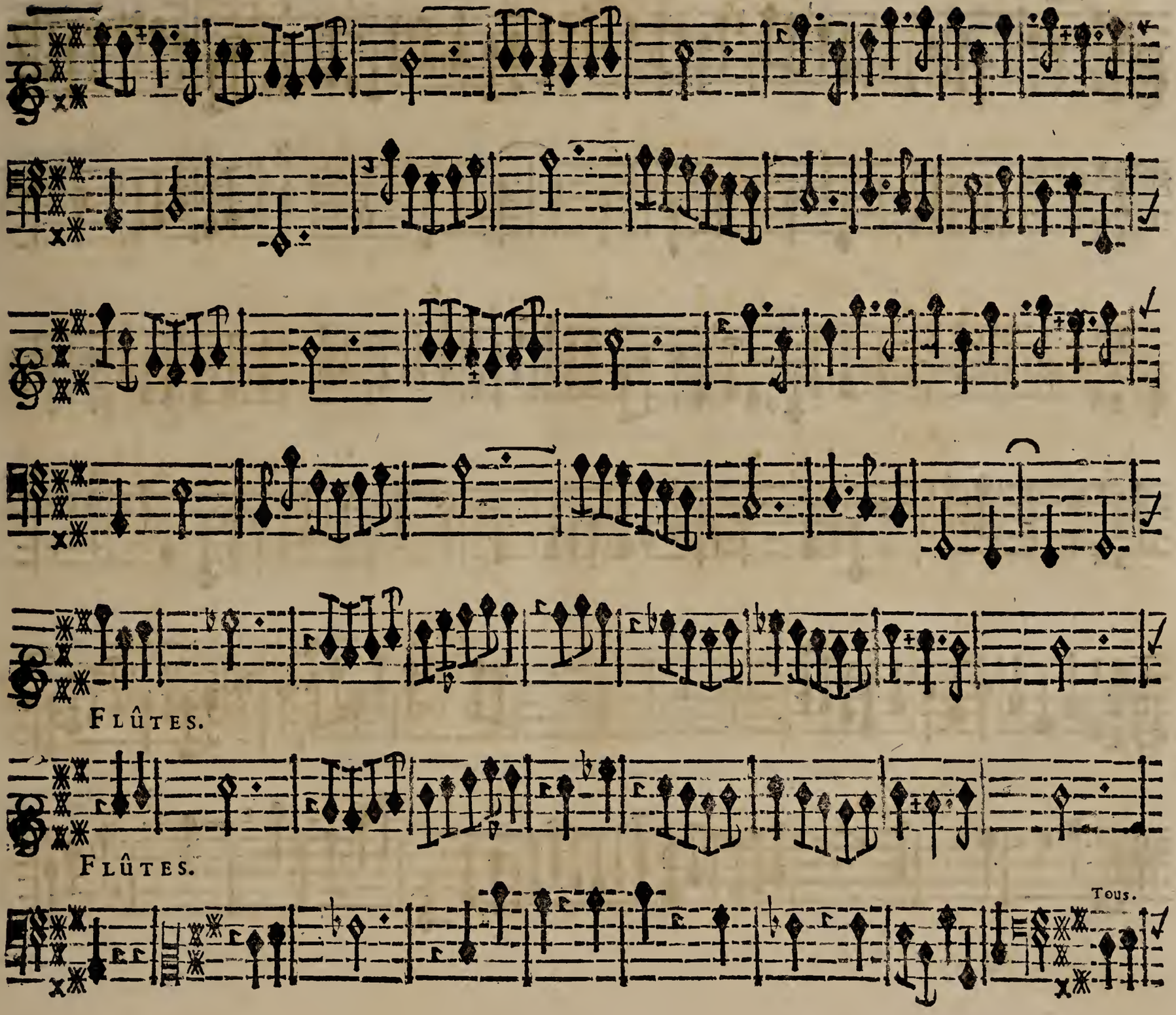
FLÛTES.

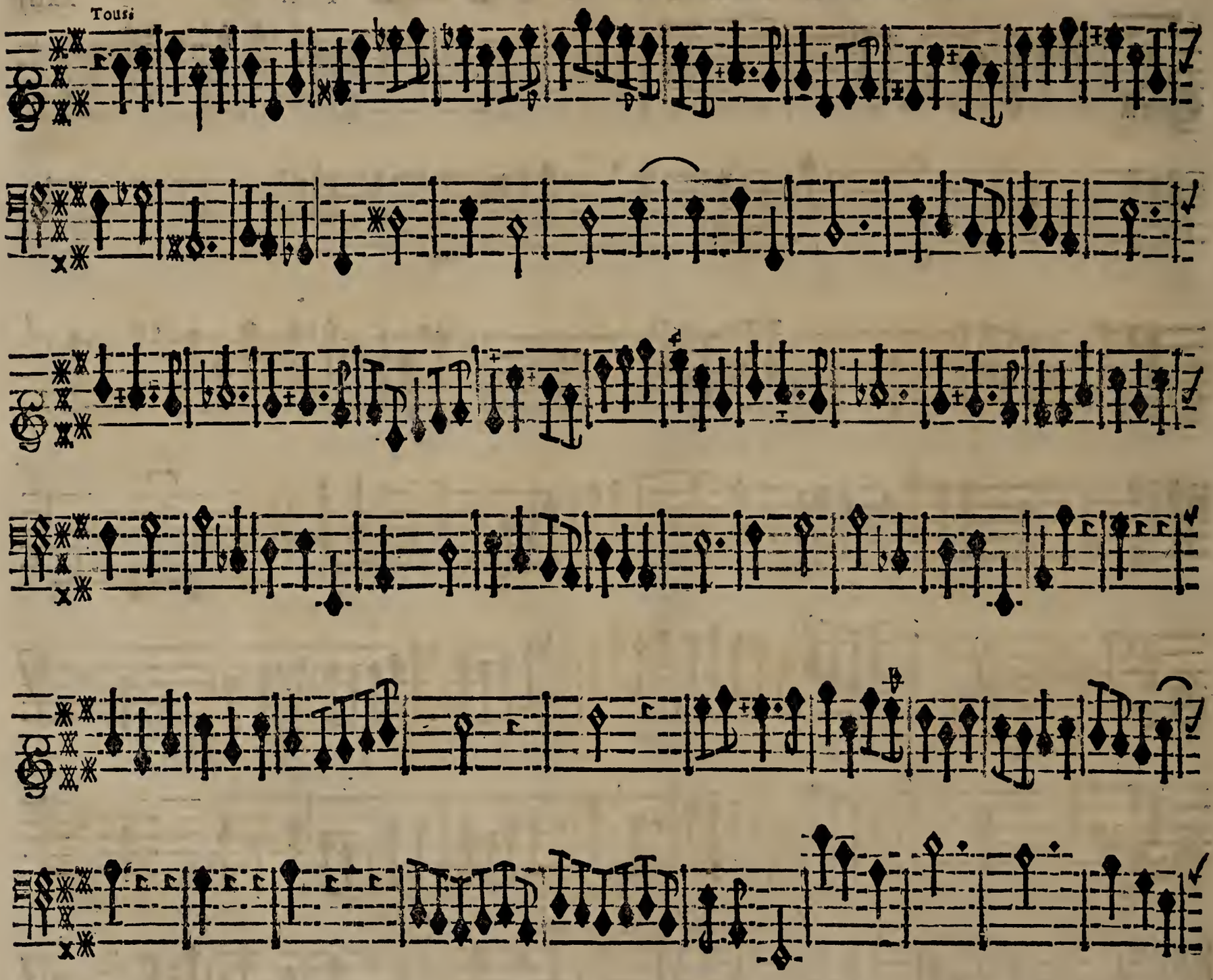
FLÛTES.

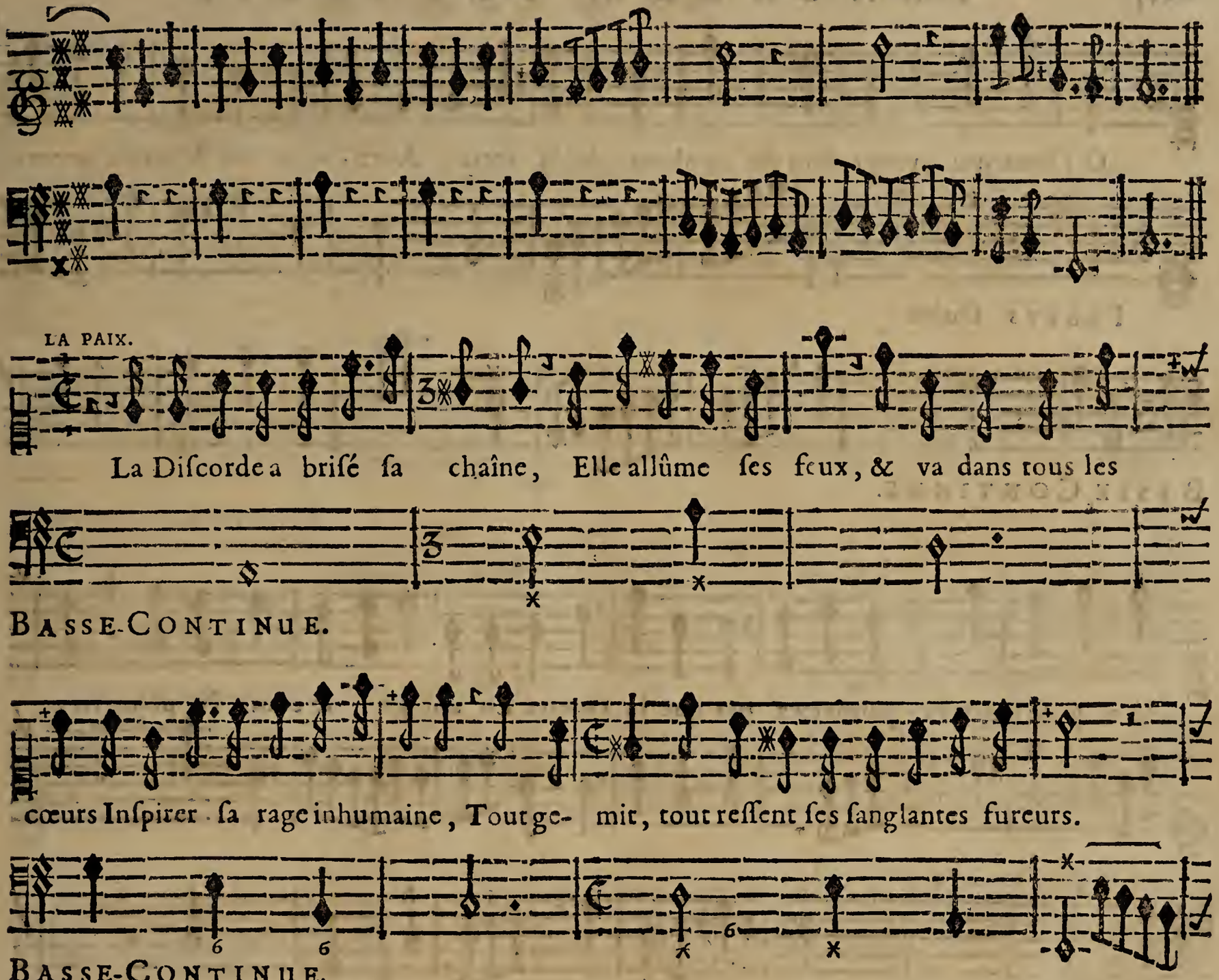


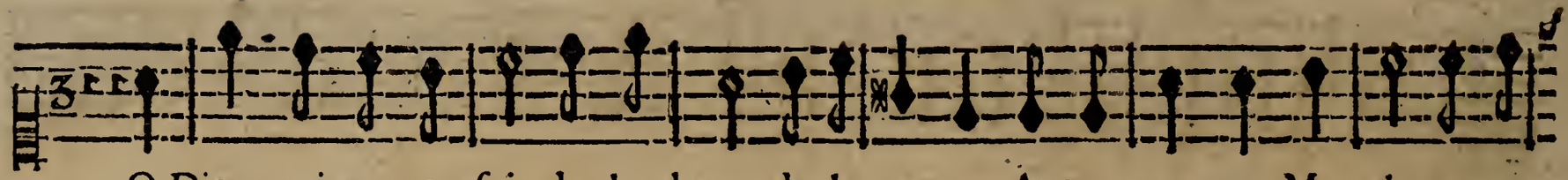

Tous.



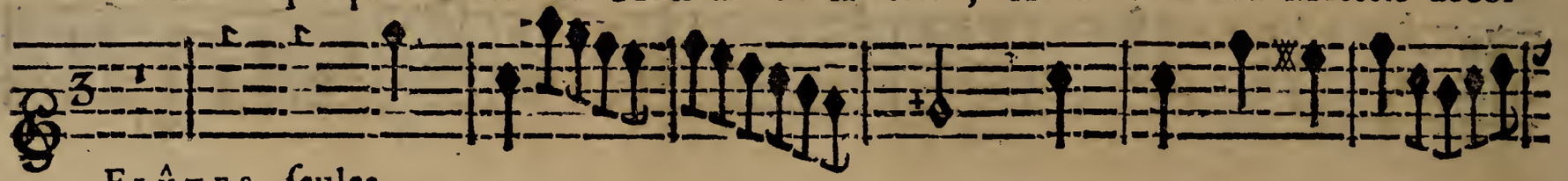

Flûtes.
Flûtes.
Tous.


Tous


LA PAIX.
La Diſcorde a briſé ſa chaîne, Elle allûme ſes feux, & va dans tous les
BASSE-CONTINUE.
cœurs Inſpirer ſa rage inhumaine, Tout ge- mit, tout reſſent ſes ſanglantes fureurs.
BASSE-CONTINUE.



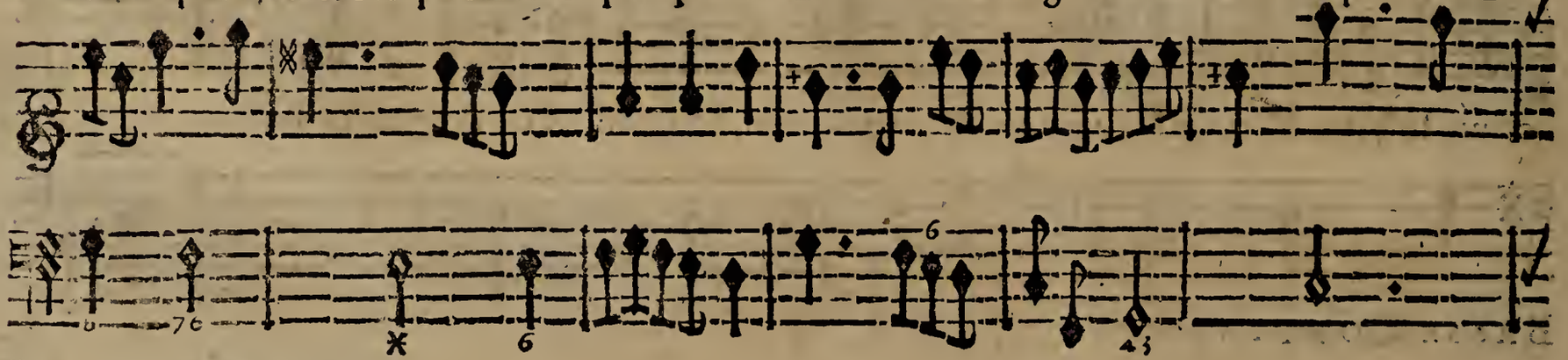
O Dieux qui prenez ſoin du bonheur de la terre, Avez-vous aux Mortels accor-



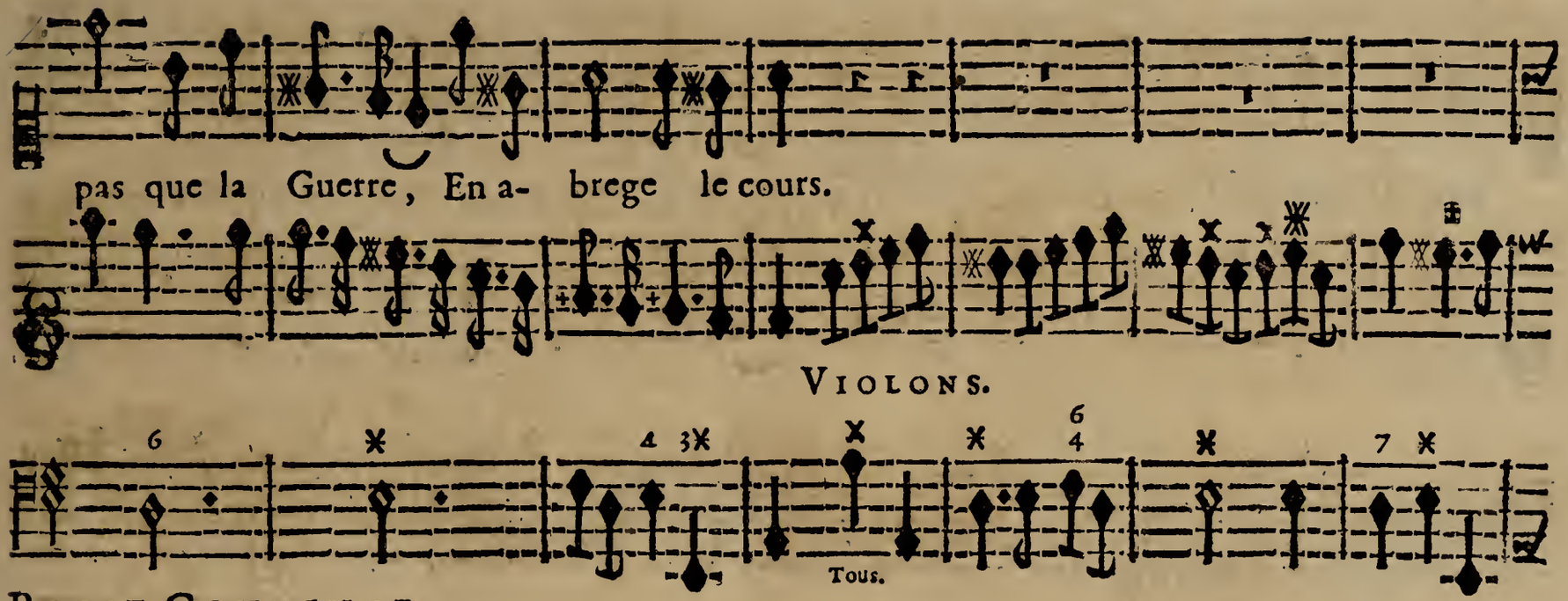
FLÛTES ſeules.

BASSE-CONTINUE.

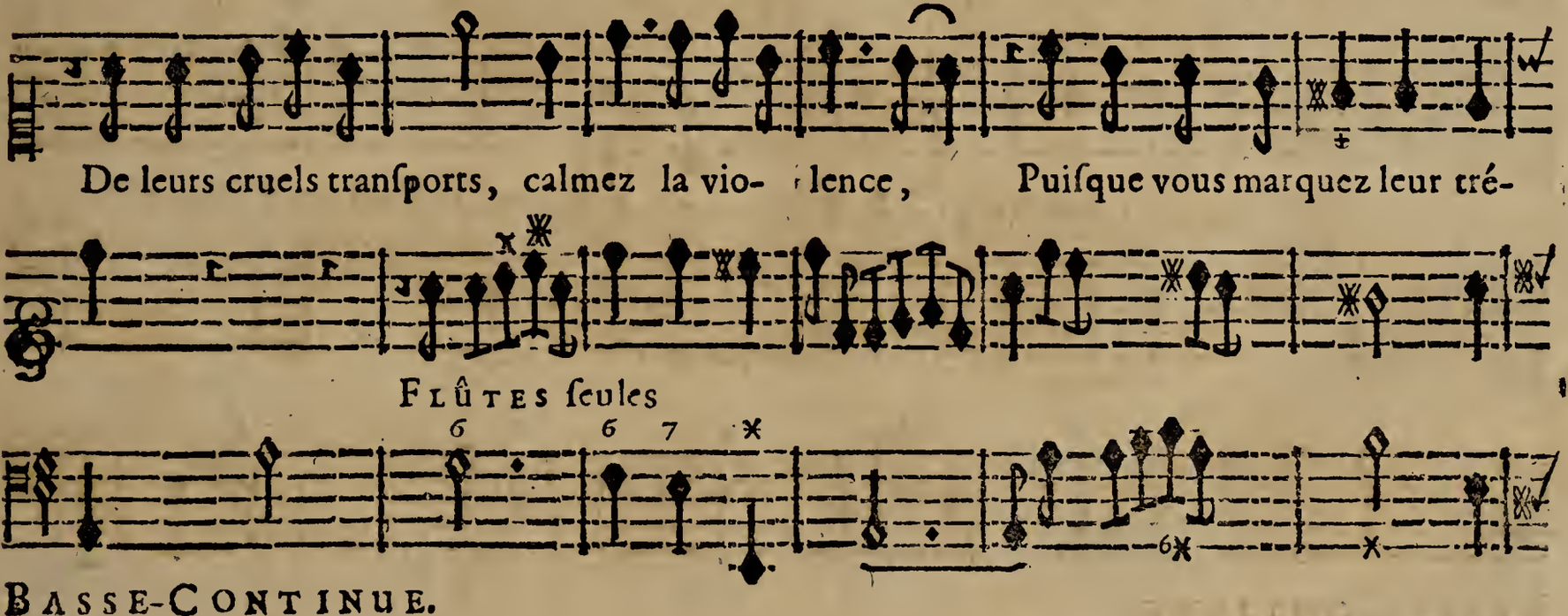
dé trop de jours? Ne permettez pas que la Guerre En abrege le cours. Ne permettez



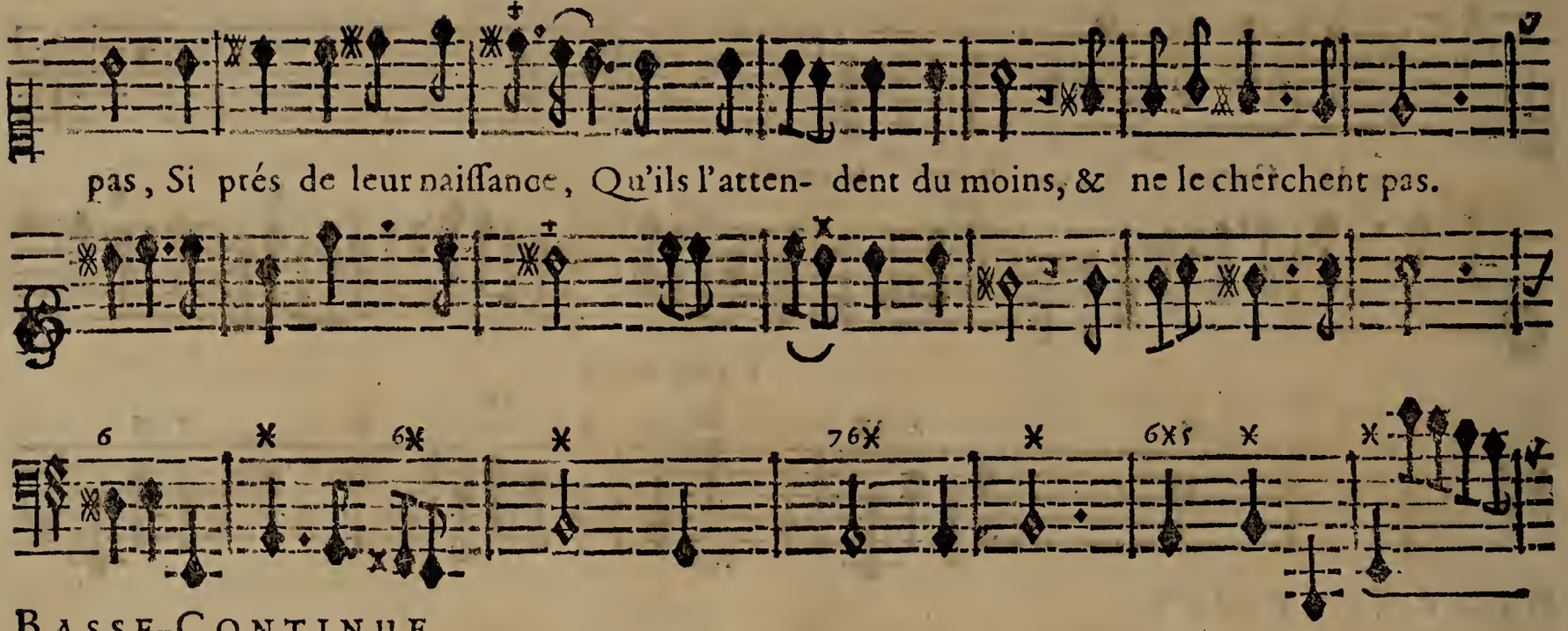
BASSE-CONTINUE.

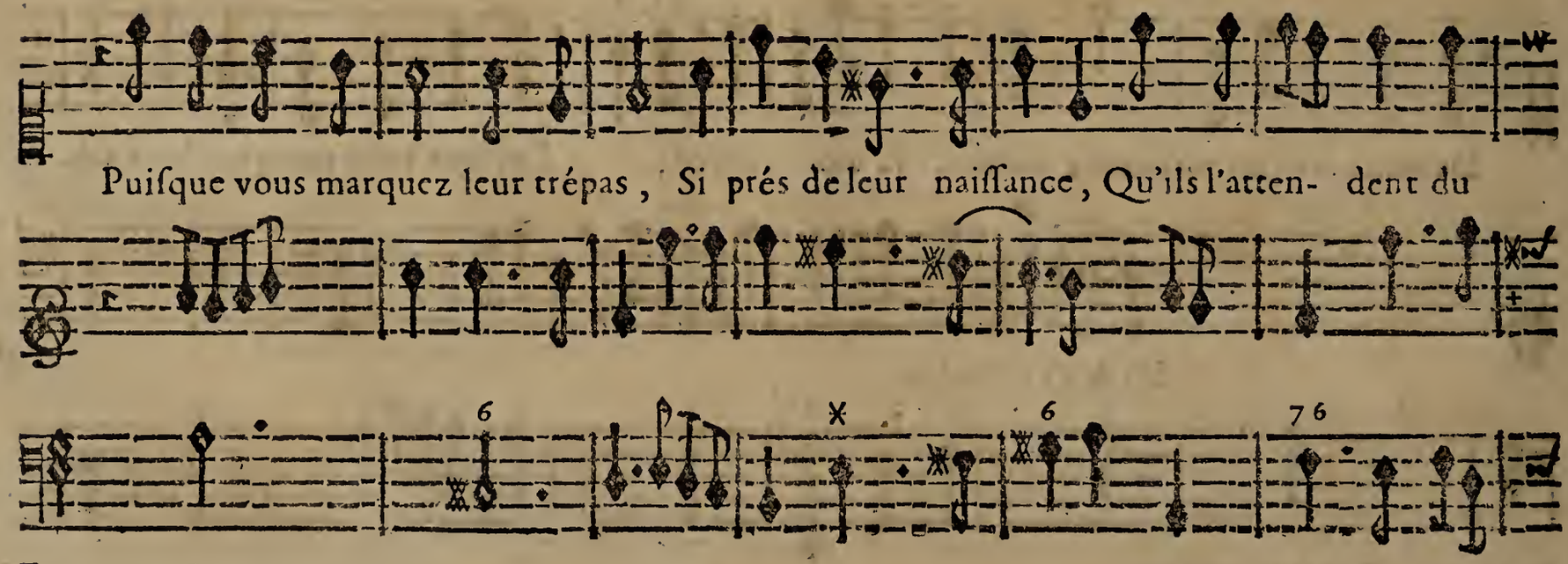


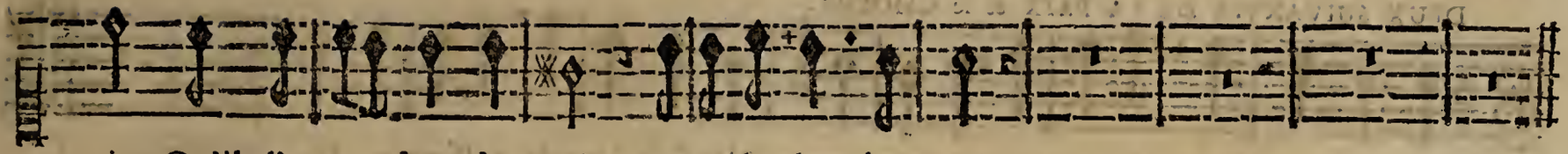
BASSE-CONTINUE.



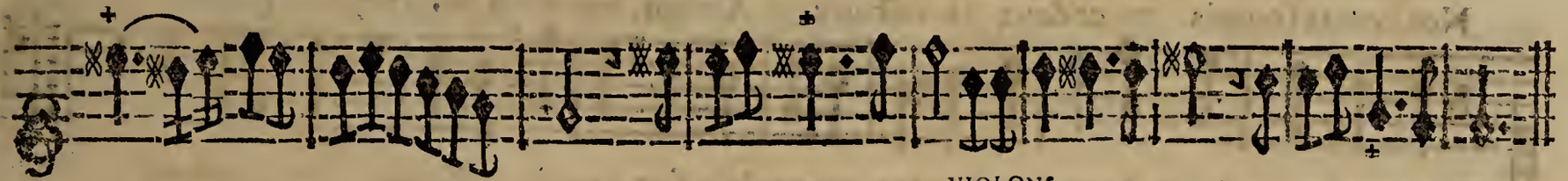
BASSE-CONTINUE.


pas, Si prés de leur naiſſance, Qu'ils l'atten- dent du moins, & ne le cherchent pas.
BASSE-CONTINUE.

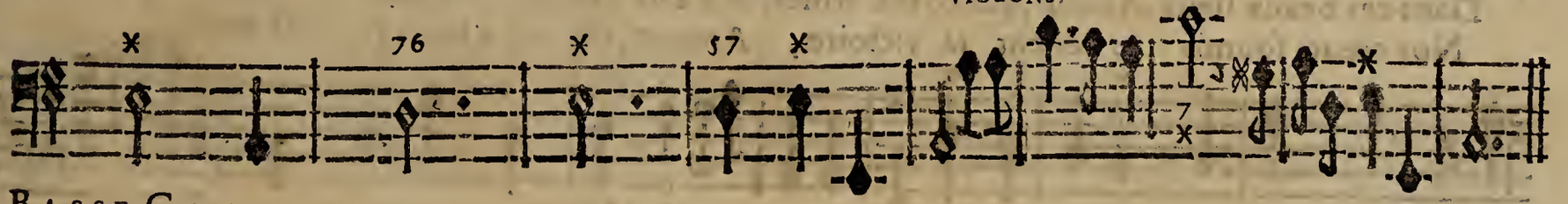

Puiſque vous marquez leur trépas, Si prés de leur naiſſance, Qu'ils l'atten- dent du
BASSE-CONTINUE.



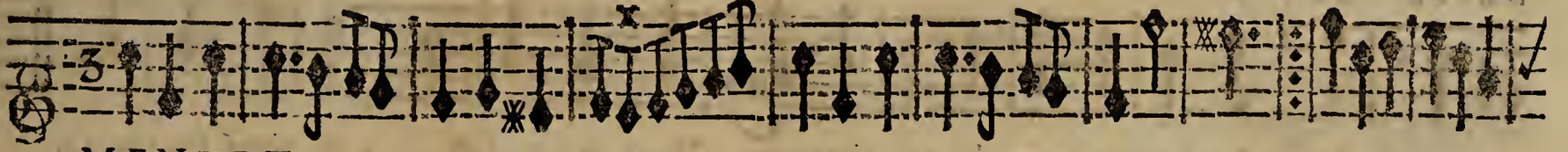
moins, Qu'ils l'atten- dent du moins, & ne le cherchent pas.



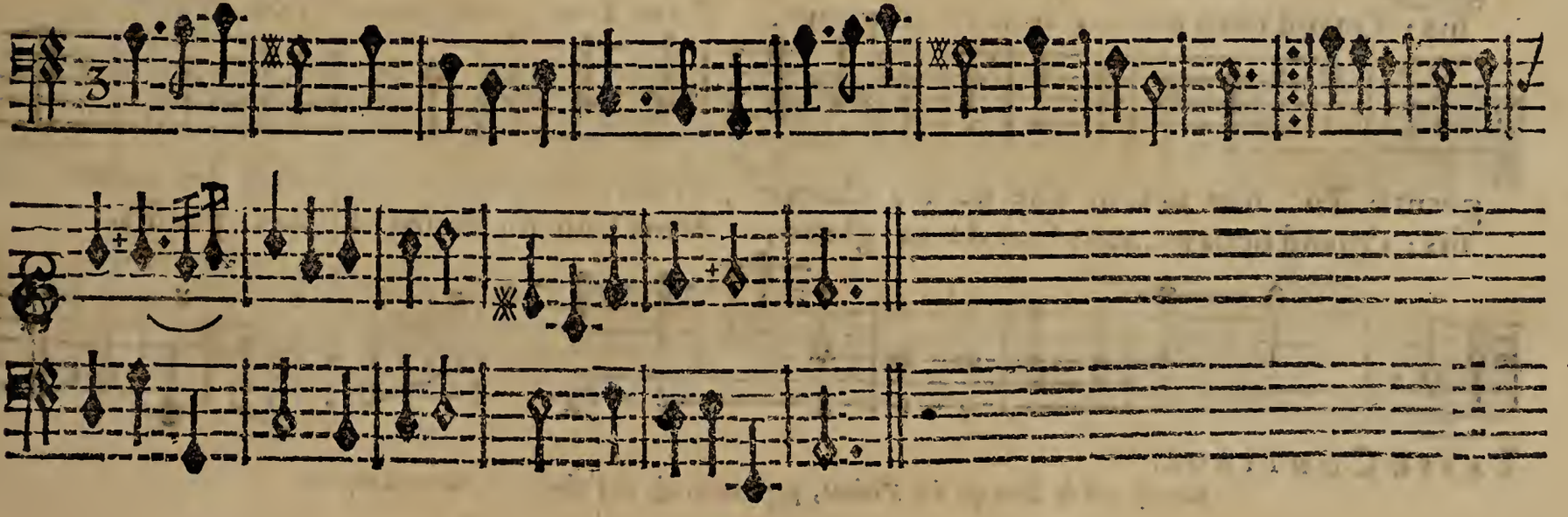
VIOLONS.



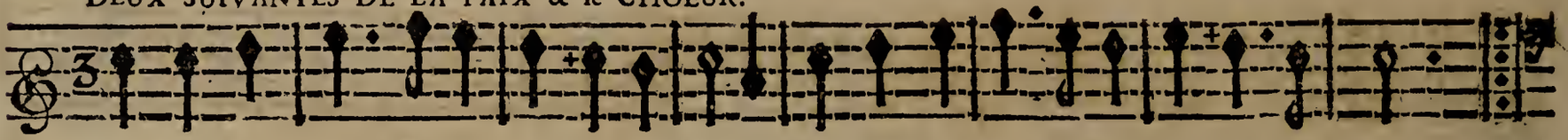
BASSE-CONTINUE.



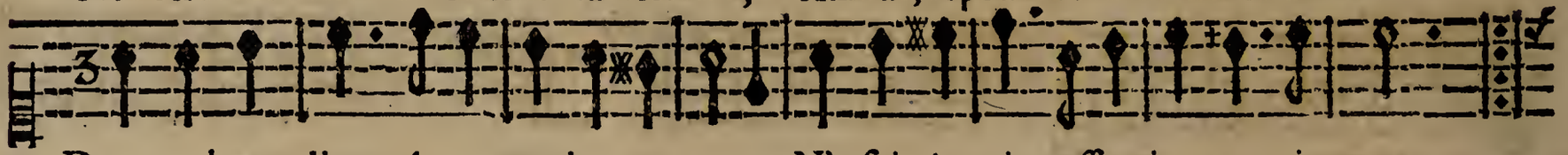
MENUET.



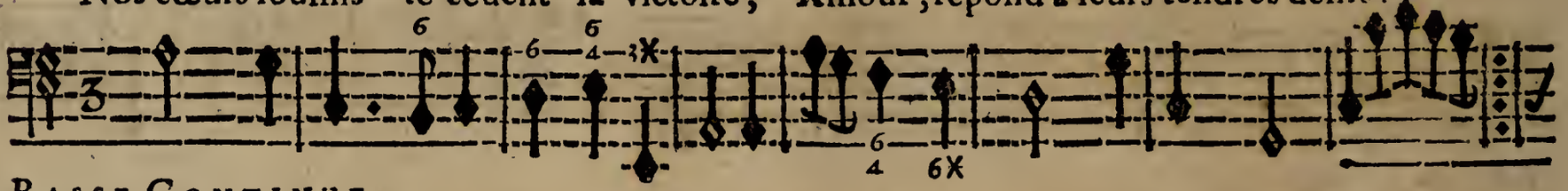
DEUX SUIVANTES DE LA PAIX & le CHOEUR.



Dans ces beaux lieux, Amour, quitte tes armes, N'y fais jamais reſſentir tes rigueurs :
Nos cœurs ſoumis te cedent la victoire, Amour, répond à leurs tendres deſirs :

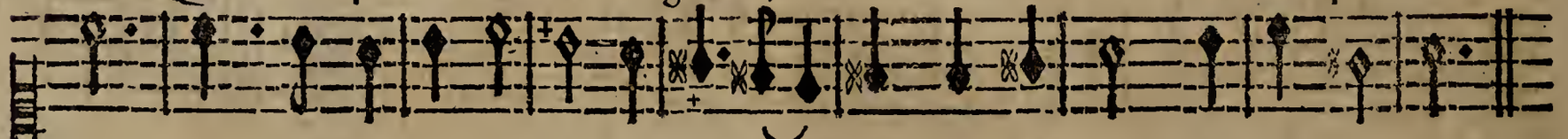


Dans ces beaux lieux, Amour, quitte tes armes, N'y fais jamais reſſentir tes rigueurs :
Nos cœurs ſoumis te cédent la victoire, Amour, répond à leurs tendres deſirs :

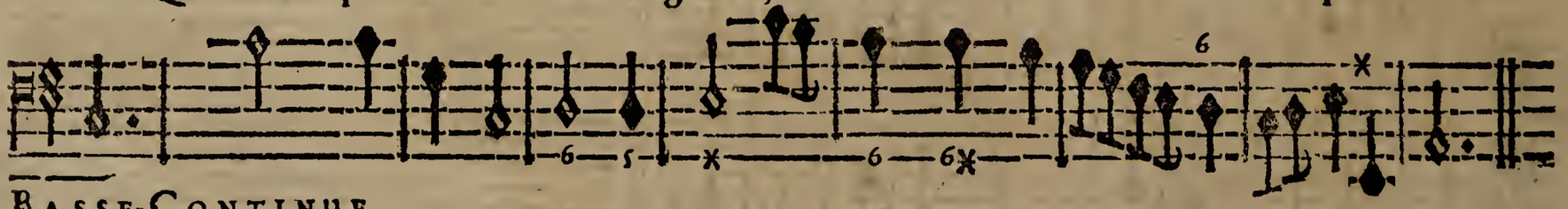


BASSE-CONTINUE.

gueurs : Tu n'as beſoin que de tes charmes, Pour triompher de tous les cœurs.
ſirs : Quand nous prenons ſoin de ta gloire, Prens ſoin du moins de nos plaiſirs.



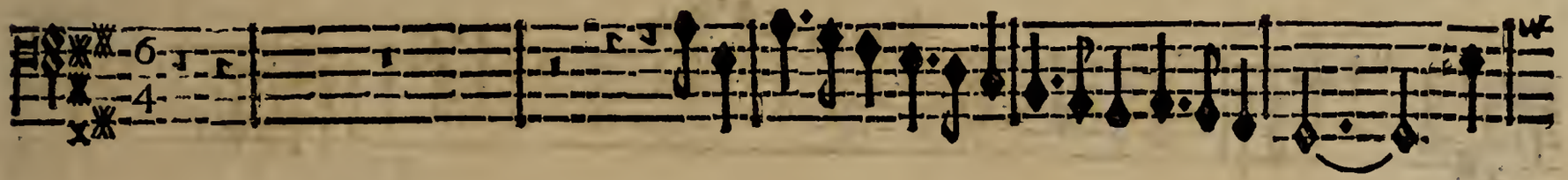
gueurs: Tu n'as beſoin que de tes charmes, Pour triompher de tous les cœurs.
ſirs : Quand nous prenons ſoin de ta gloire, Prens ſoin du moins de nos plaiſirs.

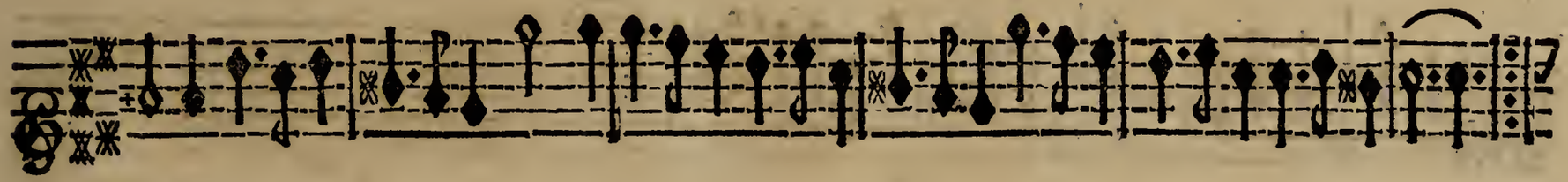


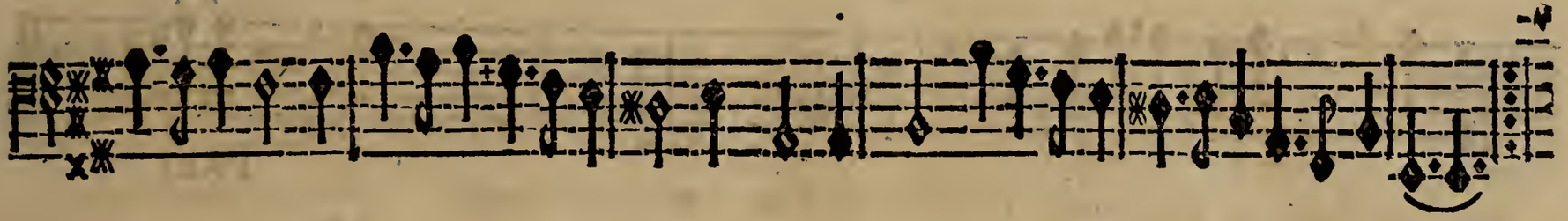
BASSE-CONTINUE.

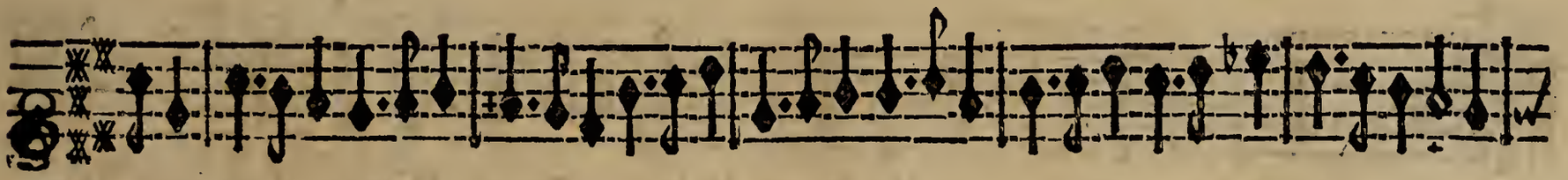
On reprend le Menuet des Violons, page xxix. *& l'on chante le Second Couplet.*

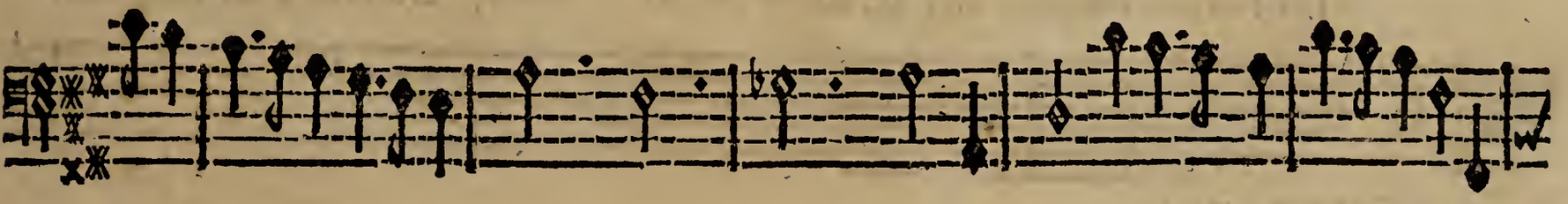
GIGUE.

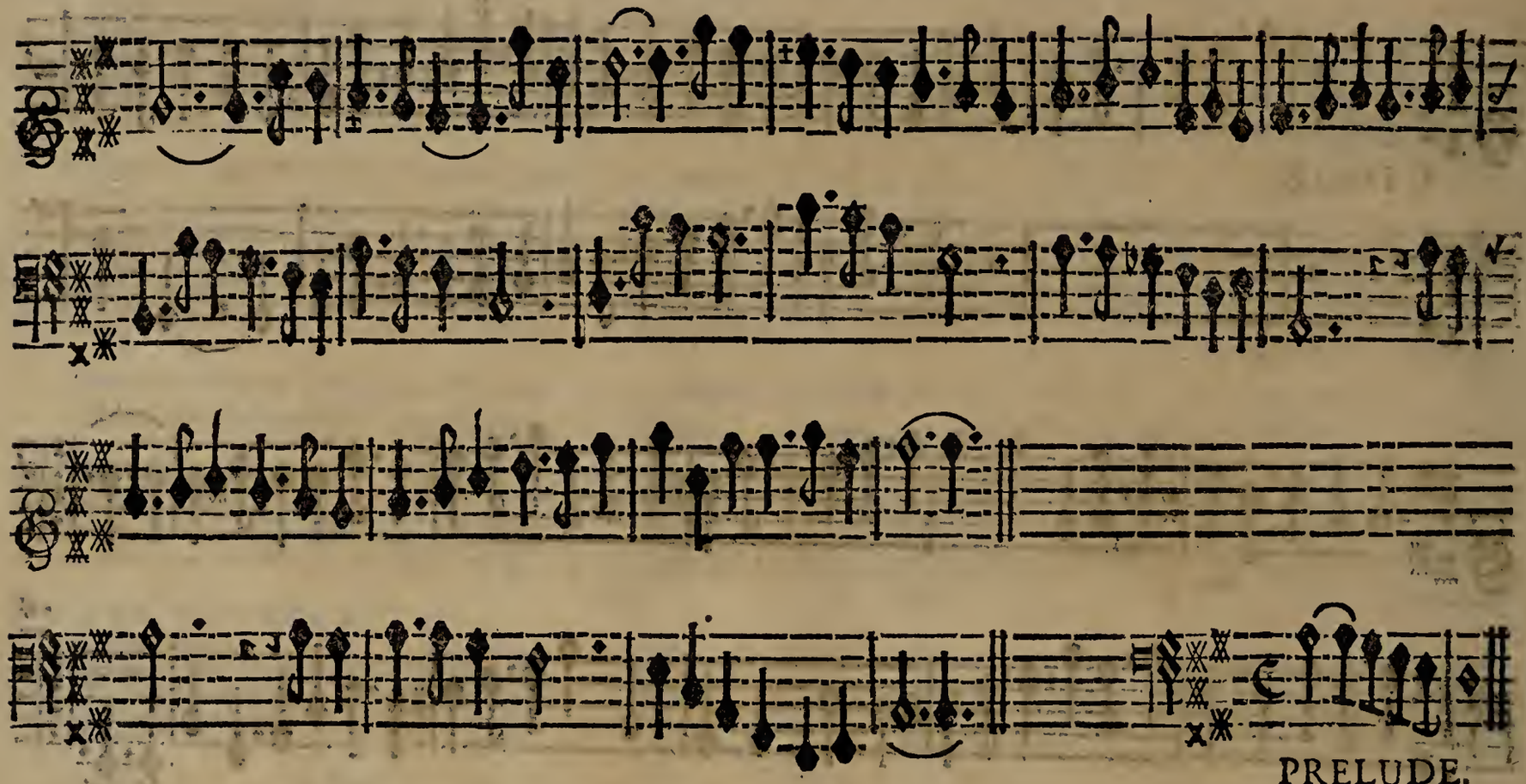










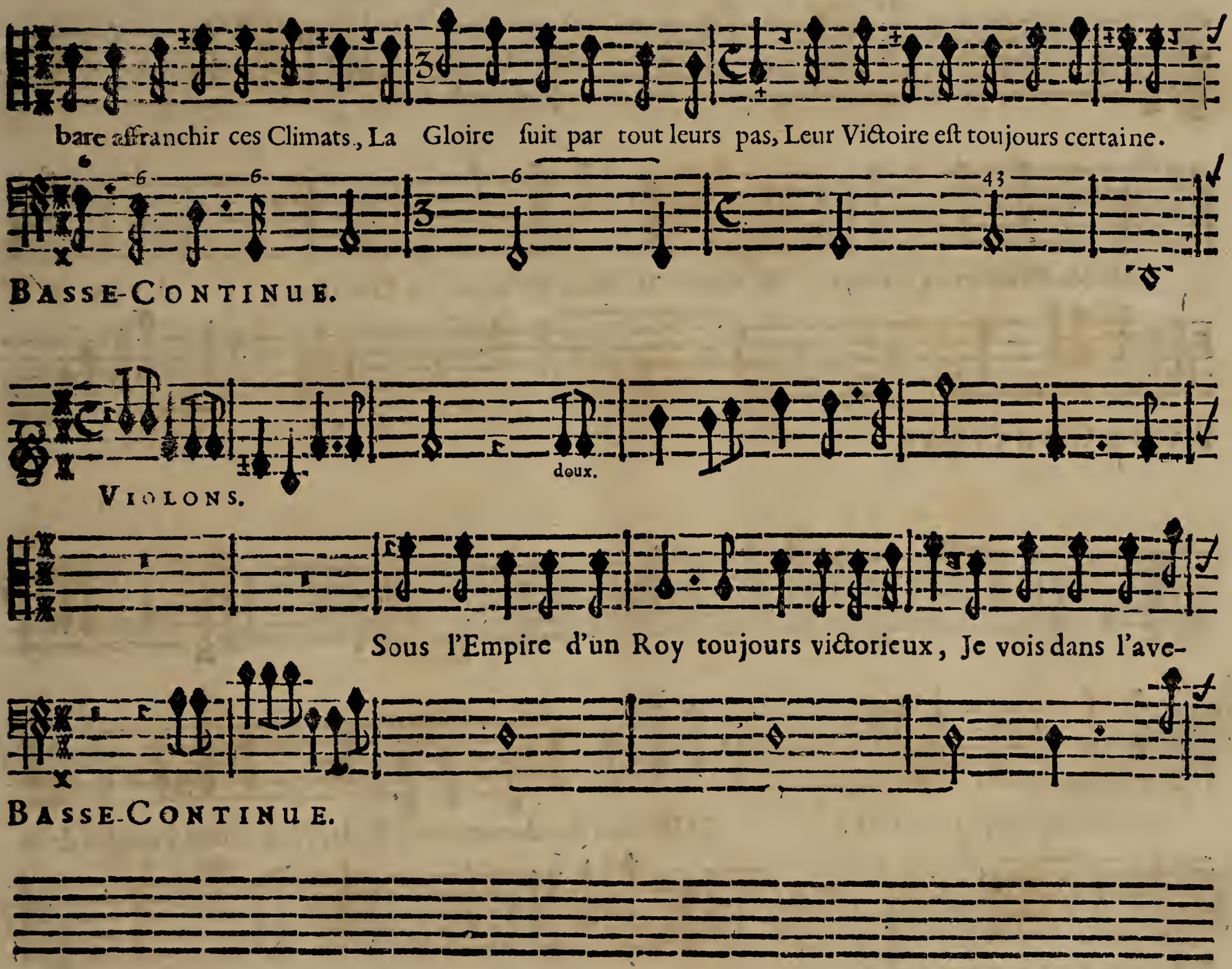


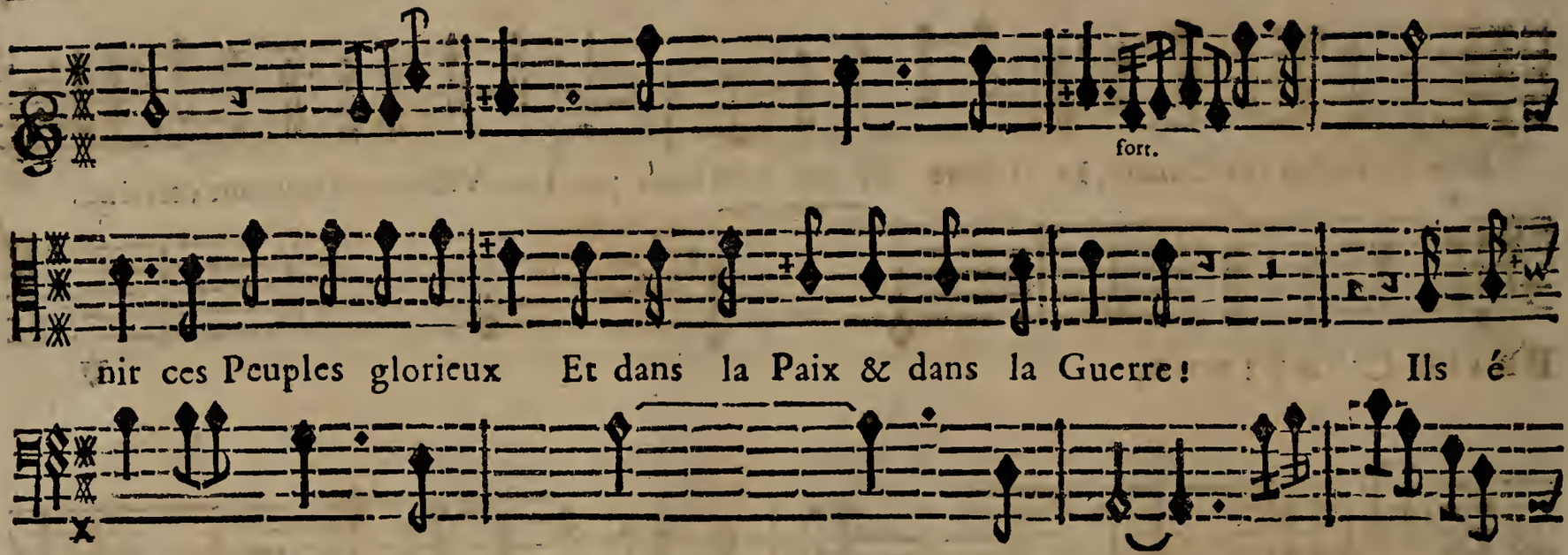
PRELUDE.

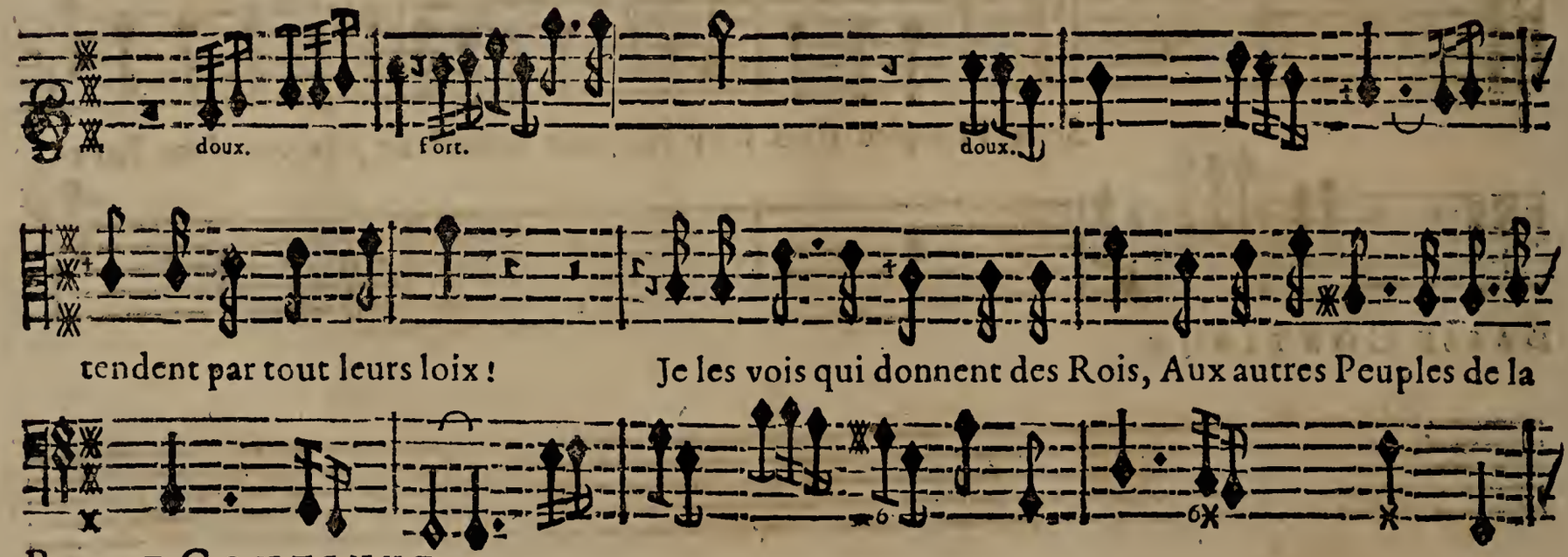
L'ENCHANTEUR.

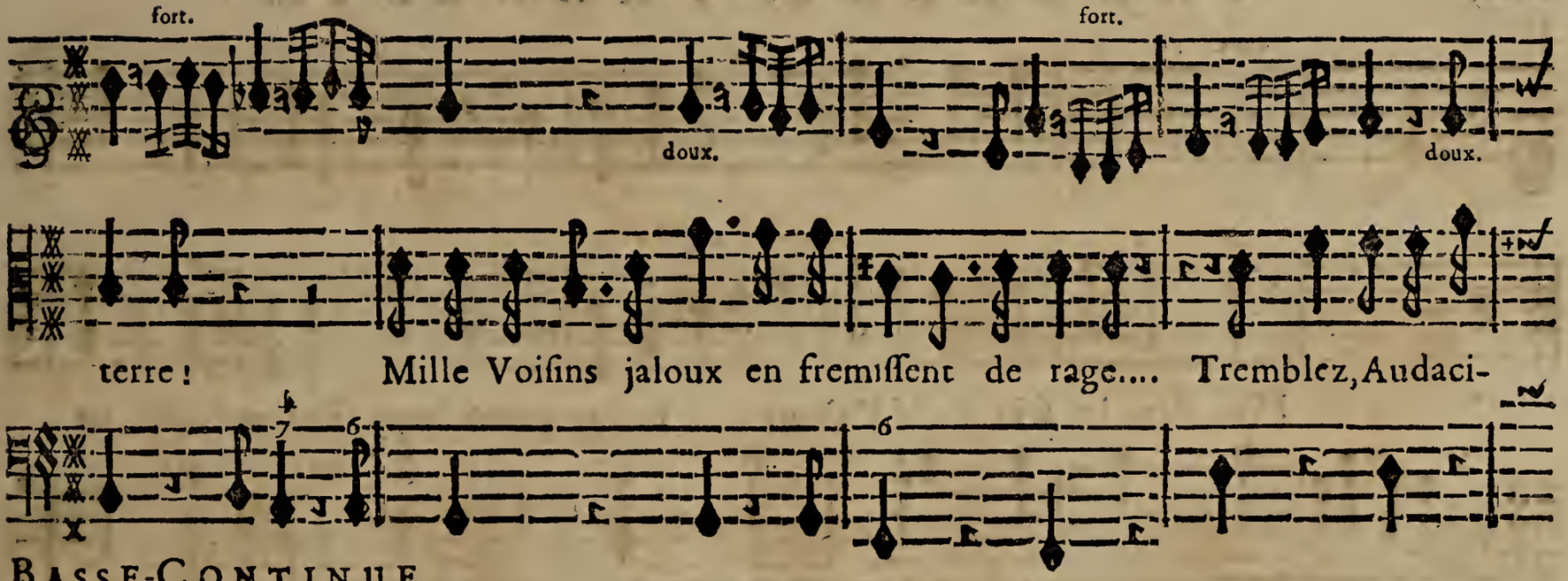
Les Peuples renom- mez des Rives de la Seine, Doivent d'un joug bar-

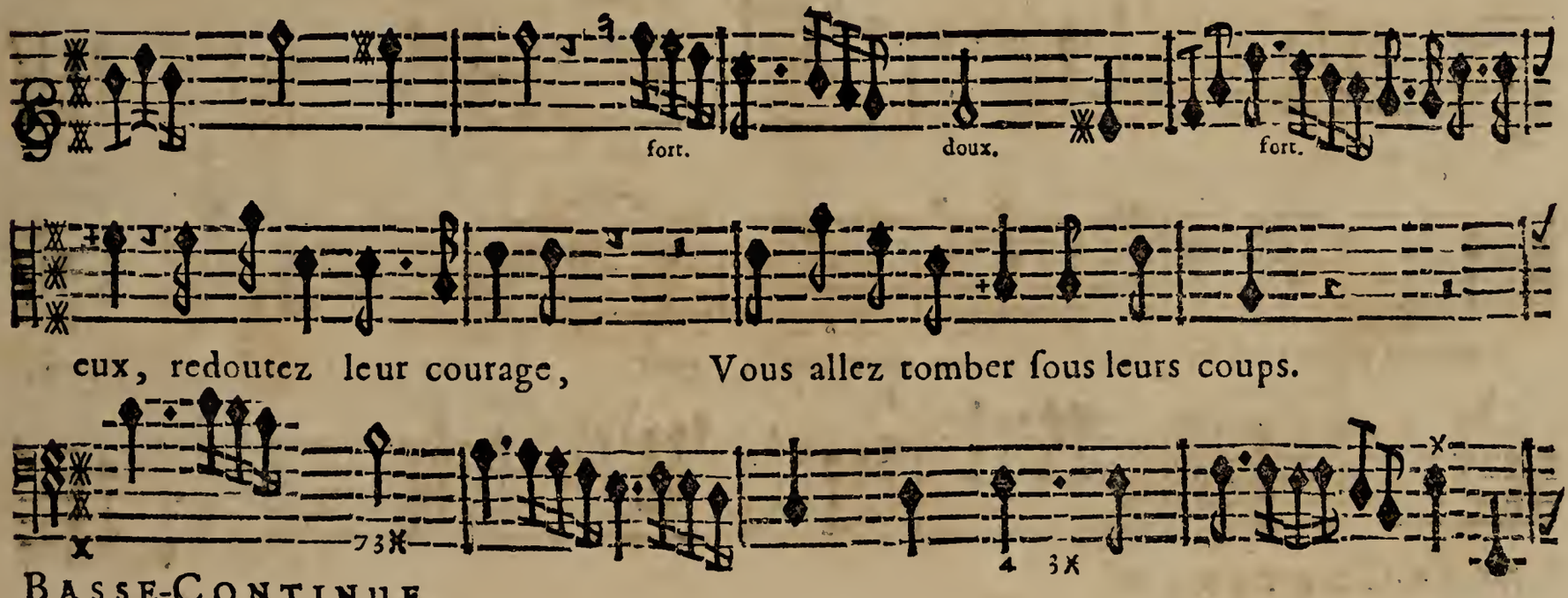
BASSE-CONTINUE.

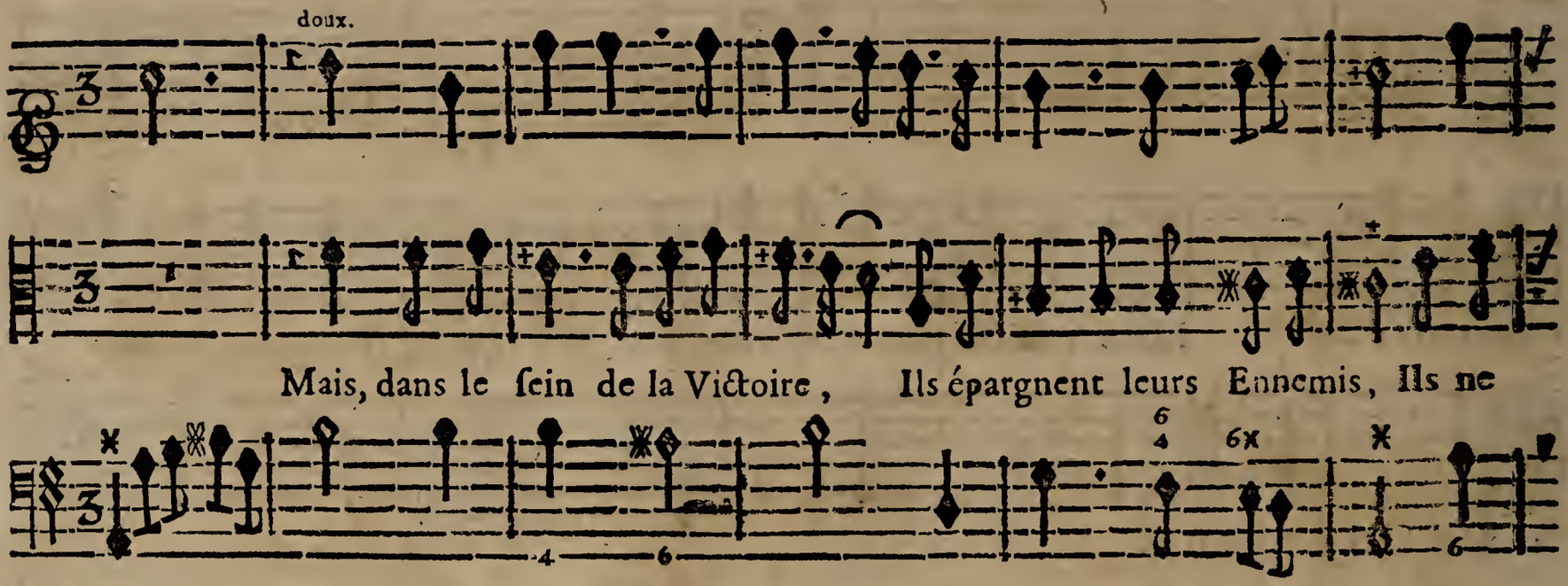

bare affranchir ces Climats., La Gloire ſuit par tout leurs pas, Leur Victoire eſt toujours certaine.
BASSE-CONTINUE.
doux.
VIOLONS.
Sous l'Empire d'un Roy toujours victorieux, Je vois dans l'ave-
BASSE-CONTINUE.


fort.
nir ces Peuples glorieux Et dans la Paix & dans la Guerre! Ils é
Basse-Continue.

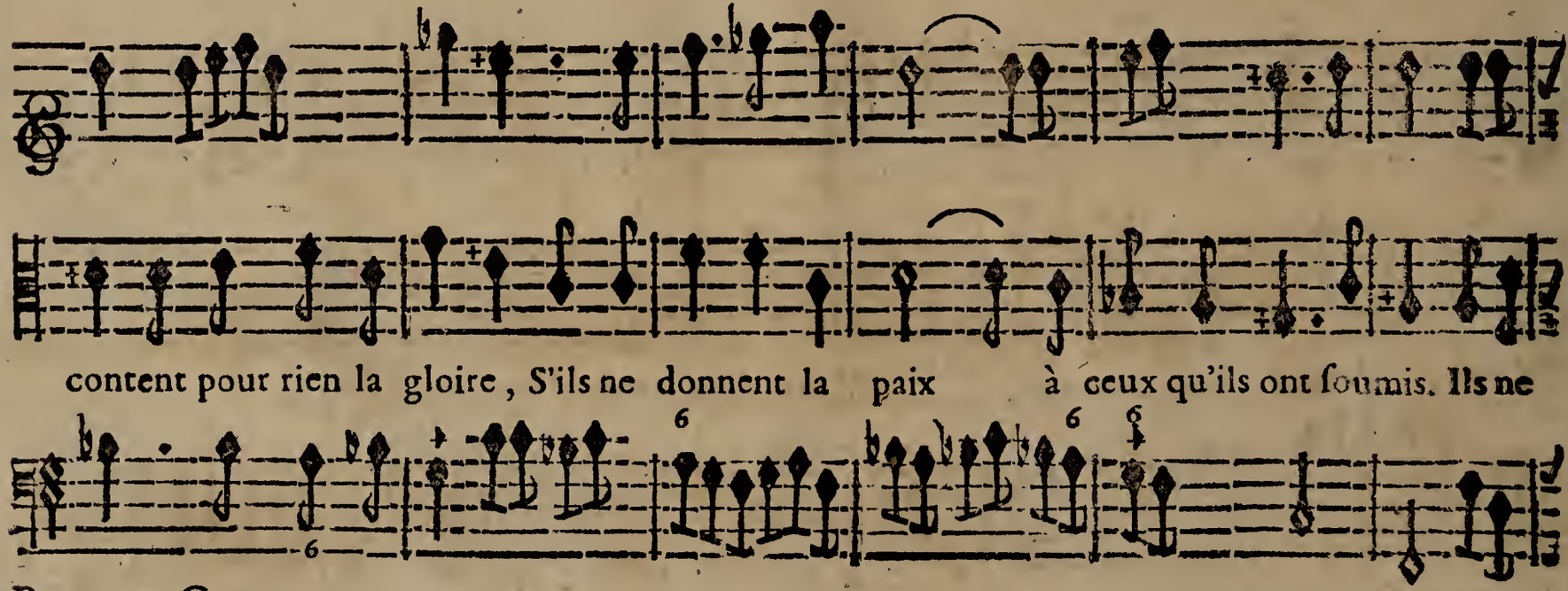

doux.
fort.
doux.
tendent par tout leurs loix! Je les vois qui donnent des Rois, Aux autres Peuples de la
Basse-Continue.


fort.
doux.
fort.
doux.
terre ! Mille Voiſins jaloux en fremiſſent de rage.... Tremblez, Audaci-
BASSE-CONTINUE.

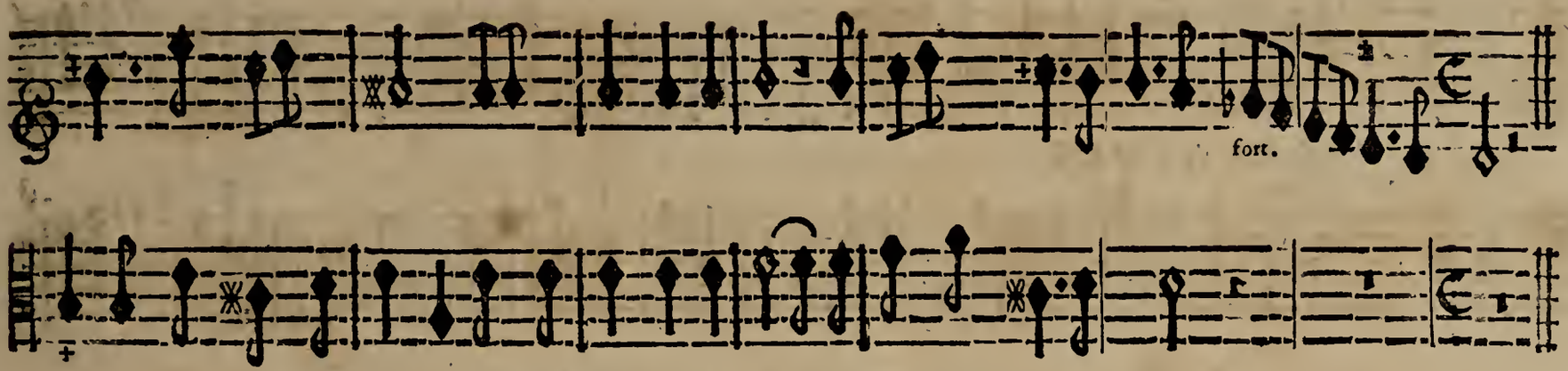

fort.
doux.
fort.
eux, redoutez leur courage, Vous allez tomber ſous leurs coups.
BASSE-CONTINUE.



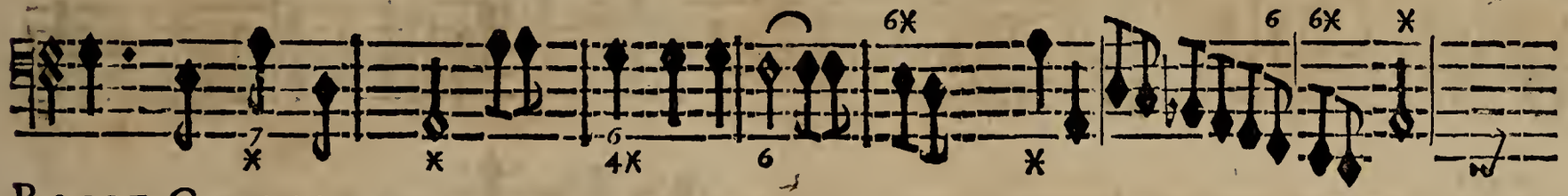
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

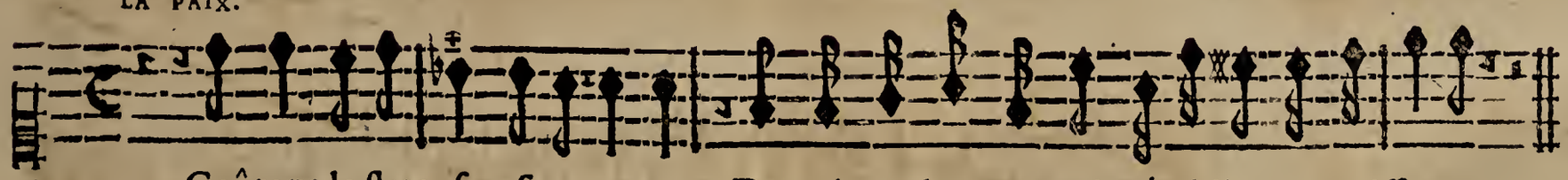


contẽt pour rien la gloire, S'ils ne donnẽt la paix à ceux qu'ils õt ſoumis.

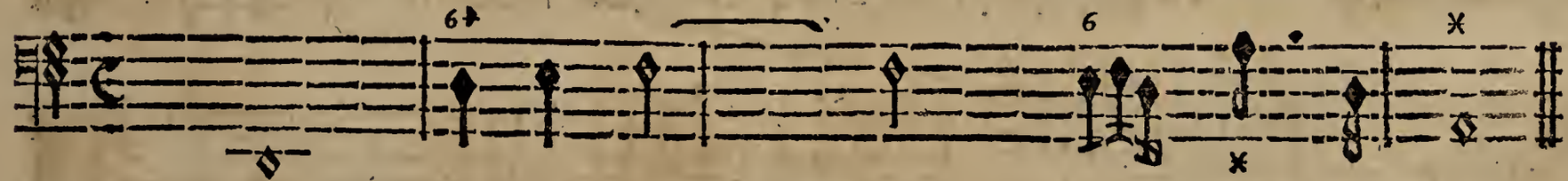


BASSE-CONTINUE.

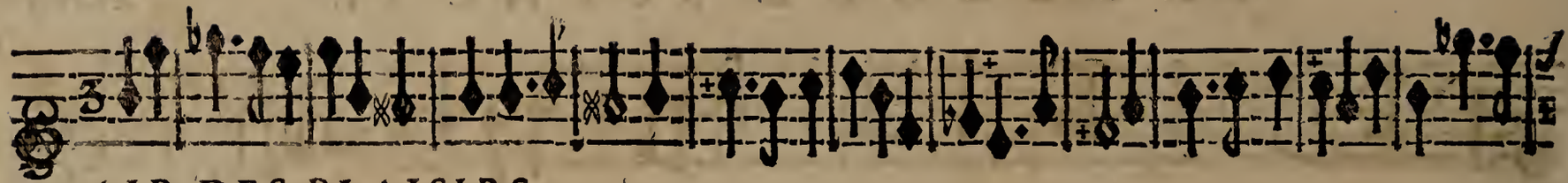
LA PAIX.



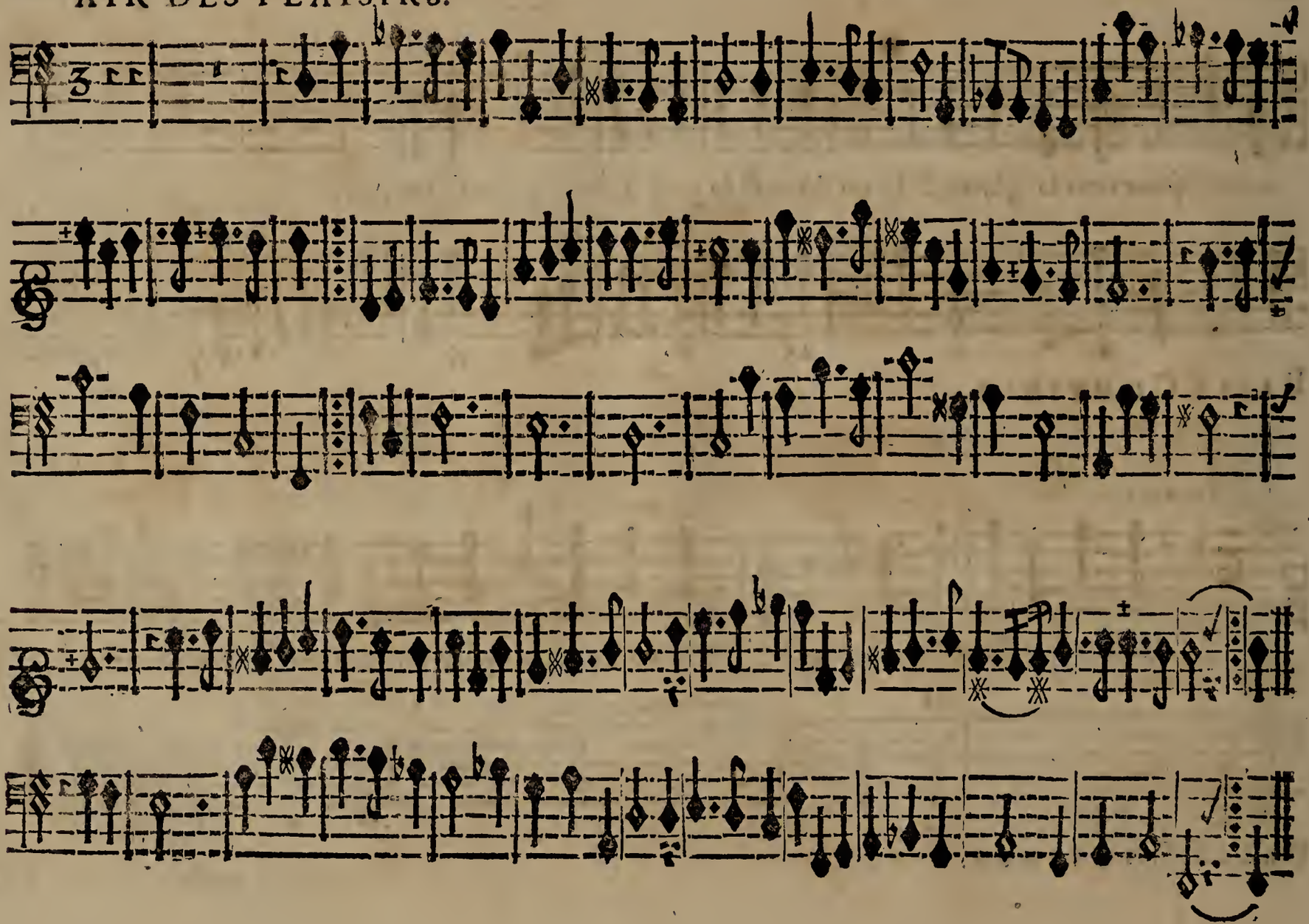
Goûtons la flateuſe eſperance, De voir par leur pouvoir rétablir ma puiſſance?



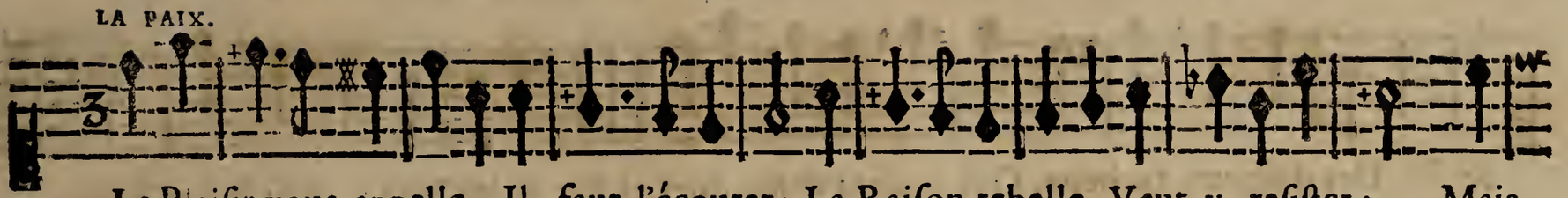
BASSE-CONTINUE.



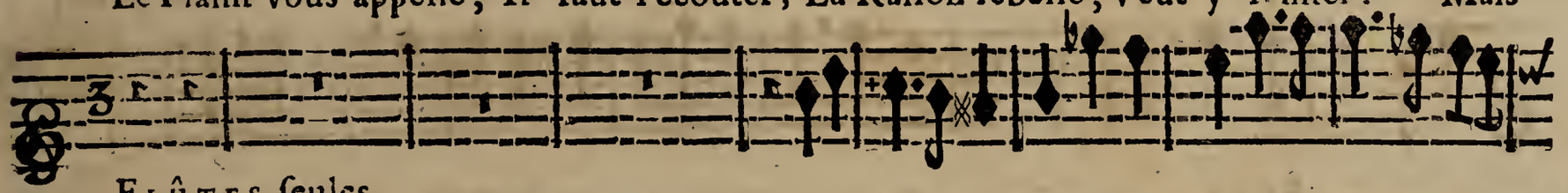
AIR DES PLAISIRS.



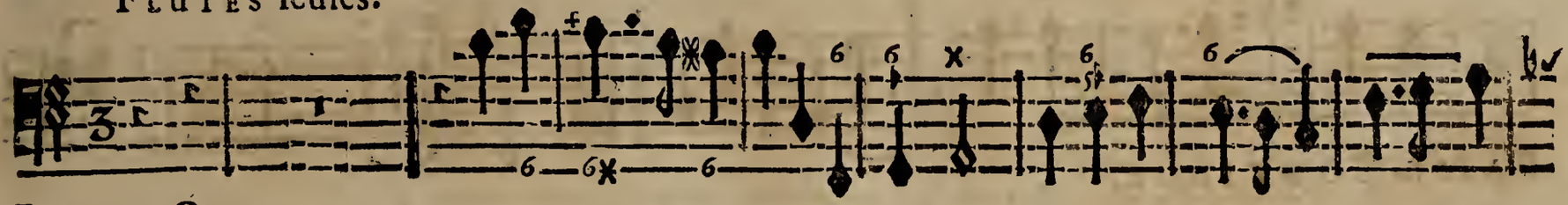
LA PAIX.



Le Plaiſir vous appelle, Il faut l'écouter; La Raiſon rebelle, Veut y reſiſter: Mais

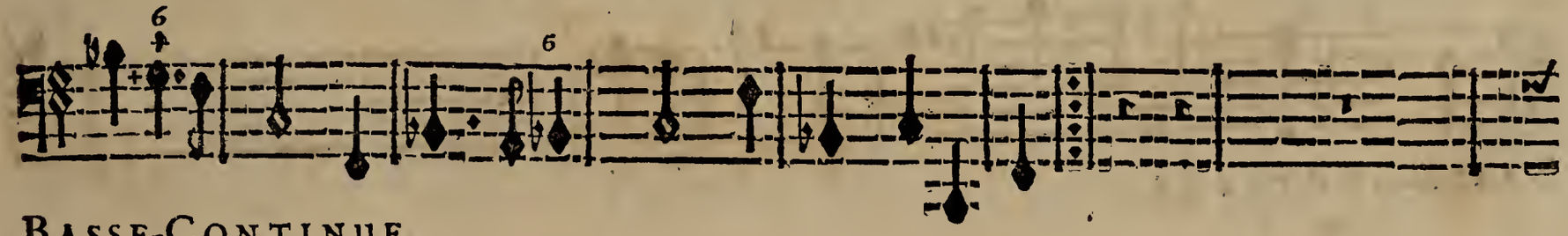


FLÛTES ſeules.

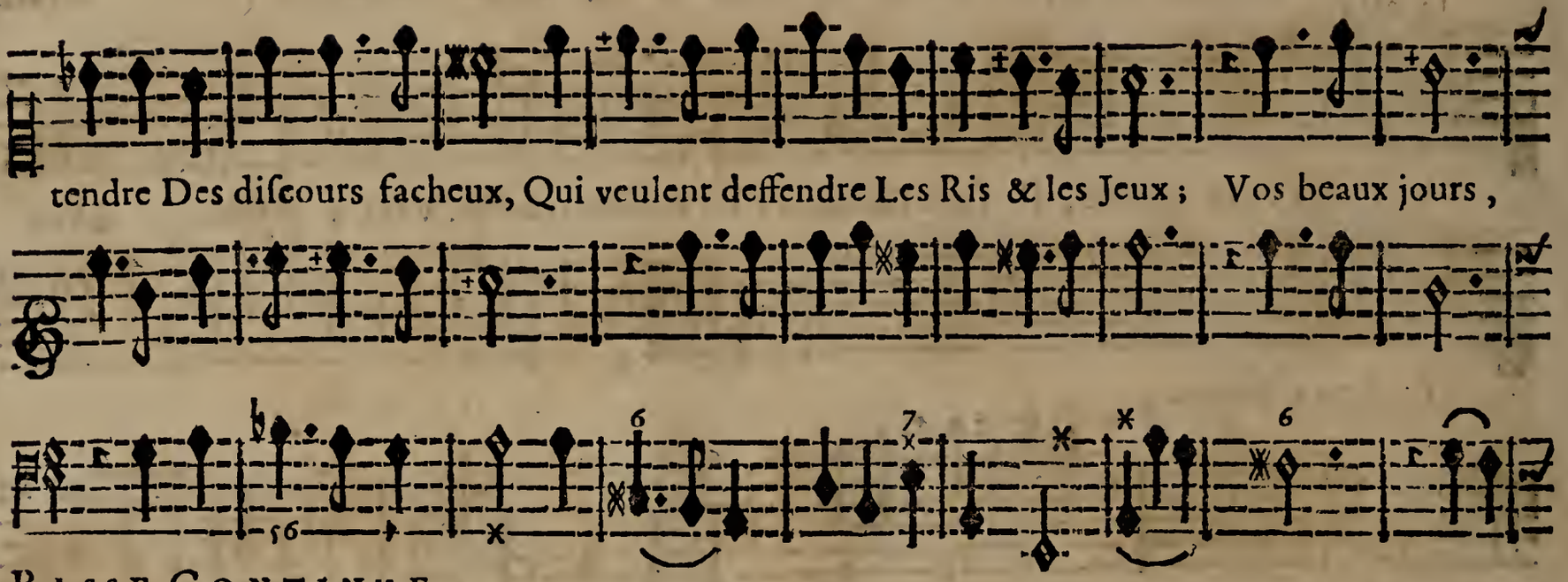


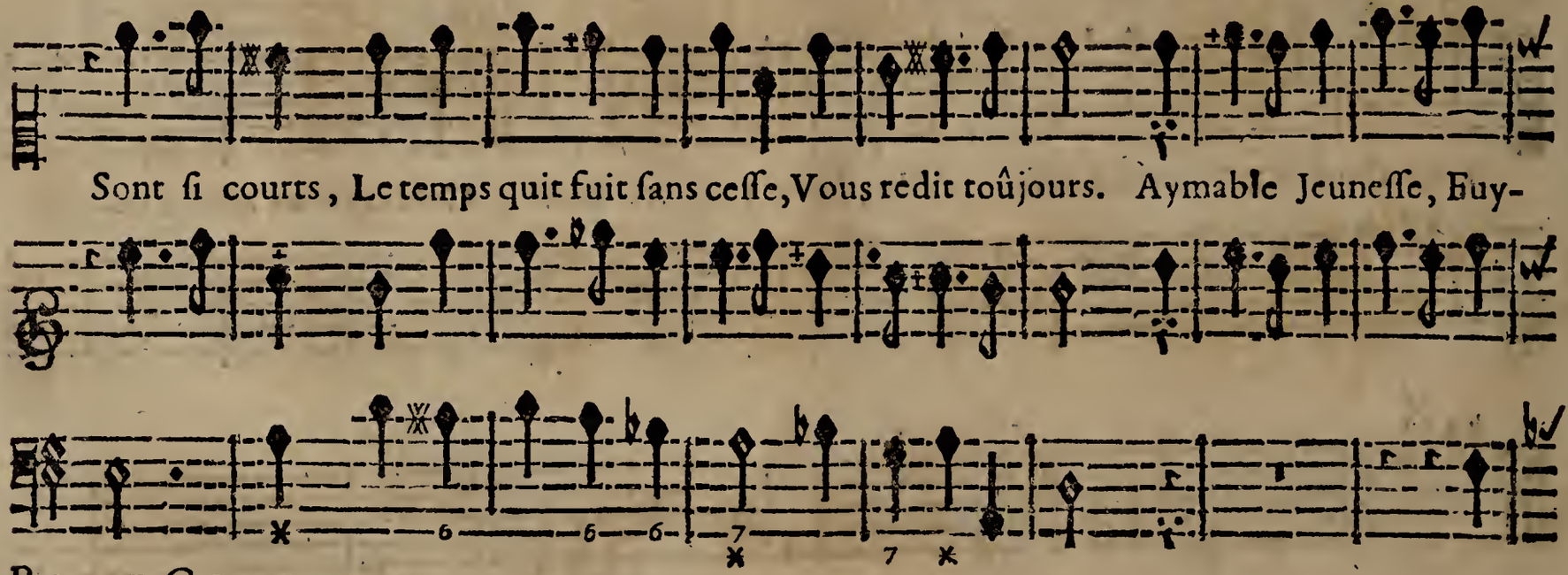
BASSE-CONTINUE.

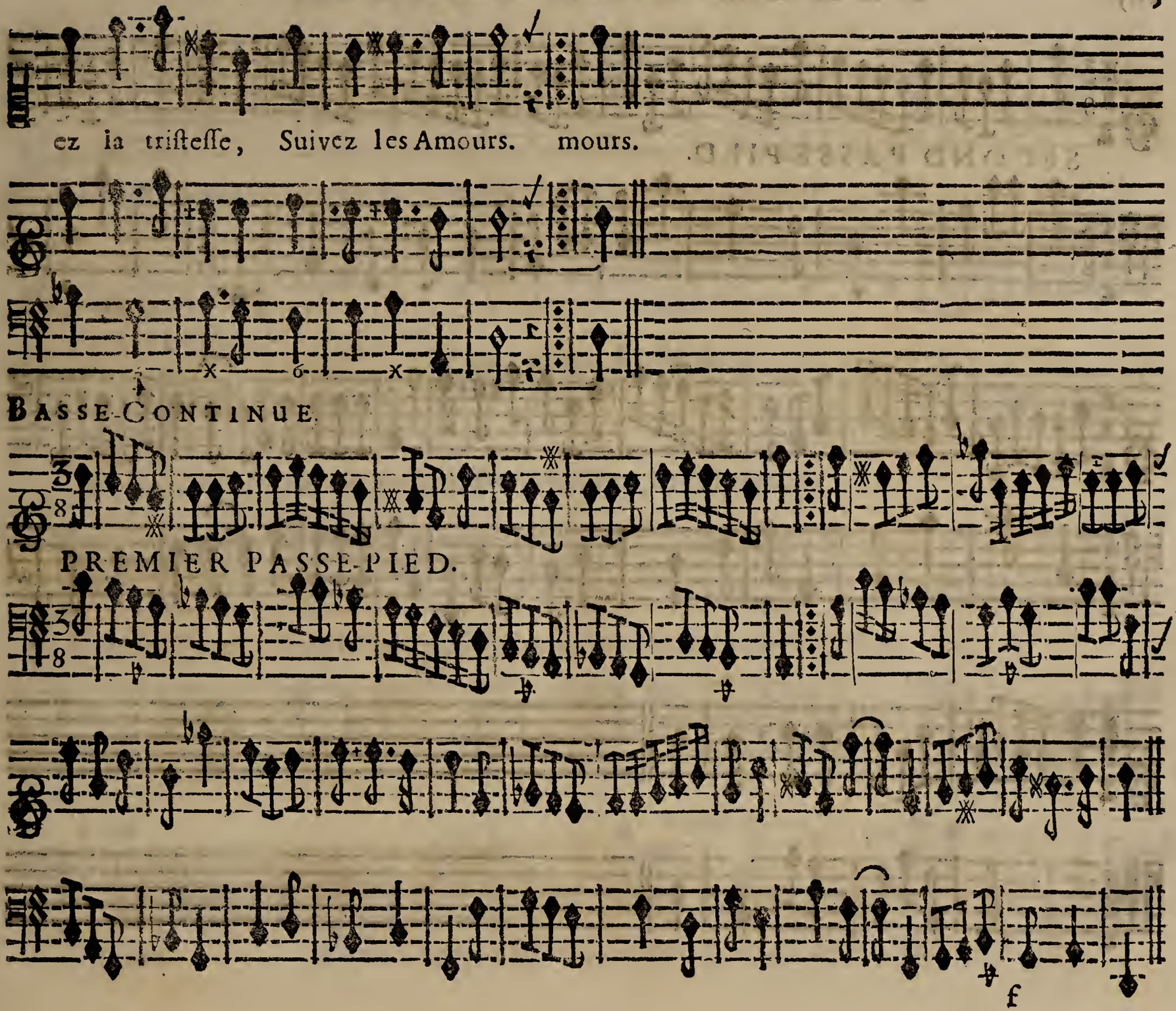
cette Cruelle; Que vous offre t'elle, Pour vous arreſter? Gardez-vous bien d'en-

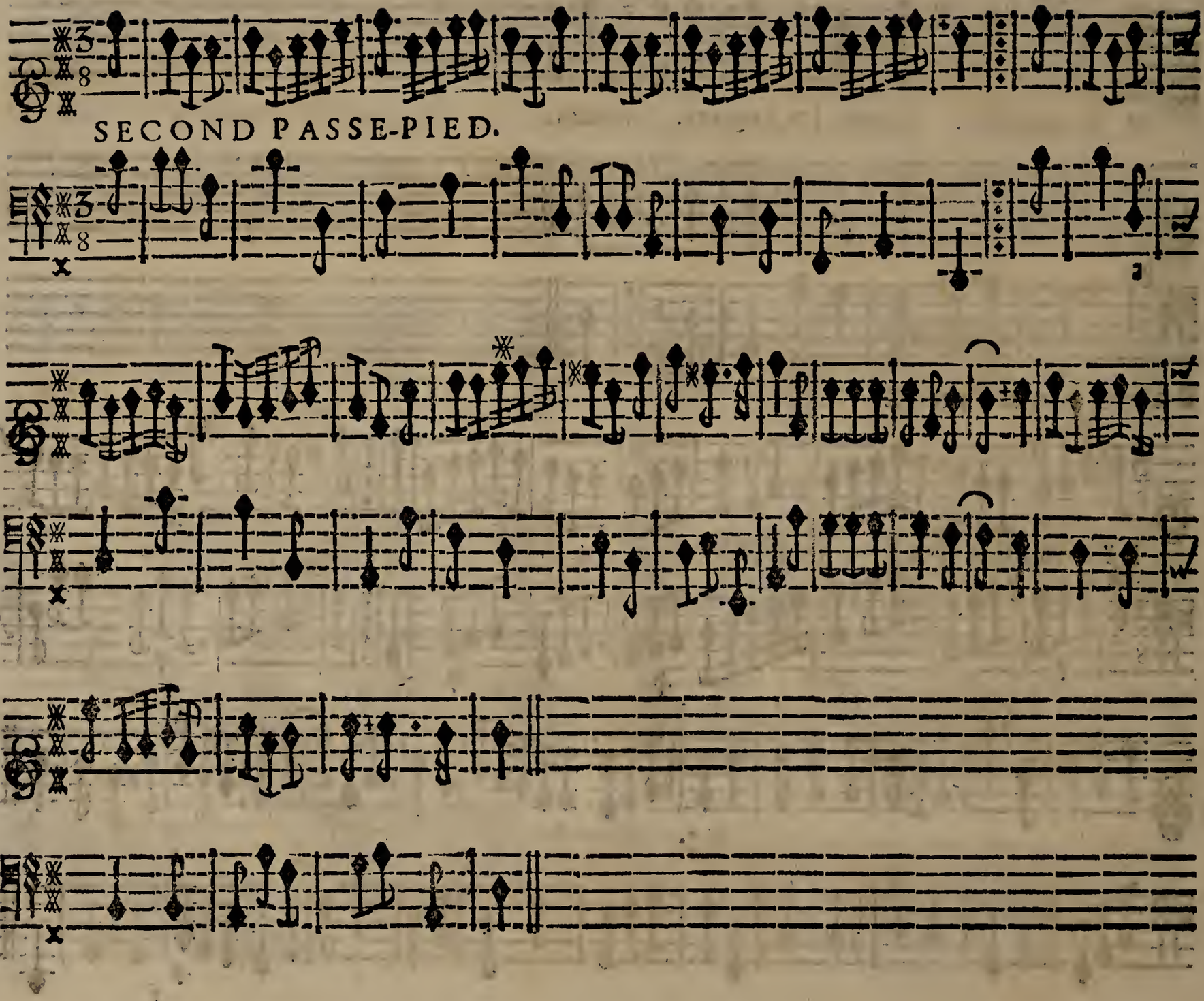


BASSE-CONTINUE.

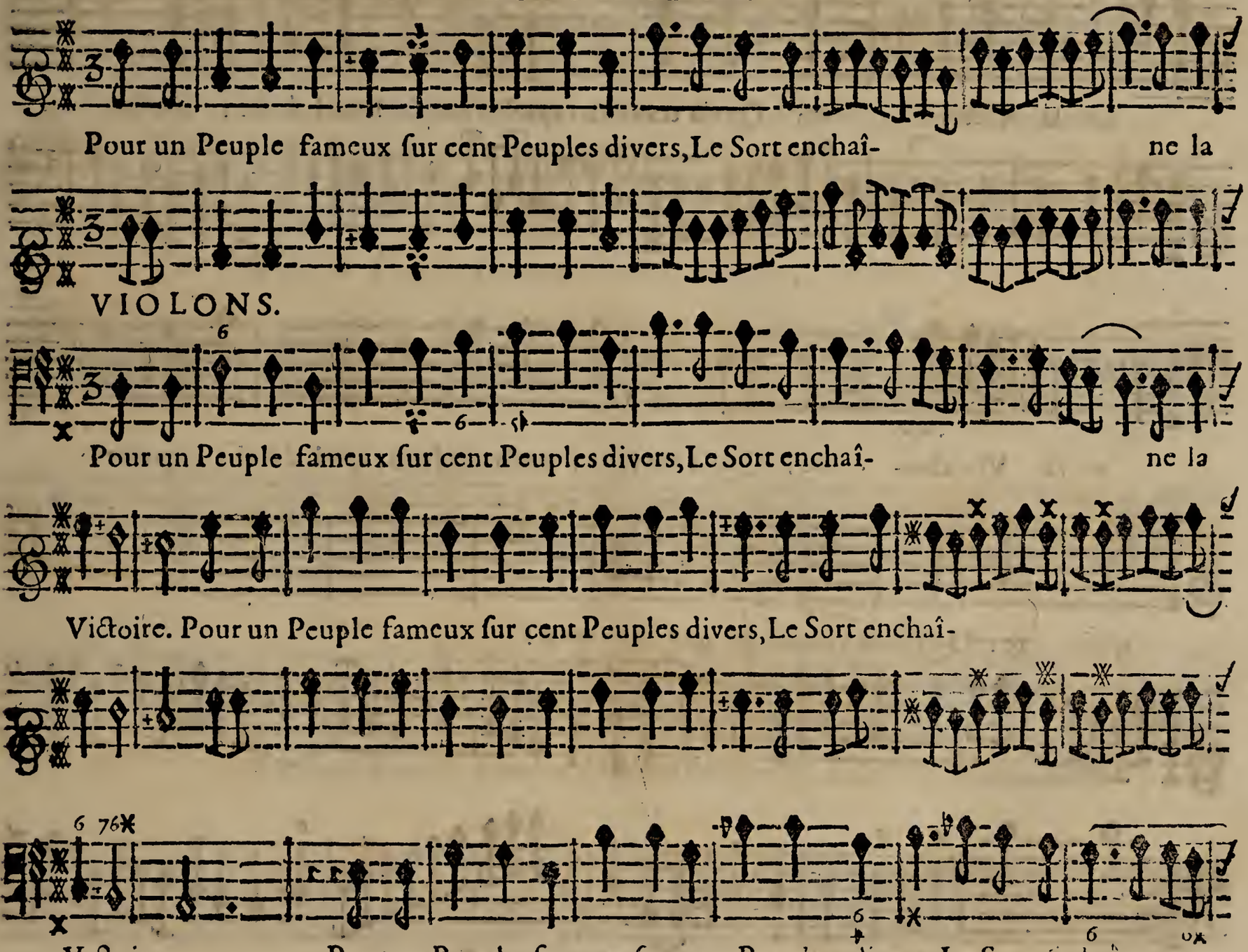

tendre Des discours facheux, Qui veulent deffendre Les Ris & les Jeux ; Vos beaux jours,
BASSE-CONTINUE.

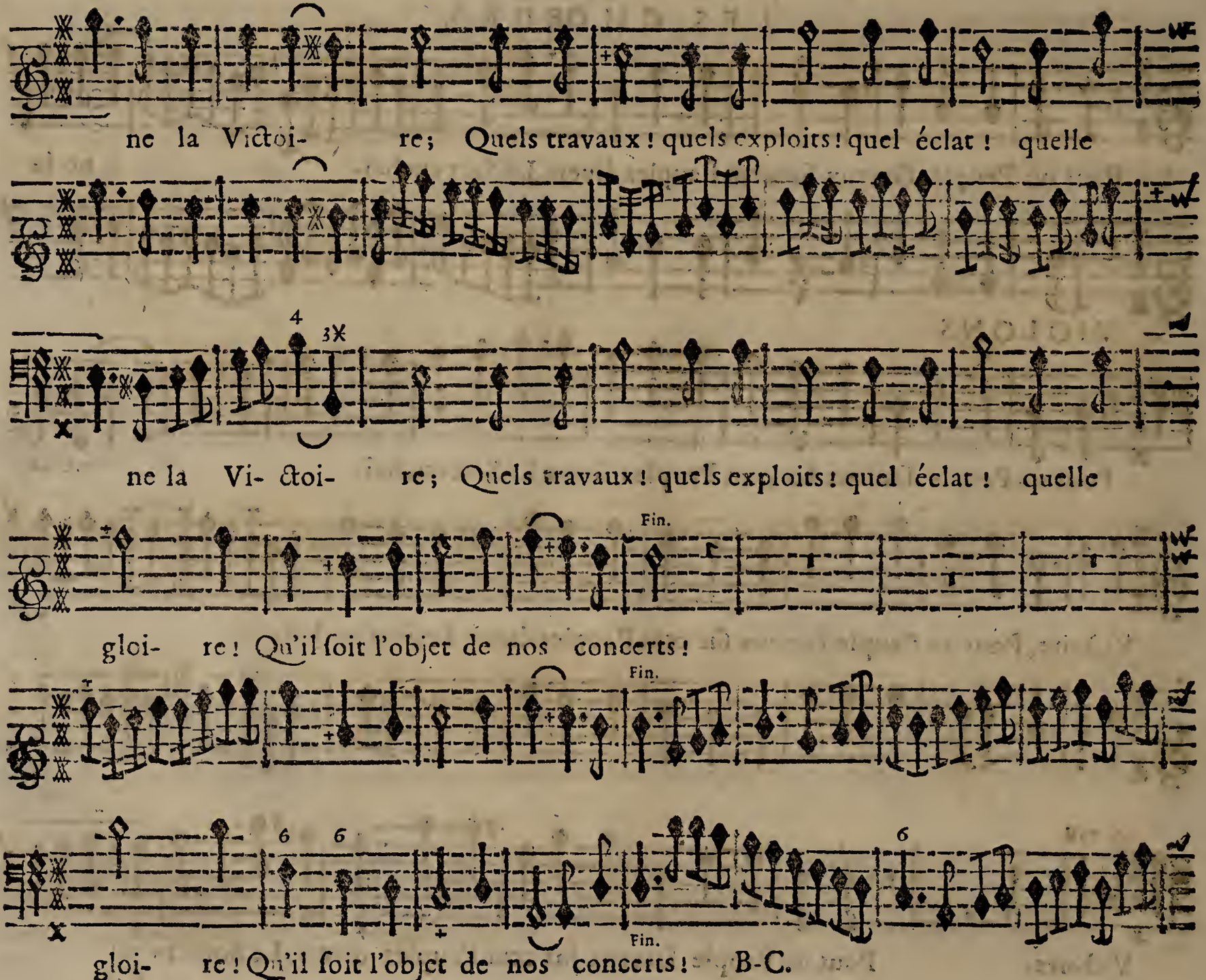

Sont si courts, Le temps quit fuit sans cesse, Vous redit toûjours. Aymable Jeunesse, Fuy-
BASSE-CONTINUE.

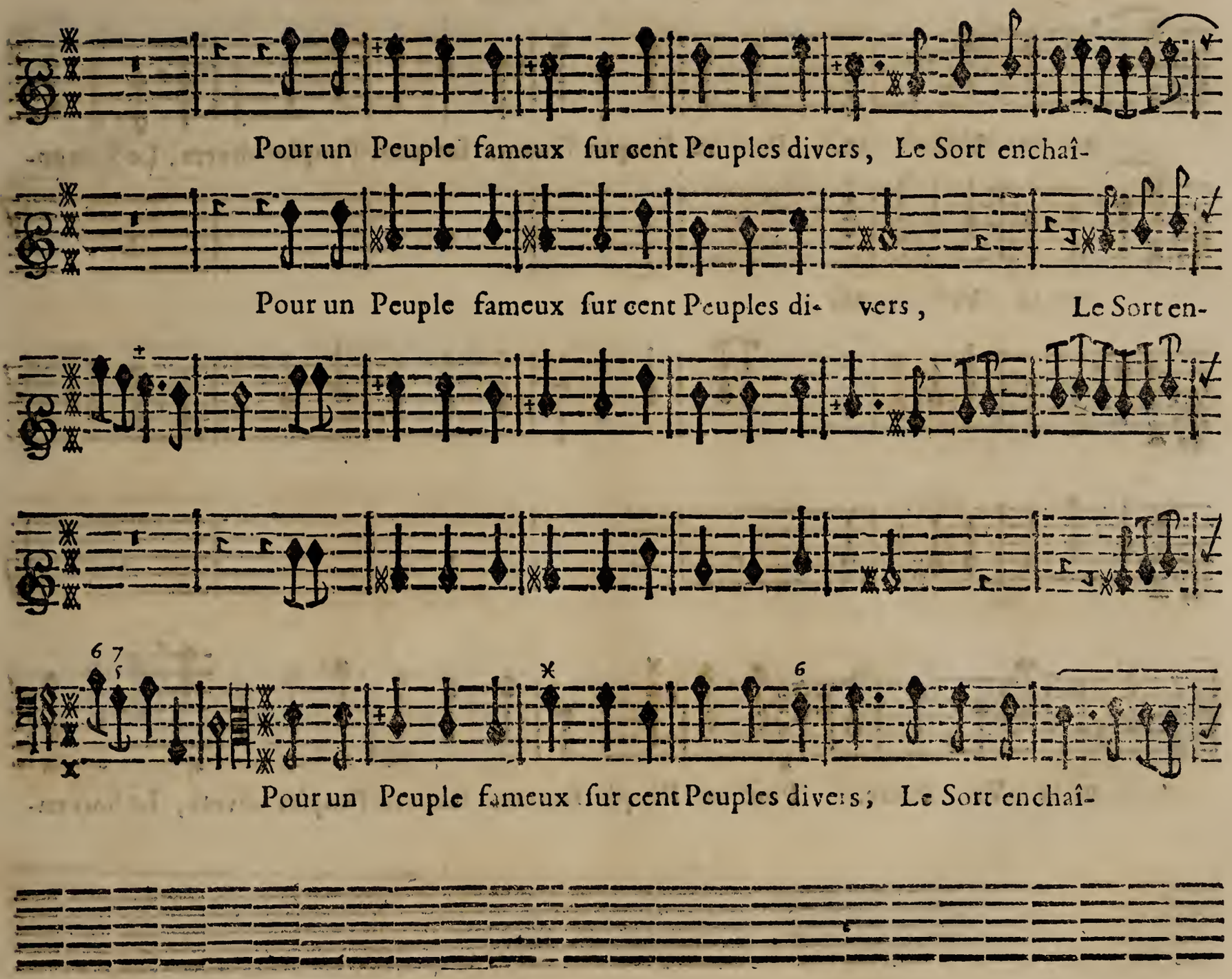

ez la triſteſſe, Suivez les Amours. mours.
BASSE-CONTINUE.
PREMIER PASSE-PIED.

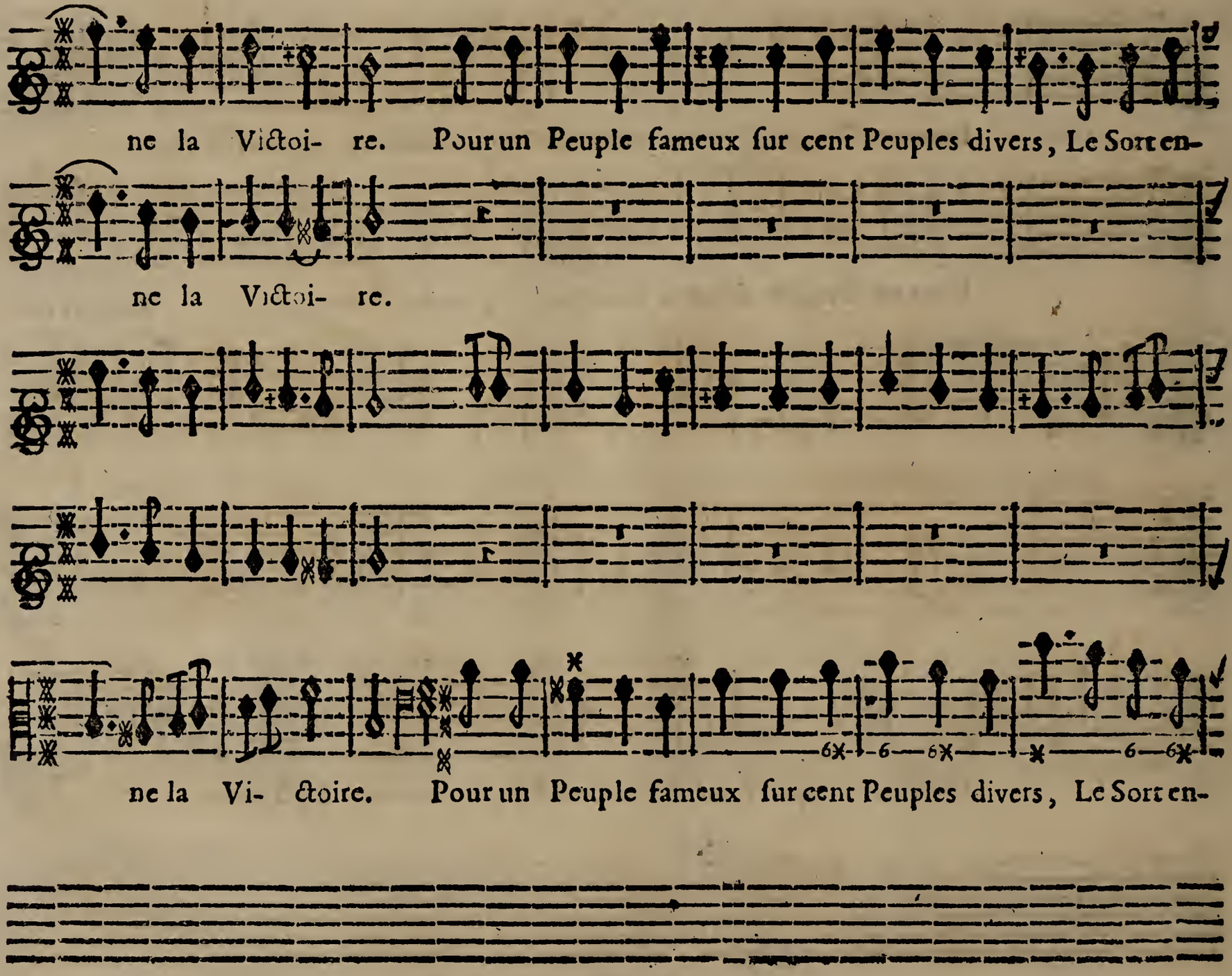

SECOND PASSE-PIED.

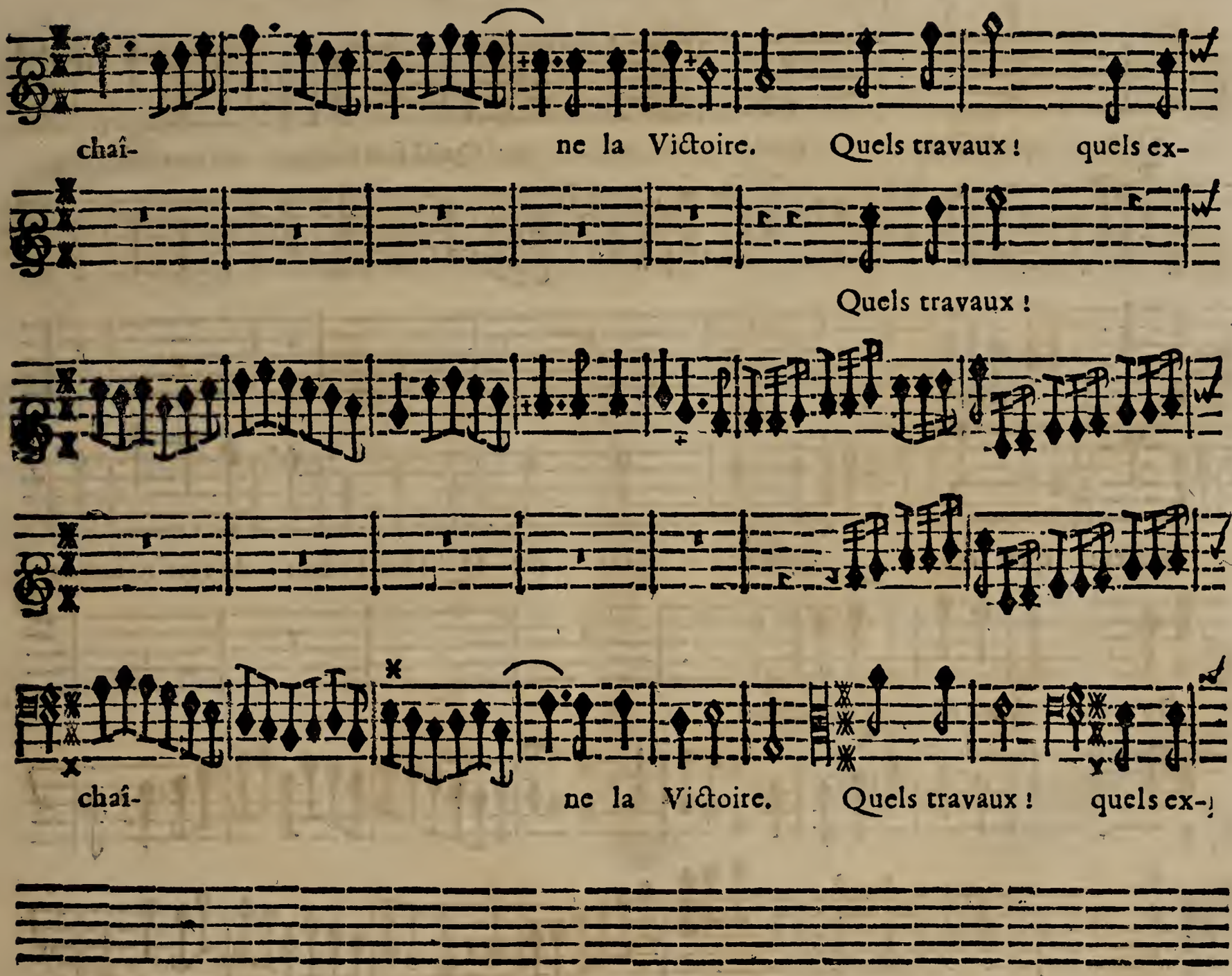
LES CHOEURS.

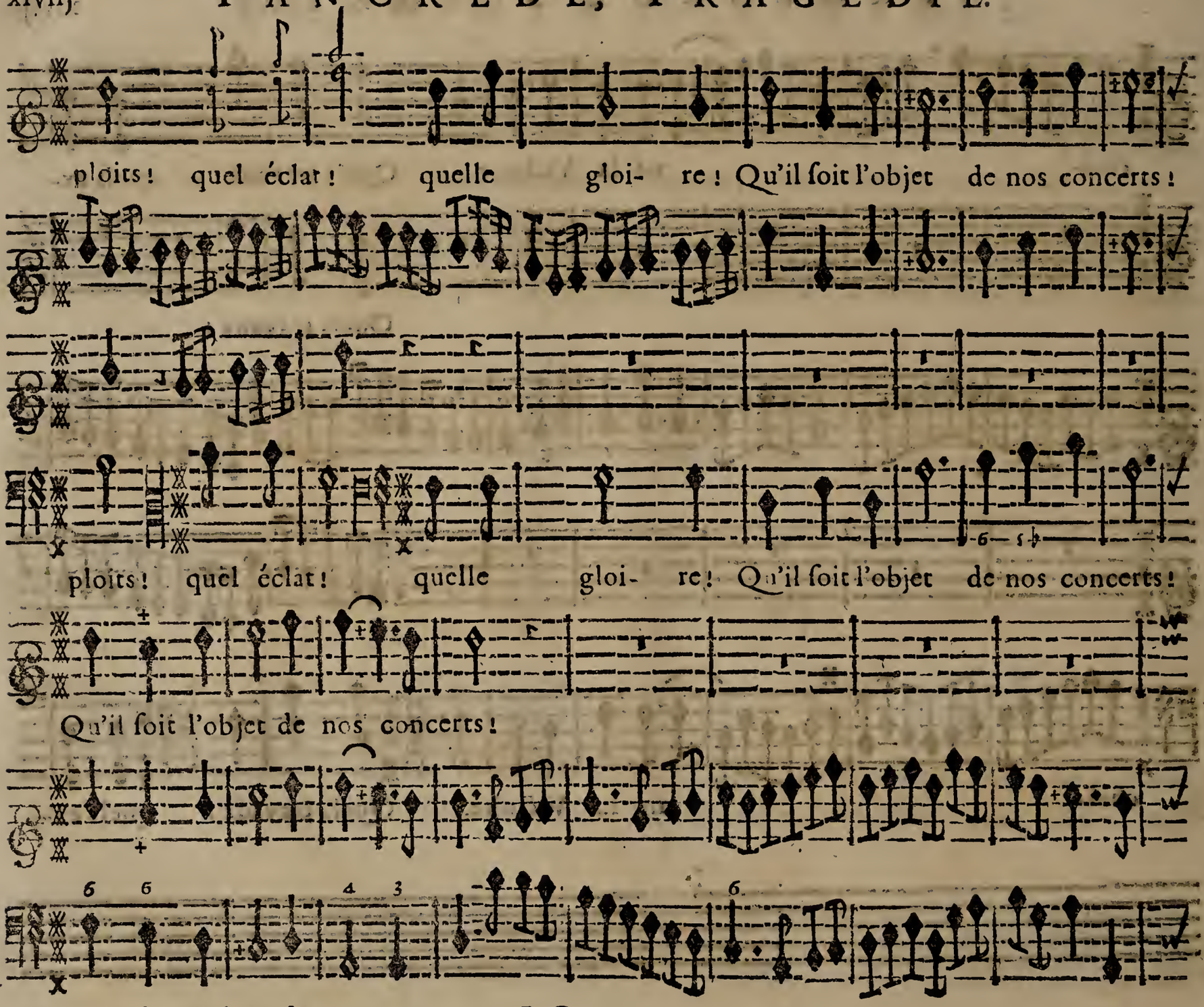

Pour un Peuple fameux ſur cent Peuples divers, Le Sort enchaî- ne la
VIOLONS.
Pour un Peuple fameux ſur cent Peuples divers, Le Sort enchaî- ne la
Victoire. Pour un Peuple fameux ſur cent Peuples divers, Le Sort enchaî-
Victoire. Pour un Peuple fameux ſur cent Peuples divers, Le Sort enchaî-

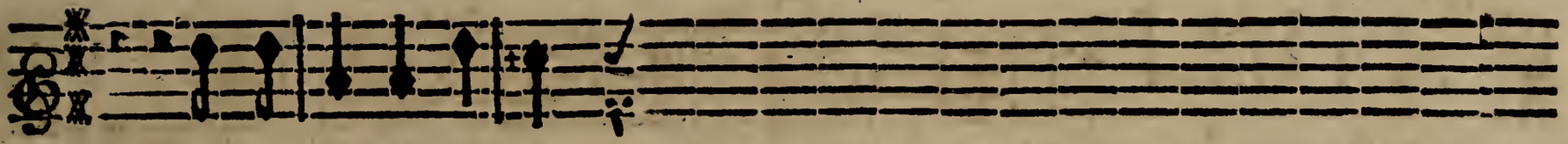

ne la Victoi- re; Quels travaux! quels exploits! quel éclat! quelle
ne la Vi- ctoi- re; Quels travaux! quels exploits! quel éclat! quelle
Fin.
gloi- re! Qu'il ſoit l'objet de nos concerts!
Fin.
gloi- re! Qu'il ſoit l'objet de nos concerts! B-C.
Fin.


Pour un Peuple fameux ſur cent Peuples divers, Le Sort enchaî-
Pour un Peuple fameux ſur cent Peuples di- vers, Le Sort en-
Pour un Peuple fameux ſur cent Peuples divers; Le Sort enchaî-

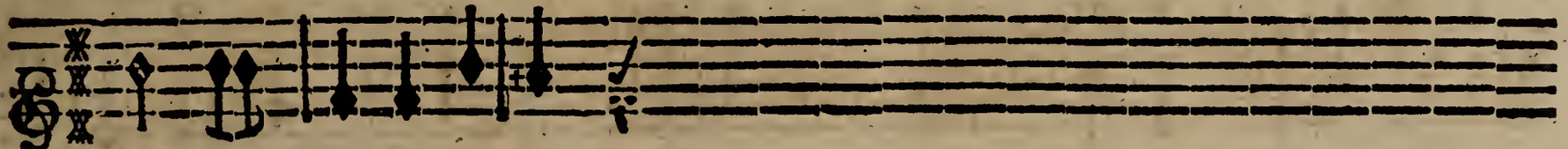

ne la Victoi- re. Pour un Peuple fameux sur cent Peuples divers, Le Sort en-
ne la Victoi- re.
ne la Vi- ctoire. Pour un Peuple fameux sur cent Peuples divers, Le Sort en-

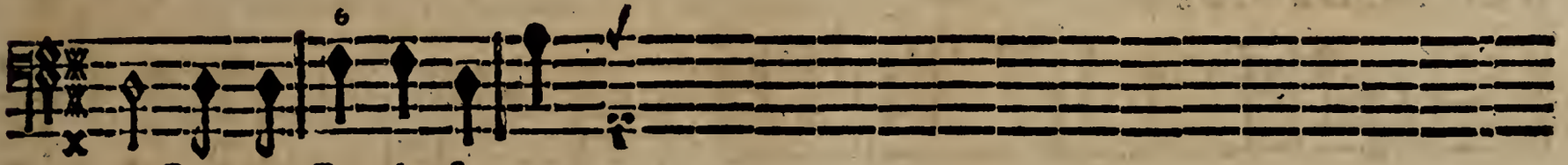

chaî- ne la Victoire. Quels travaux ! quels ex-
Quels travaux !
chaî- ne la Victoire. Quels travaux ! quels ex-


ploits! quel éclat! quelle gloi- re! Qu'il ſoit l'objet de nos concerts!
ploits! quel éclat! quelle gloi- re! Qu'il ſoit l'objet de nos concerts!
Qu'il ſoit l'objet de nos concerts!
Qu'il ſoit l'objet de nos concerts! B-C.



Pour un Peuple fameux, *Reprenez au commencement de la page* xliij. *jusqu'au mot fin.*





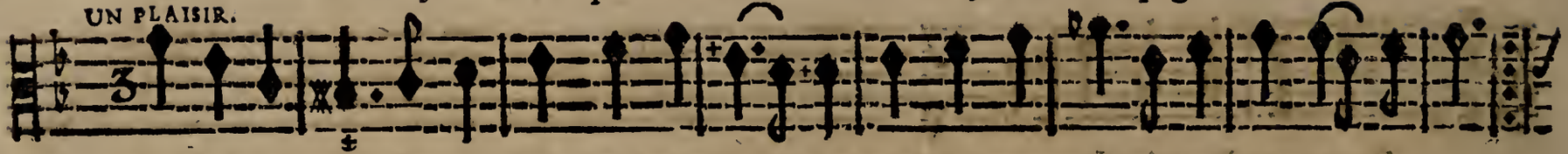
Pour un Peuple fameux,

On reprend l'Ouverture, page j.

FIN DU PROLOGUE.

Cet Air se chante aprés la Sarabande du Troisiéme Acte page 166.

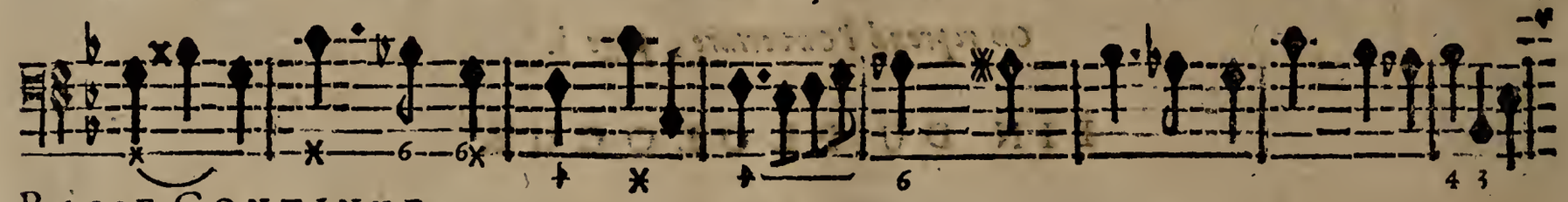
UN PLAISIR.



Foible Raison, ne nous fais plus enten- dre, Que c'est un mal de se laisser charmer:

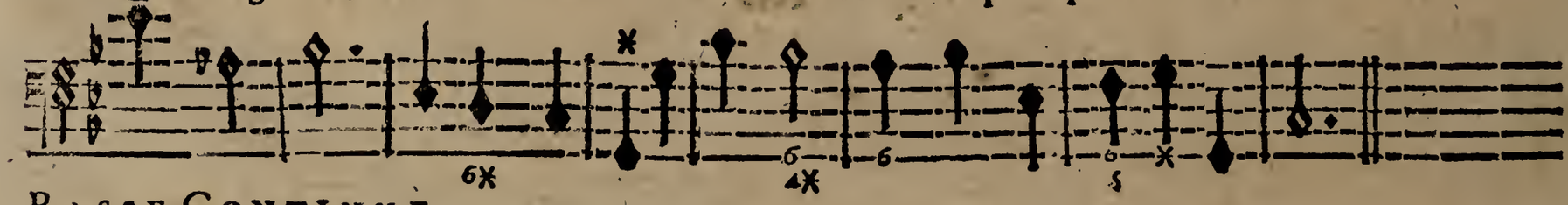
BASSE-CONTINUE.

Ah! si les Dieux vouloient nous le deffendre, Nous devoient-ils faire une ame si tendre;



BASSE-CONTINUE.

Quelle rigueur, De nous former Avec un cœur Si prompt à s'enflâmer.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

TANCREDE,

TRAGEDIE.

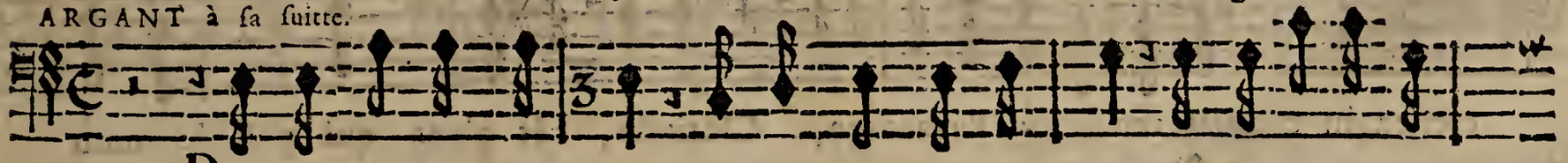
ACTE PREMIER.

Le Theâtre repreſente le Lieu où ſont les Tombeaux des Rois Sarraſins.

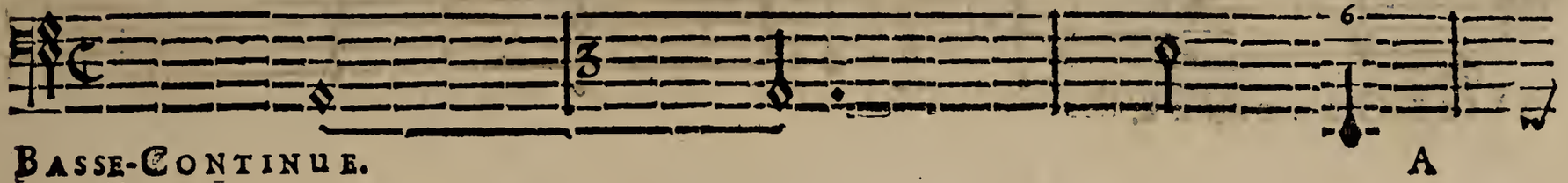
SCENE PREMIERE.

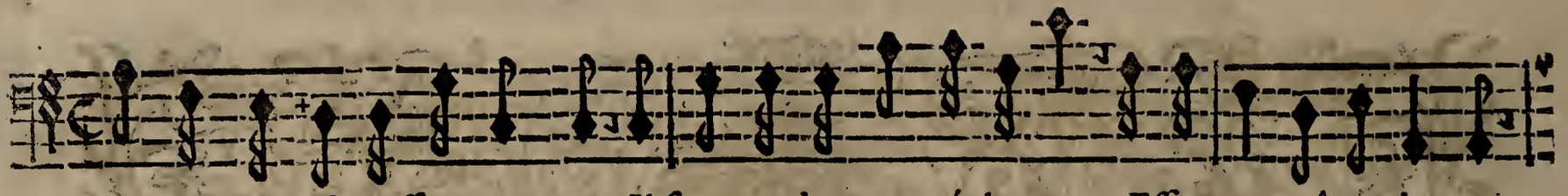
HERMINIE, ARGANT, Suitte d'Argant.

ARGANT à ſa ſuitte.



RAſſemblez nos Guerriers, c'eſt tarder trop longtemps, La vengeance ja-

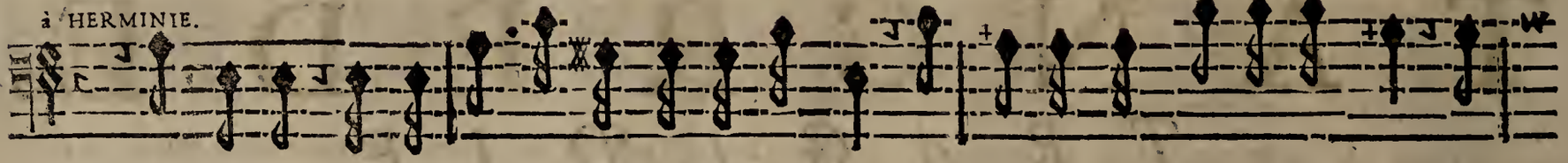




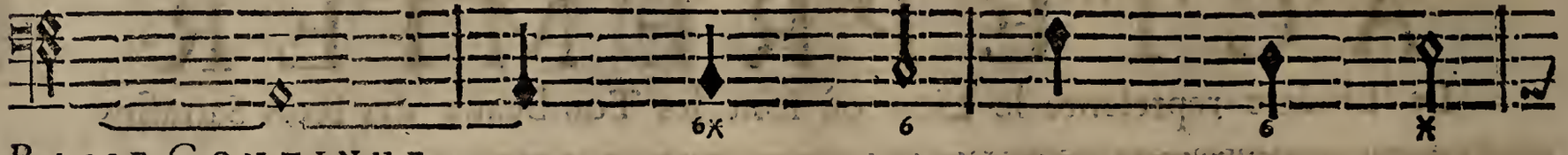
mais ne peut estre assez prompte : Il faut par des coups éclatans Effacer nôtre honte.

BASSE-CONTINUE.

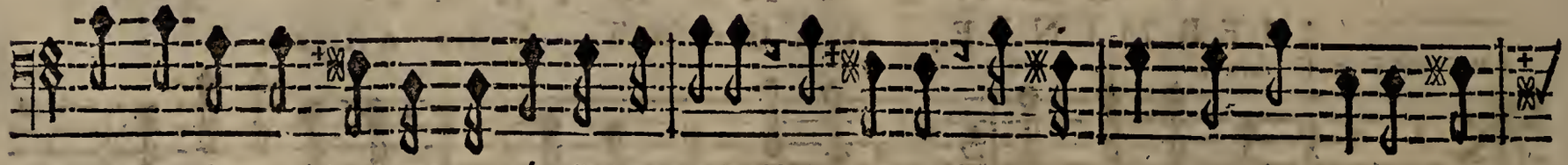
à HERMINIE.



Princesse, vous voyez ma rage & ma douleur, Le sort à trompé ma valeur ; Tan-

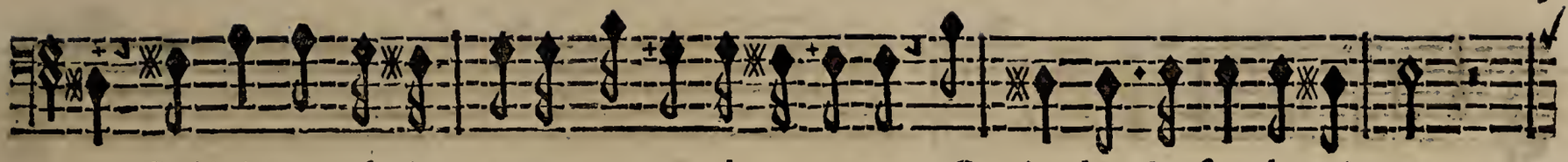


BASSE-CONTINUE.

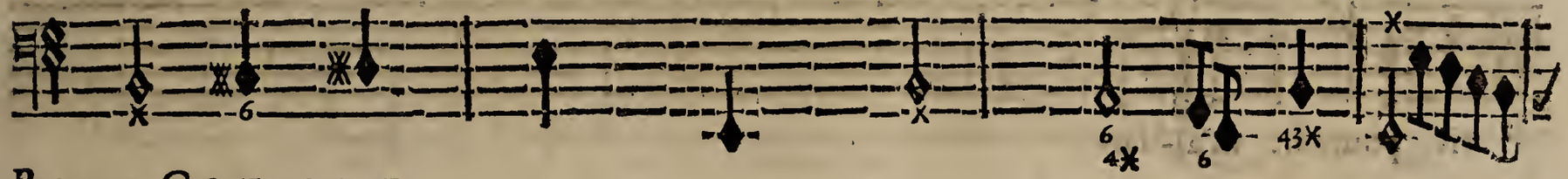


crede a du combat remporté l'avantage, Clorinde, cét objet qui possede mon

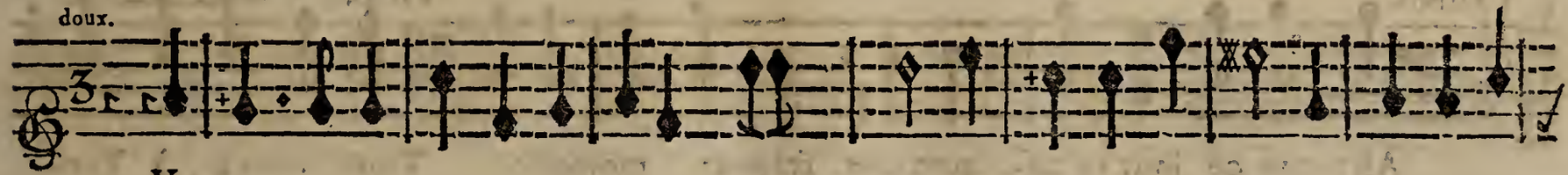
BASSE-CONTINUE.



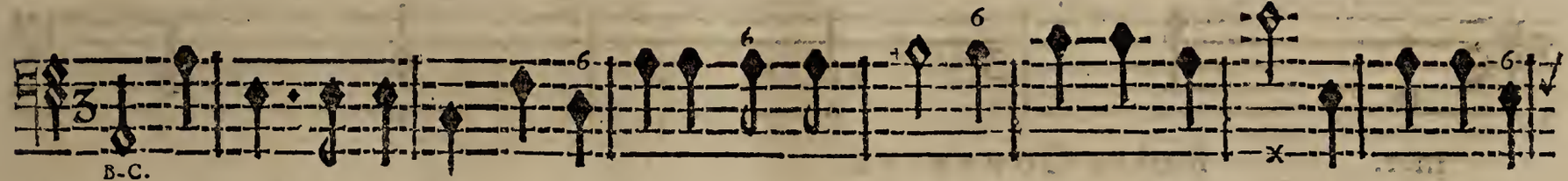
cœur, Qui joint tant de beautez avec tant de courage, Gemit dans les fers du vainqueur.



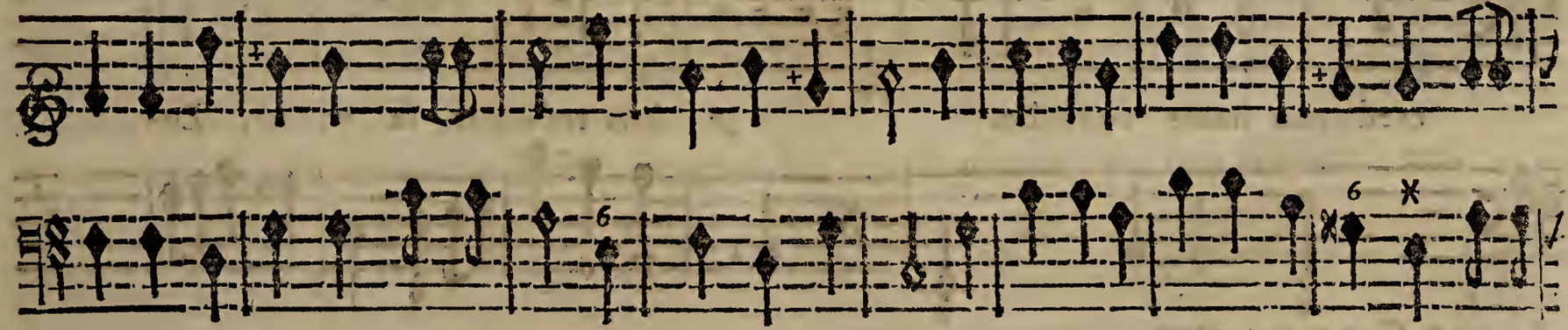
BASSE-CONTINUE.



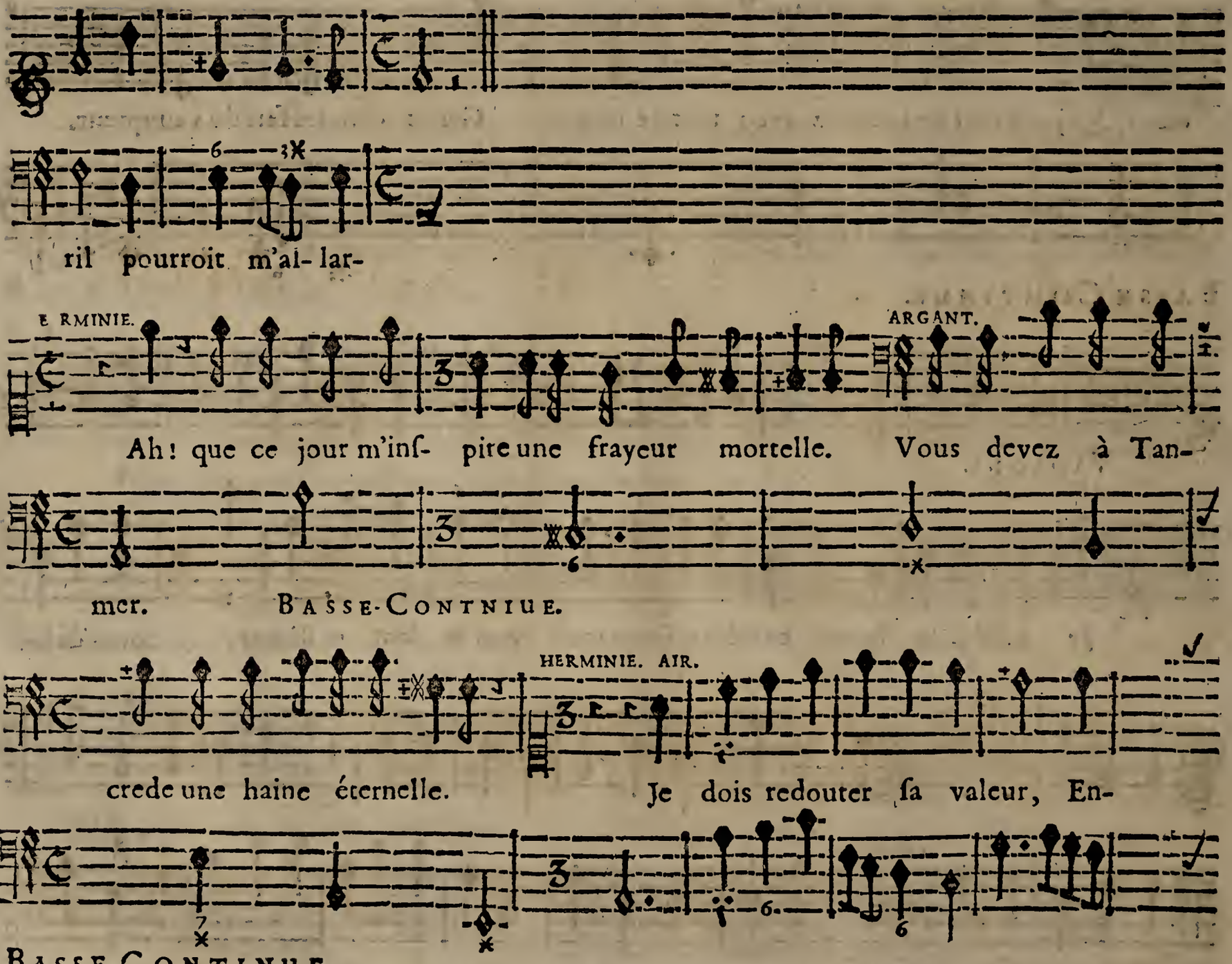
VIOLONS.

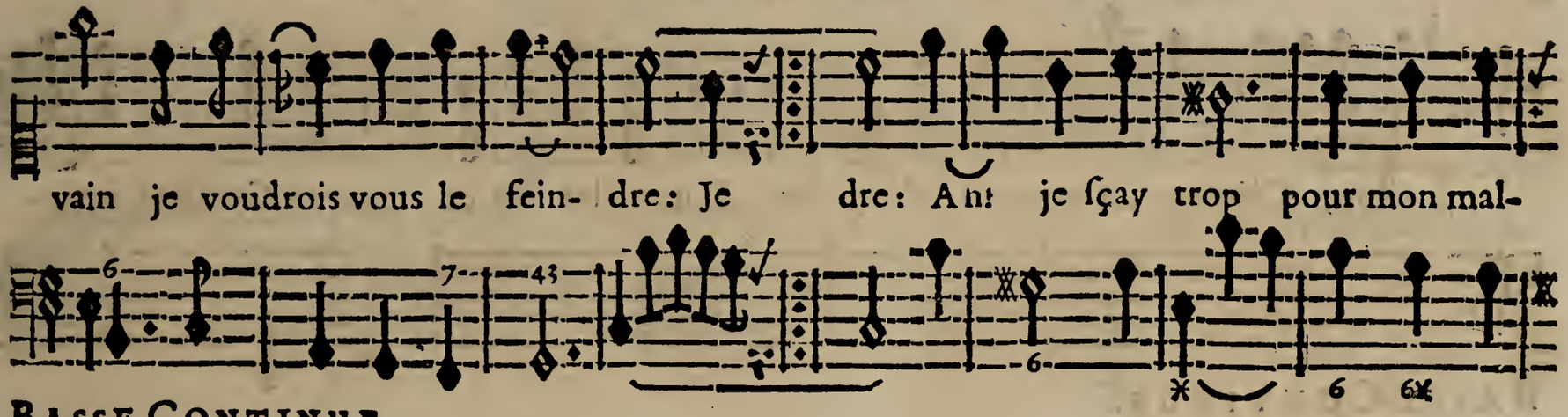


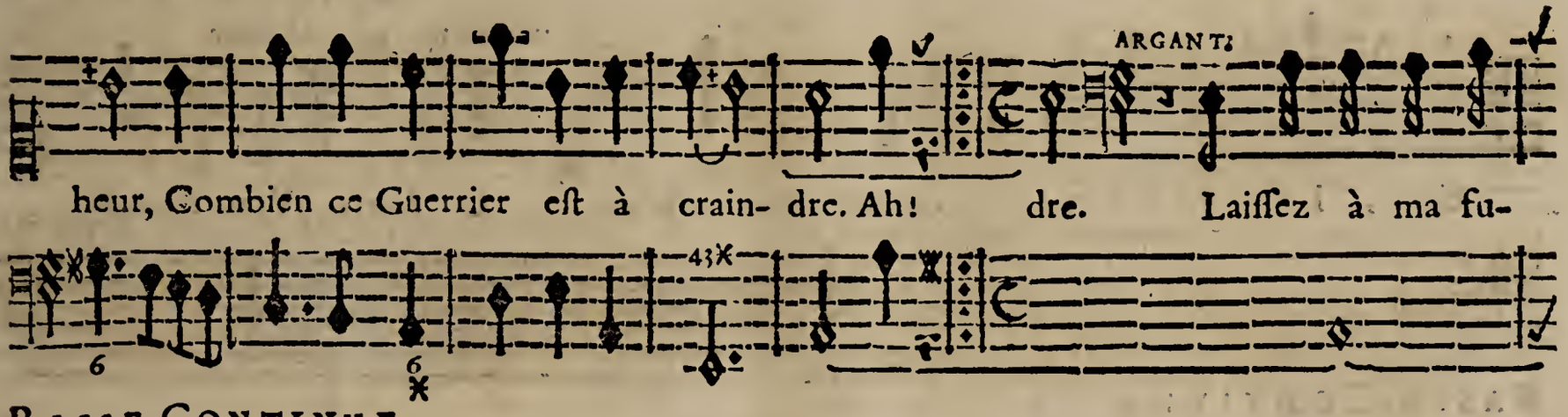
Je cede à la fureur extrême, Dont mon cœur se sent enflâmer: Je cours déli-

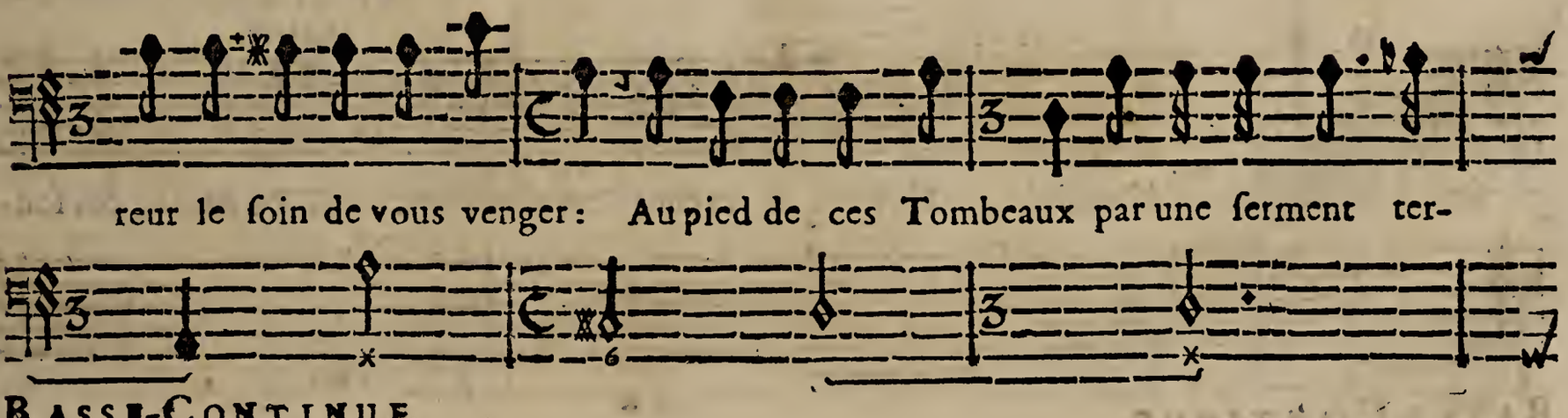


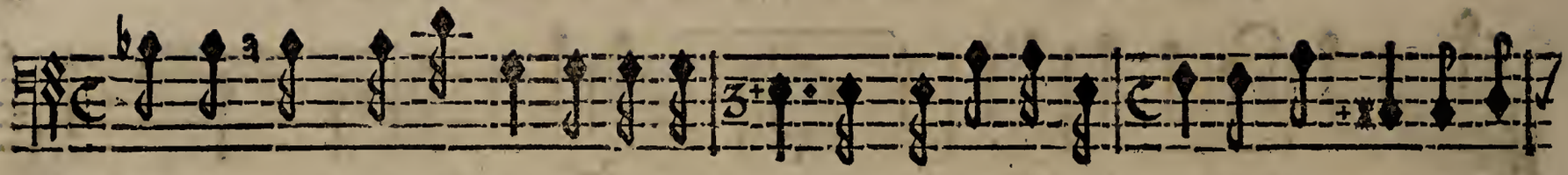
vrer ce que j'aime, Quel peril pourroit m'allarmer? Je cours délivrer ce que j'aime, Quel pe-


ril pourroit m'al- lar-
ERMINIE.
ARGANT.
Ah! que ce jour m'inſ- pire une frayeur mortelle. Vous devez à Tan-
mer.
BASSE-CONTINUE.
HERMINIE. AIR.
crede une haine éternelle. Je dois redouter ſa valeur, En-
BASSE-CONTINUE.

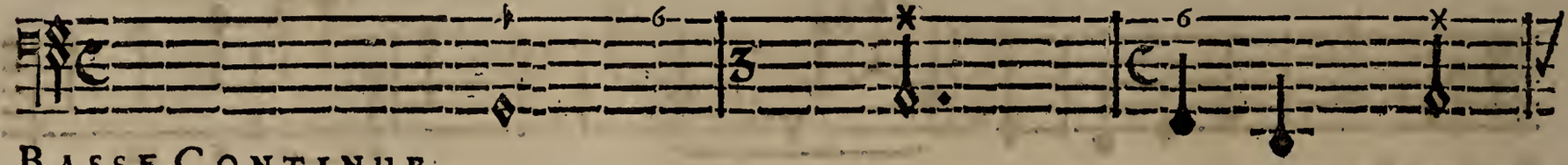

vain je voudrois vous le fein- dre: Je dre: Ah! je ſçay trop pour mon mal-
BASSE-CONTINUE.


ARGANTE.
heur, Combien ce Guerrier eſt à crain- dre. Ah! dre. Laiſſez à ma fu-
BASSE-CONTINUE.

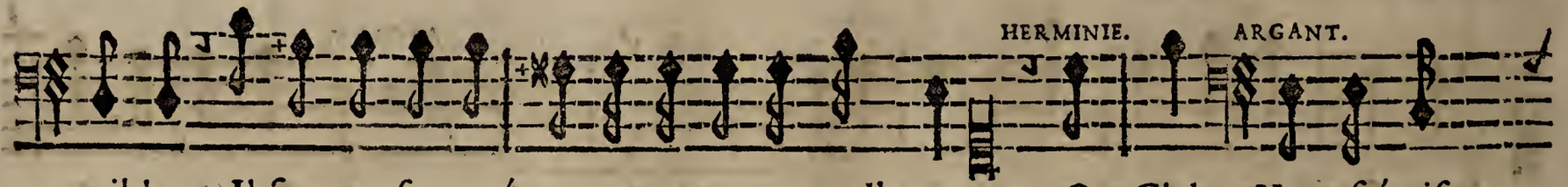

reur le ſoin de vous venger: Au pied de ces Tombeaux par une ſerment ter-
BASSE-CONTINUE.



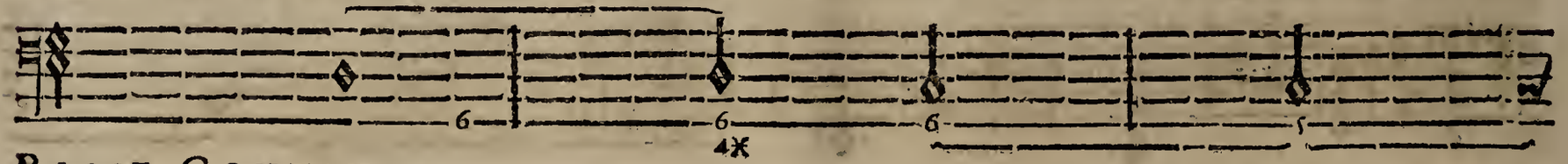
rible, Chacun de nous va s'engager D'immoler en ce jour ce Guerrier invin-



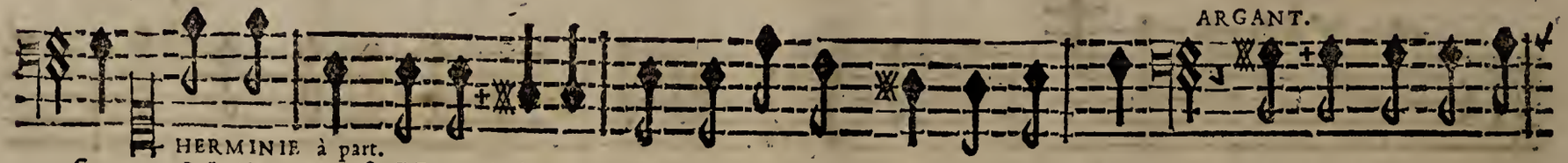
BASSE-CONTINUE.



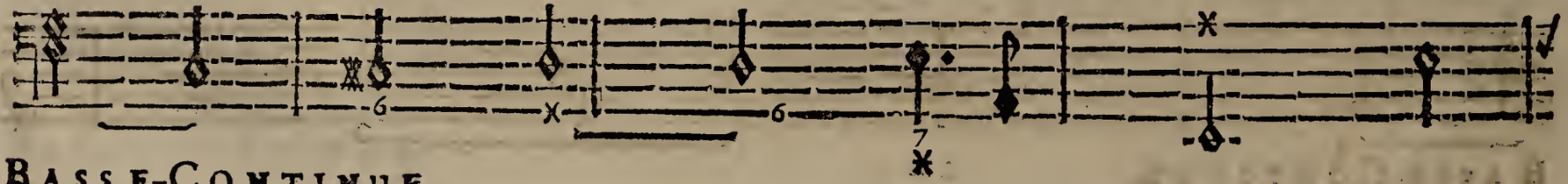
cible, Il faut par ſon trépas reparer nos malheurs. O Ciel! Vous frémiſ-



BASSE-CONTINUE.

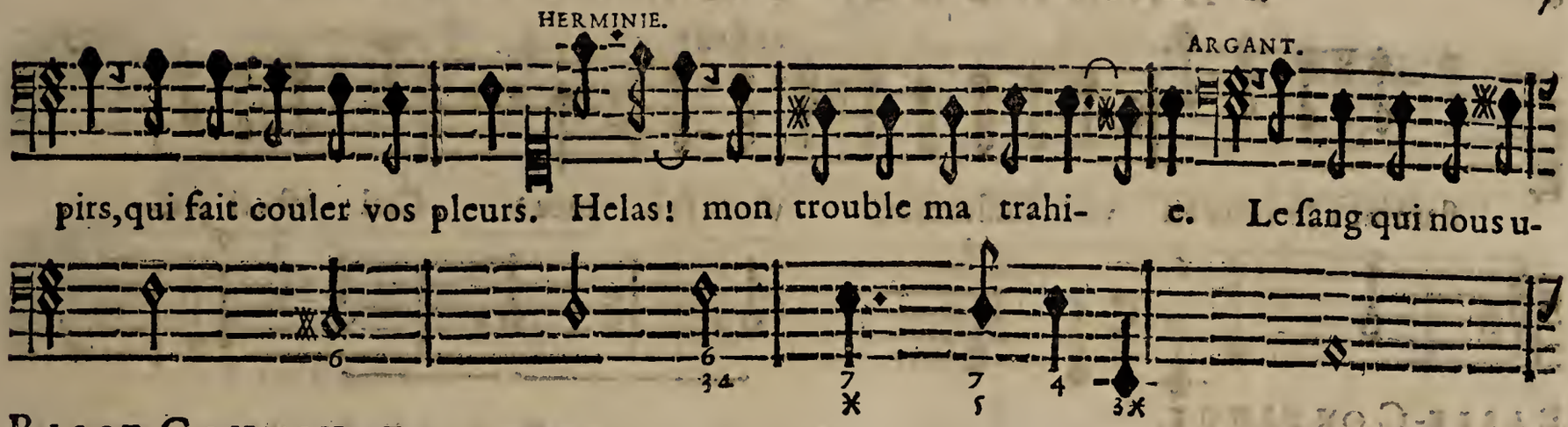


ſez. Malheureuſe Herminie, Ne peux tu cacher tes douleurs. D'où naiſſẽt ces ſou-



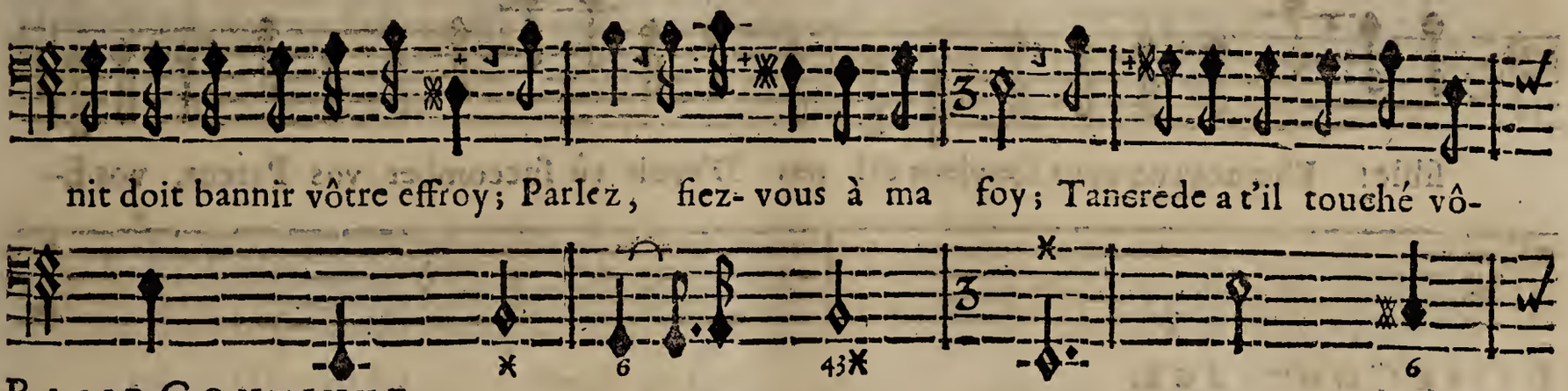
BASSE-CONTINUE.

HERMINIE. ARGANT.



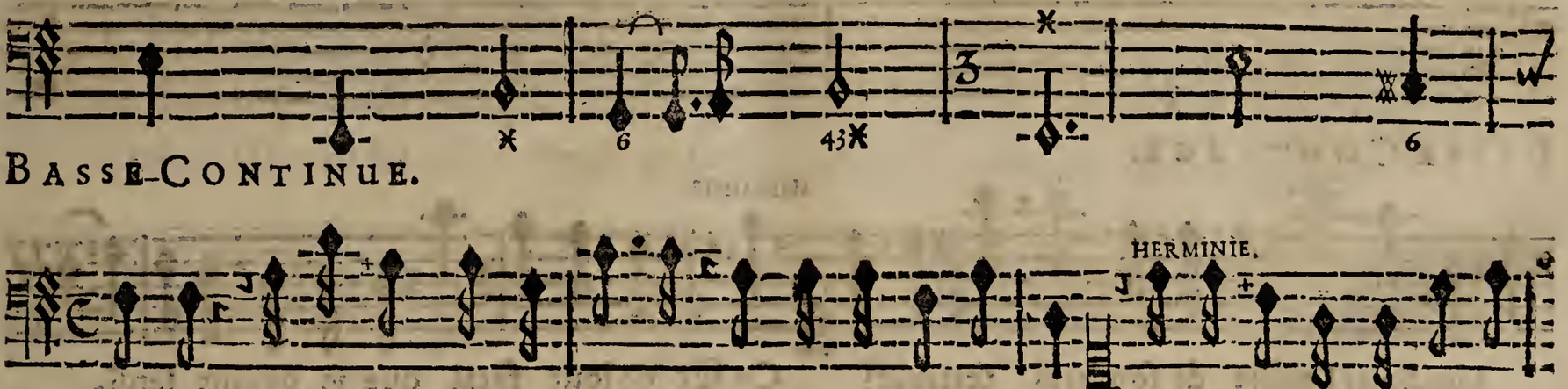
pirs, qui fait couler vos pleurs. Helas! mon trouble ma trahi- e. Le ſang qui nous u-

BASSE-CONTINUE.



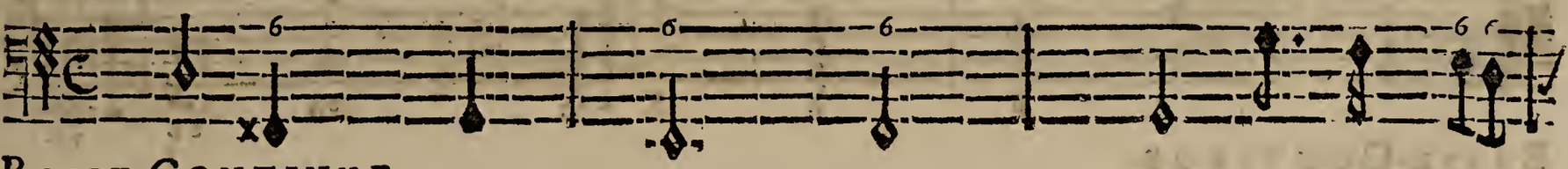
nit doit bannir vôtre effroy; Parlez, fiez-vous à ma foy; Tancrede a t'il touché vô-

BASSE-CONTINUE.



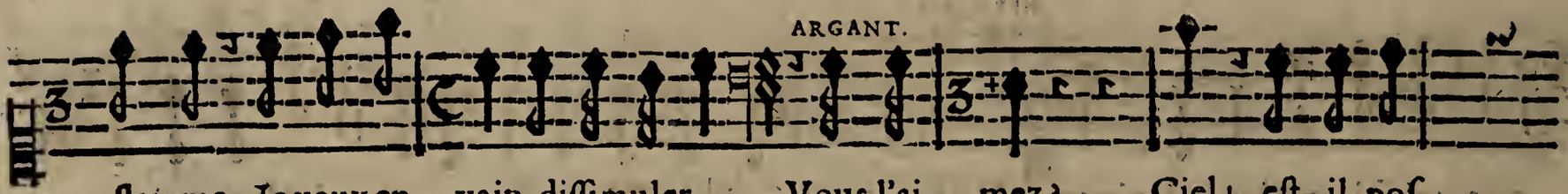
HERMINIE.

tre ame.... Vôtre trouble s'augmente & vous n'oſez parler. Vous avez découvert ma

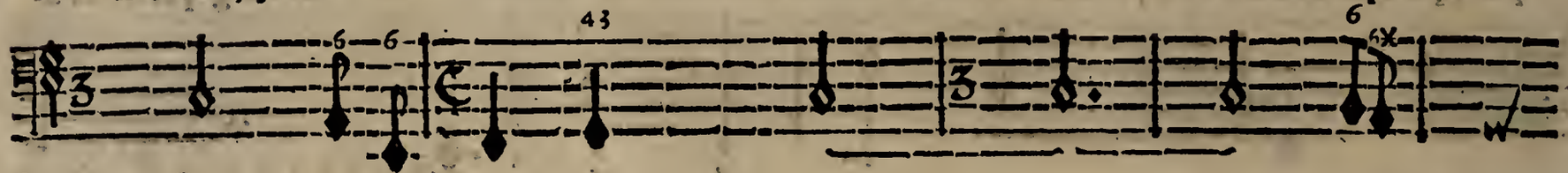


BASSE-CONTINUE.

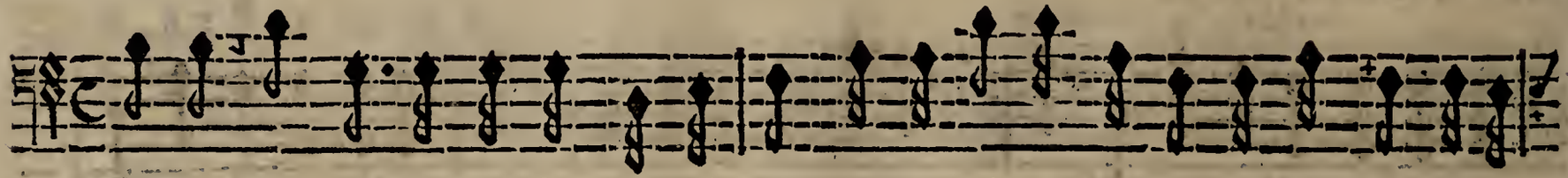
ARGANT.



flamme; Je veux en vain diſſimuler. Vous l'ai- mez? Ciel! eſt-il poſ-



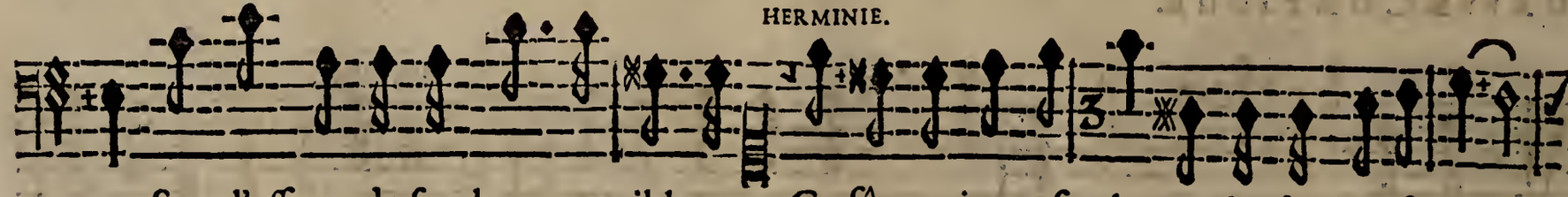
BASSE-CONTINUE.



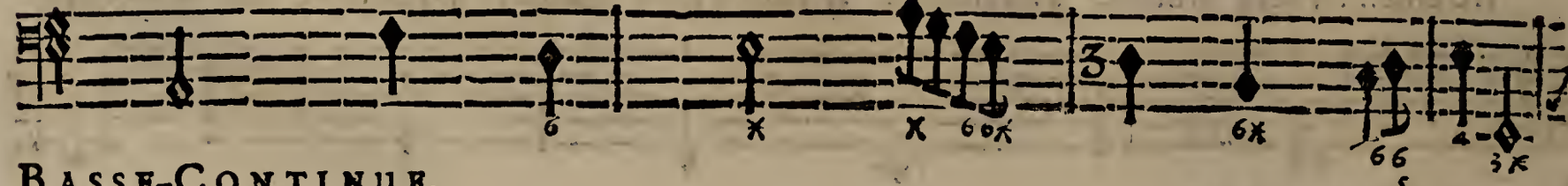
ſible! Eh quoy! ne vous ſouvient t'il pas D'avoir vû ſuccomber vos Parens, vos E-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

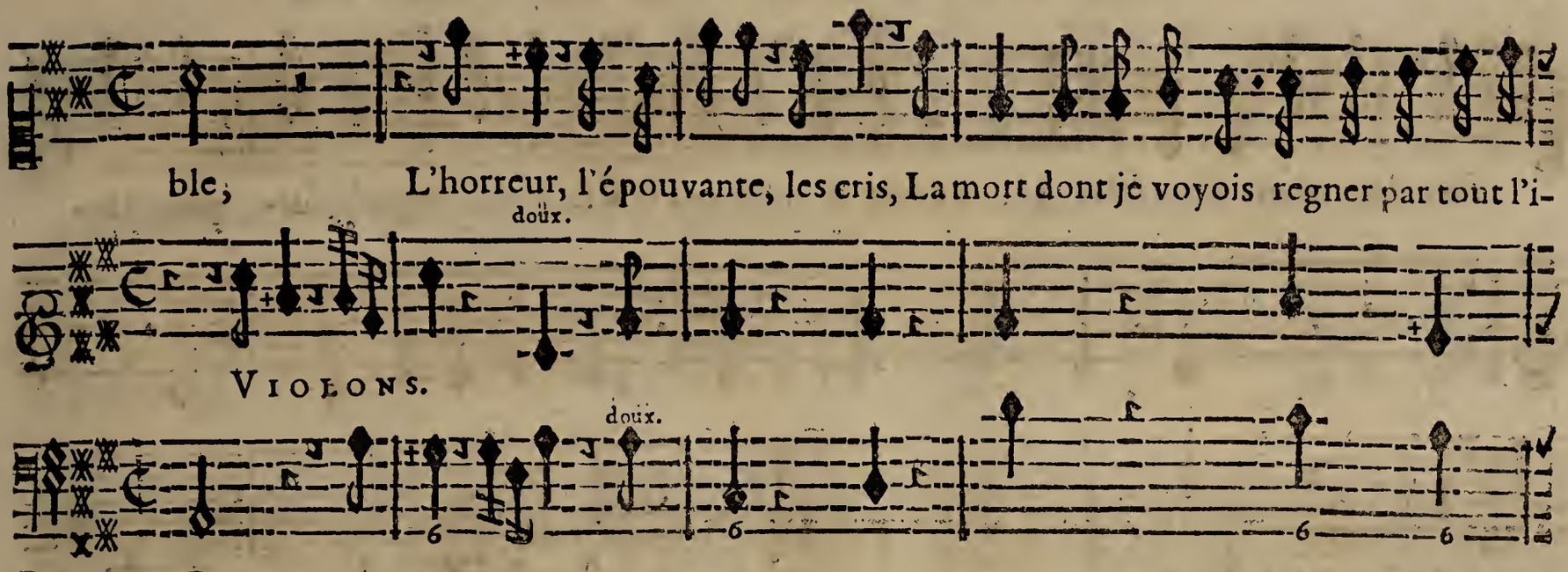
HERMINIE.

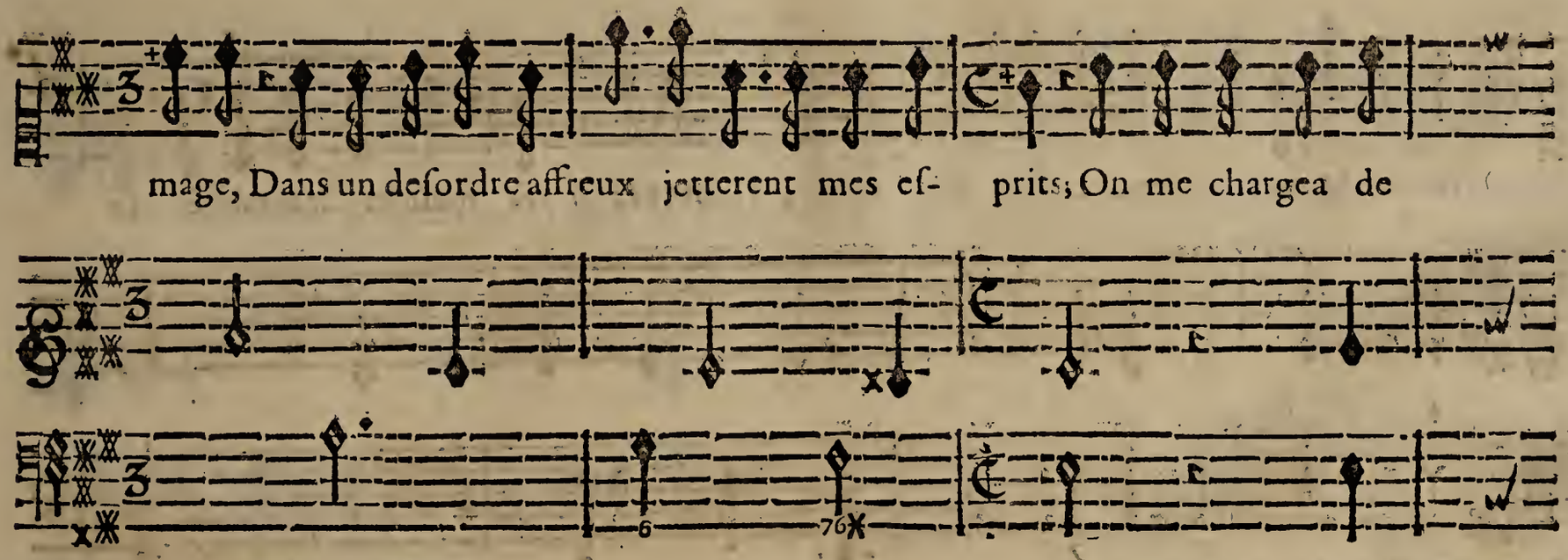


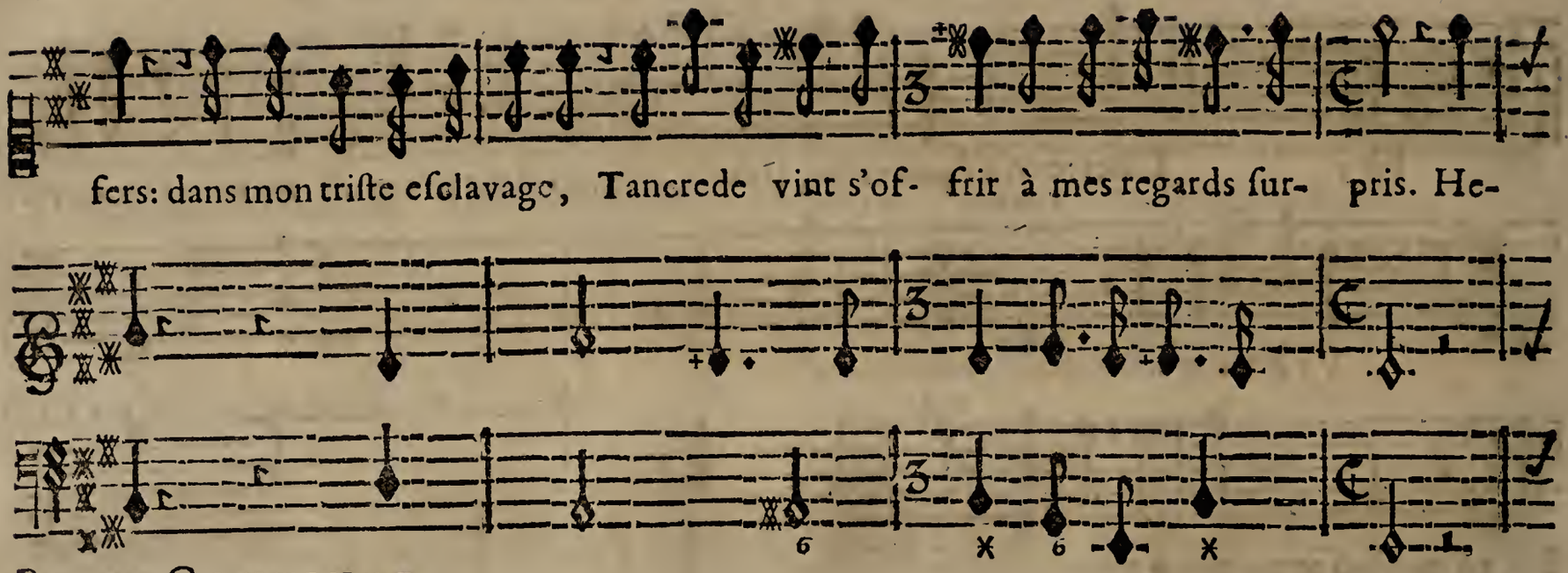
tats, Sous l'effort de ſon bras terrible! Ce fût ce jour fatal que je devins ſenſi-



BASSE-CONTINUE.

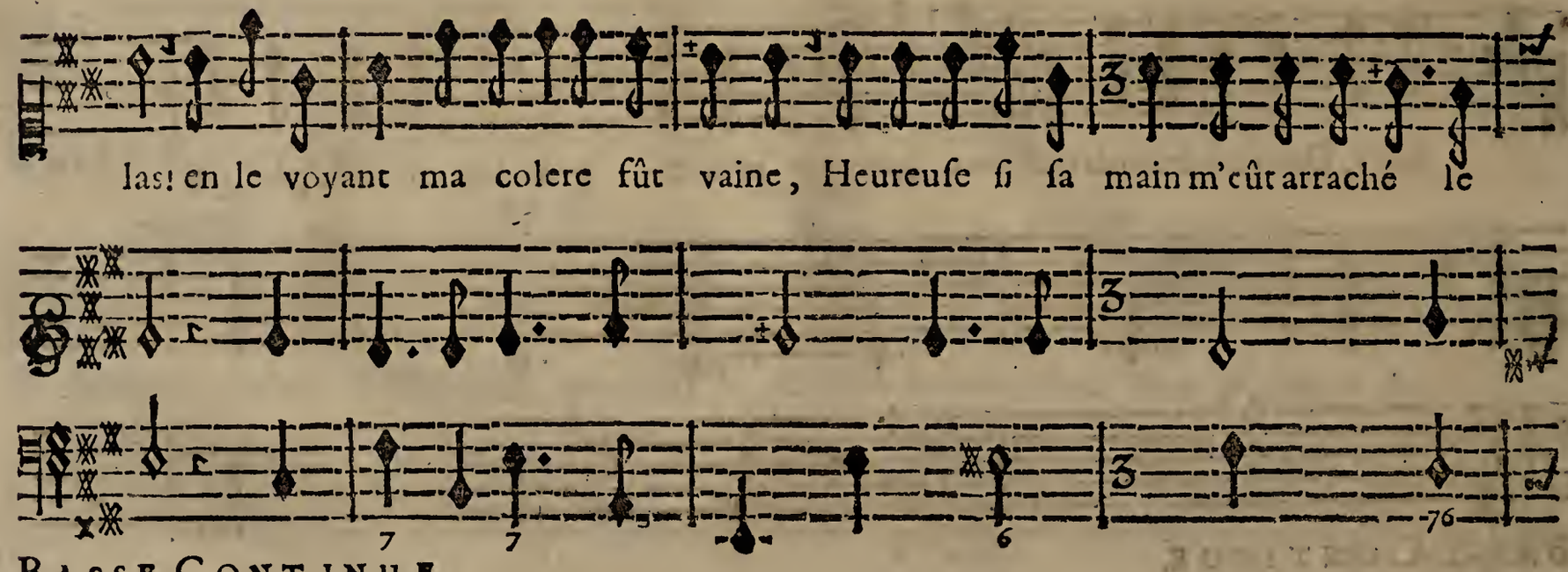

ble, L'horreur, l'épouvante, les cris, La mort dont je voyois regner par tout l'i-
doux.
VIOLONS.
doux.
BASSE-CONTINUE.


mage, Dans un desordre affreux jetterent mes es- prits; On me chargea de
BASSE-CONTINUE.



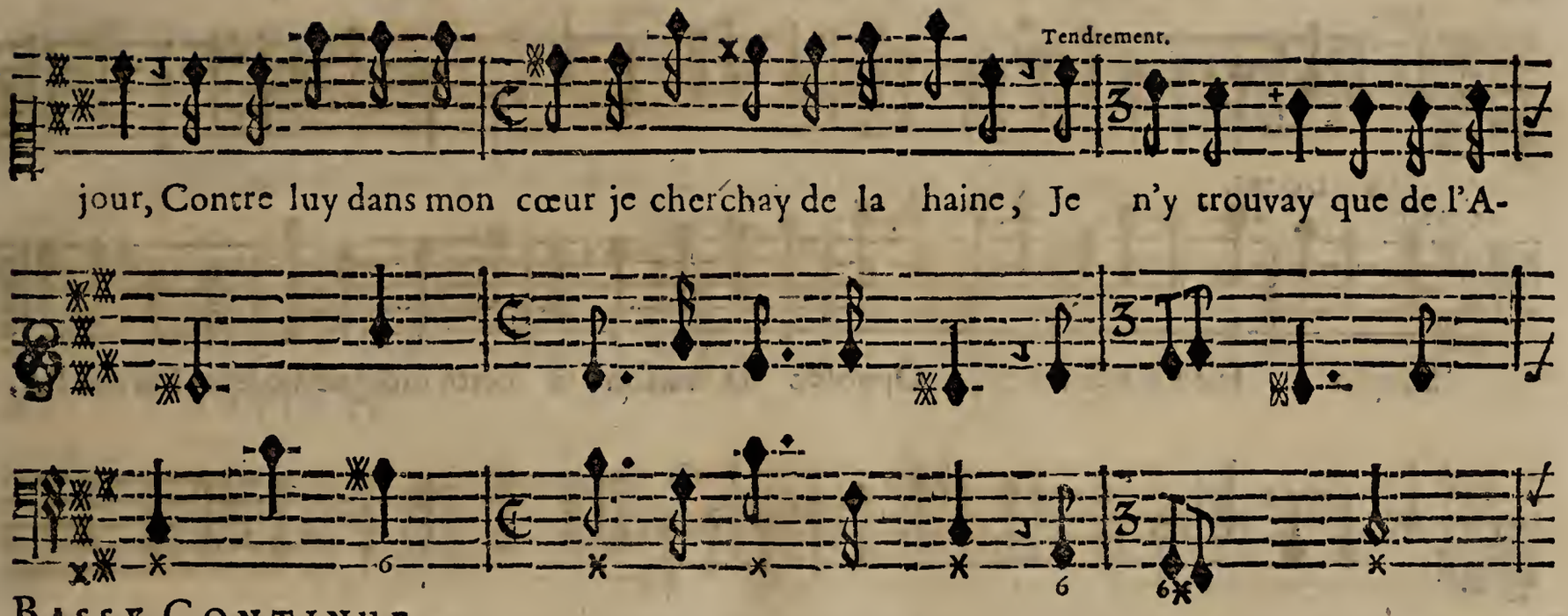
fers: dans mon triſte eſclavage, Tancrede vint s'of- frir à mes regards ſur- pris. He-

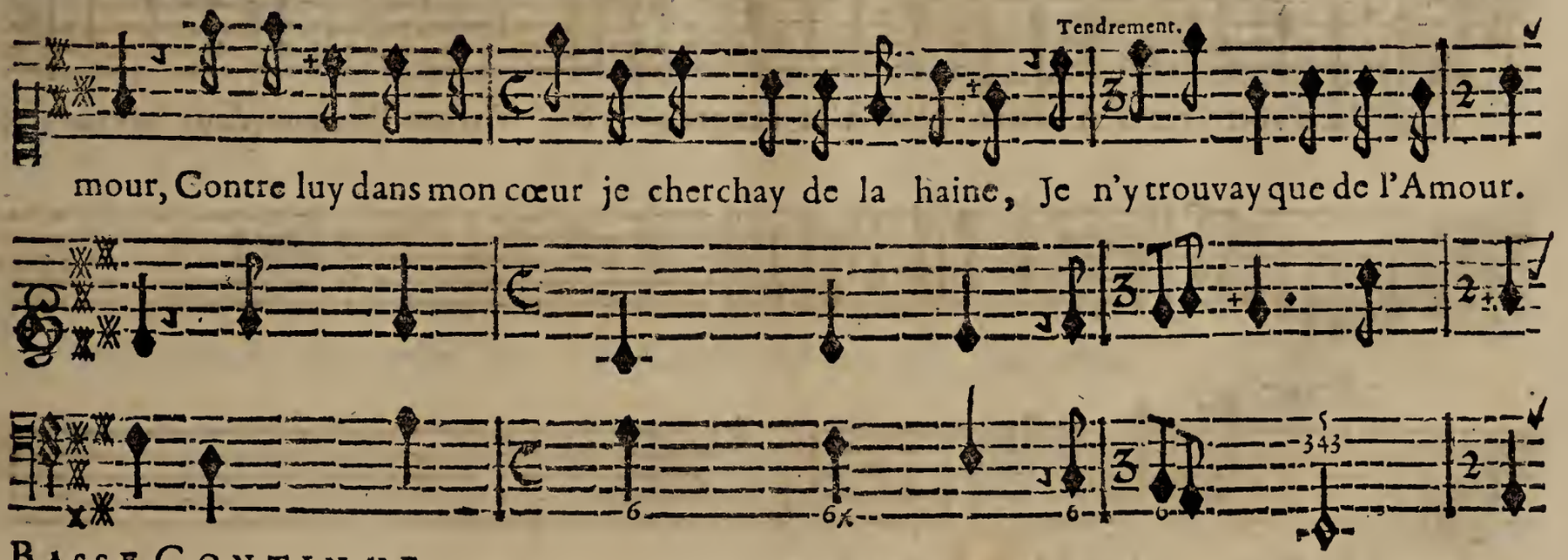
BASSE-CONTINUE.

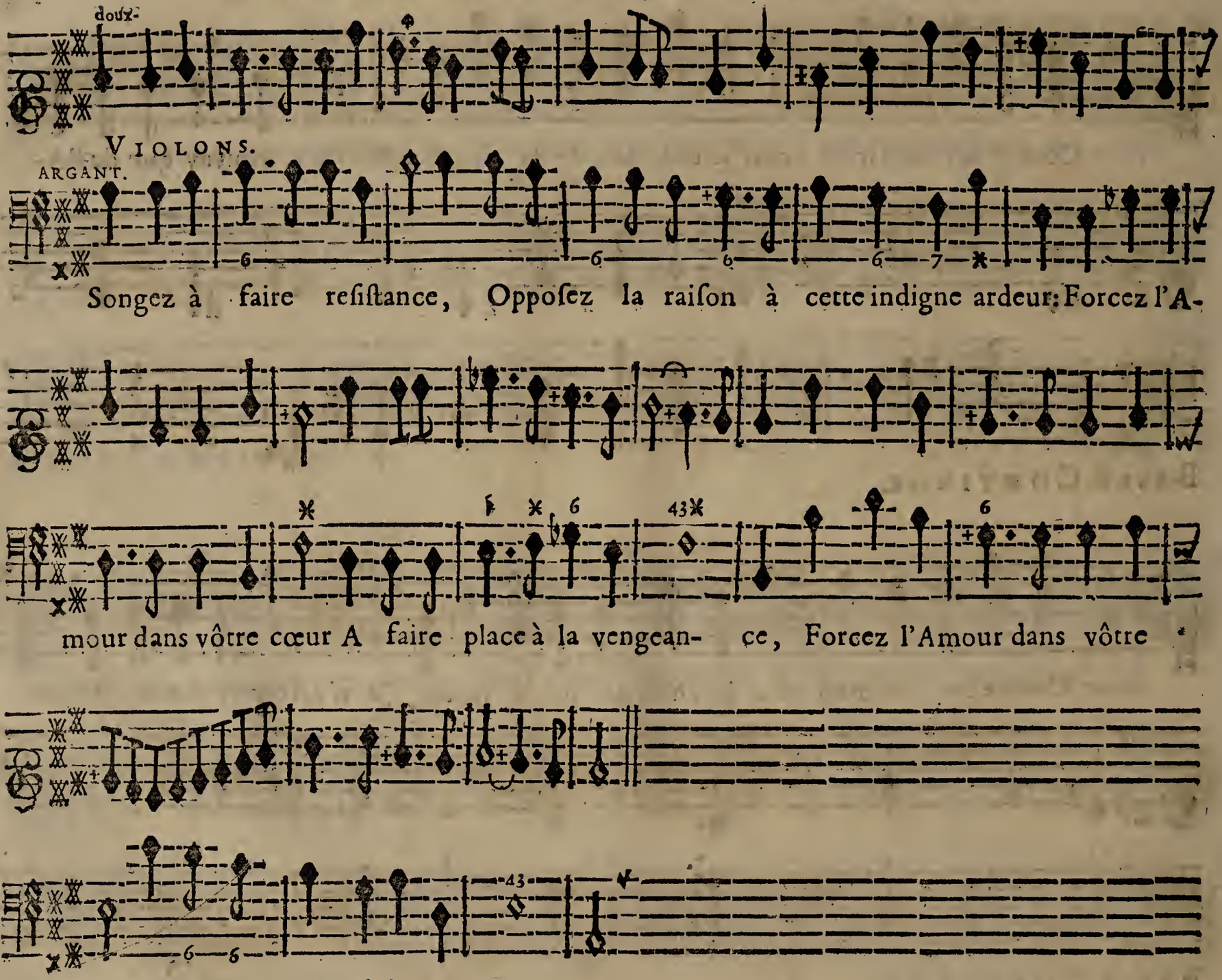


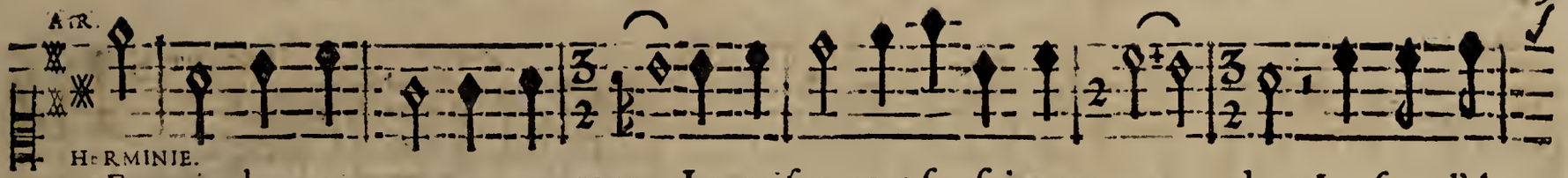
las! en le voyant ma colere fût vaine, Heureuſe ſi ſa main m'eût arraché le

BASSE-CONTINUE.


Tendrement.
jour, Contre luy dans mon cœur je cherchay de la haine, Je n'y trouvay que de l'A-
Basse-Continue.

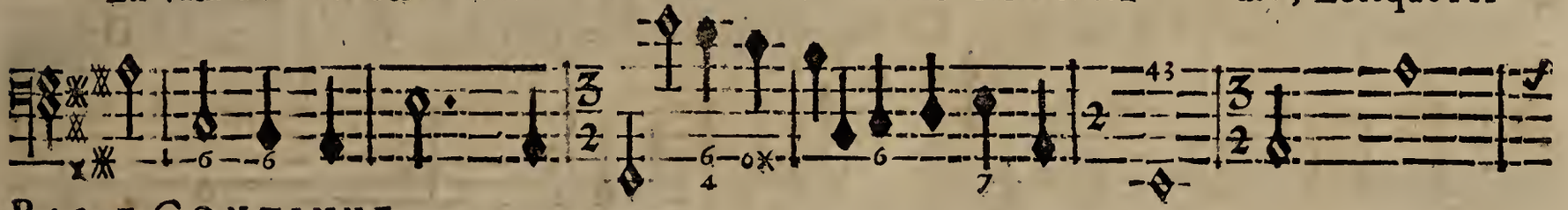

Tendrement.
mour, Contre luy dans mon cœur je cherchay de la haine, Je n'y trouvay que de l'Amour.
Basse-Continue.


doux.
VIOLONS.
ARGANT.
Songez à faire resistance, Opposez la raison à cette indigne ardeur: Forcez l'A-
mour dans vôtre cœur A faire place à la vengean- ce, Forcez l'Amour dans vôtre
cœur A faire place à la vengean- ce.

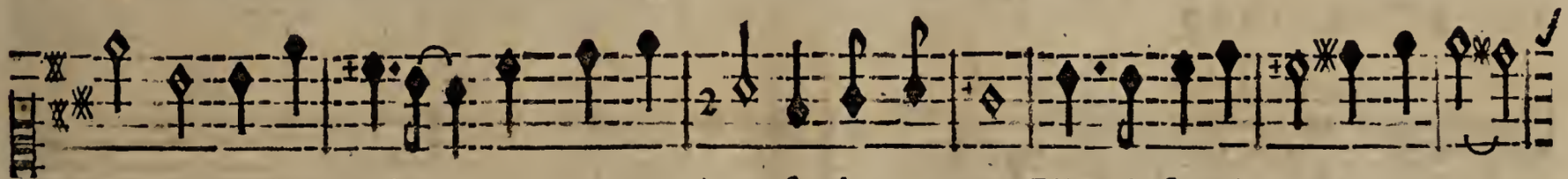


HERMINIE.

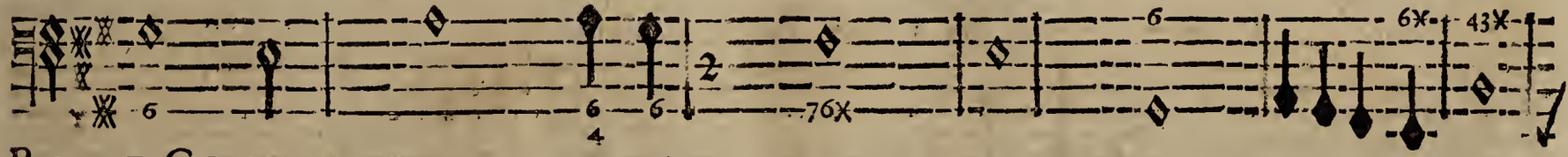
En vain dans un cœur amou- reux La raiſon veut ſe faire enten- dre; Lorſque l'A-



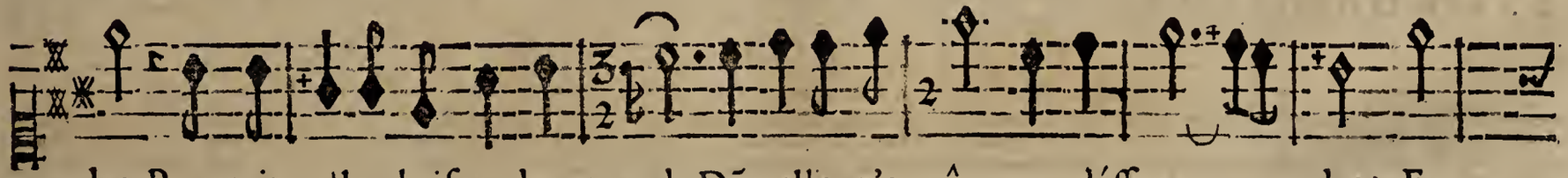
BASSE CONTINUE.



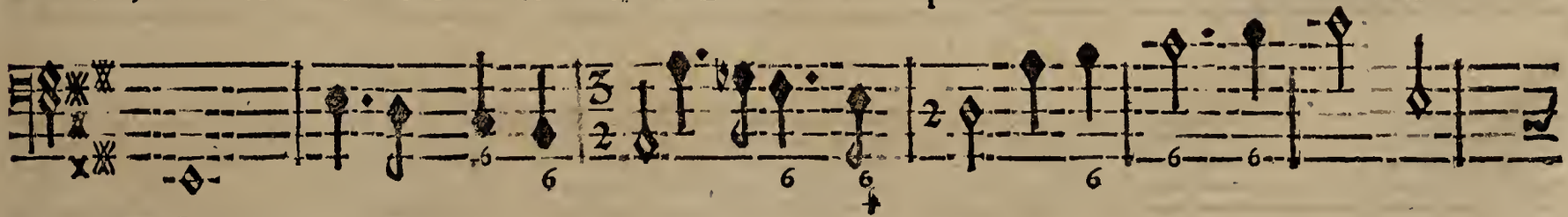
mour vint me ſurprendre; Contre un penchant ſi dangereux, Elle n'oſa rien entrepren-



BASSE-CONTINUE.

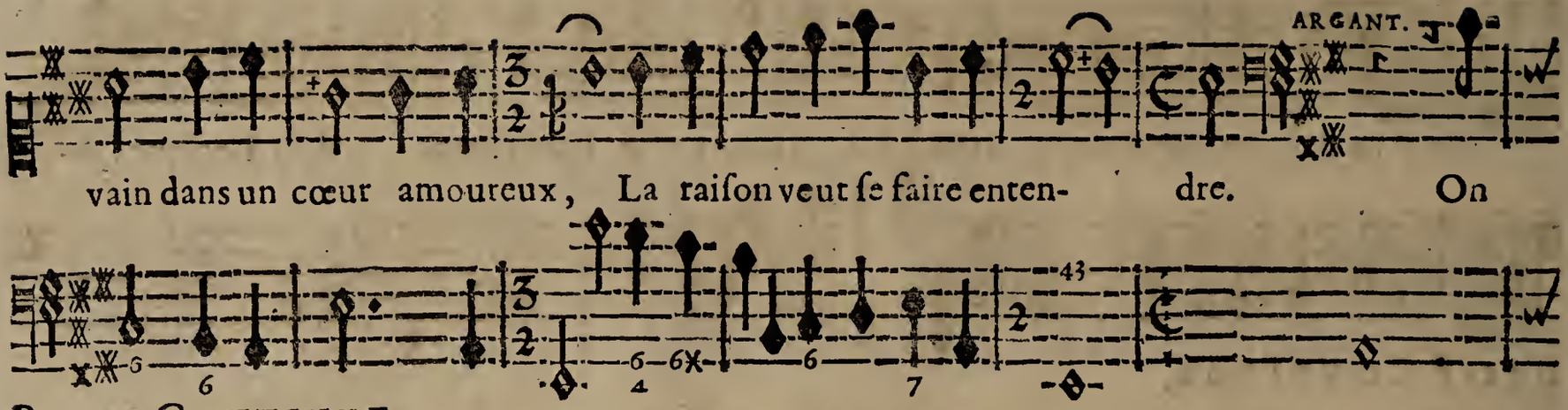


dre; Pourroit- elle briſer des nœuds Dõt elle n'a pû me déffen- dre? En-



BASSE-CONTINUE.

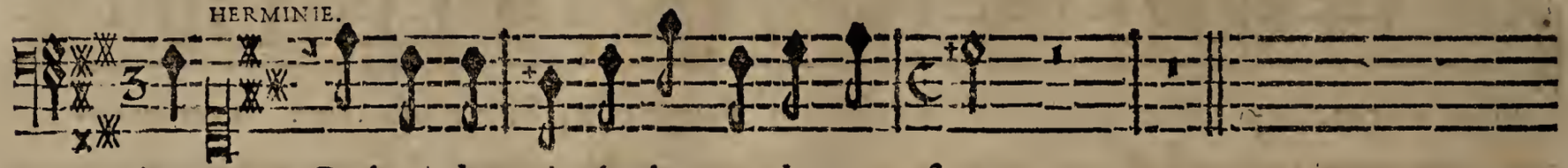
ARGANT.



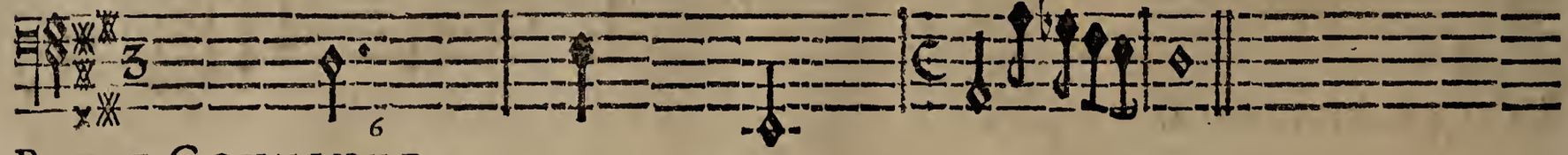
vain dans un cœur amoureux, La raiſon veut ſe faire enten- dre. On

BASSE-CONTINUE.

HERMINIE.



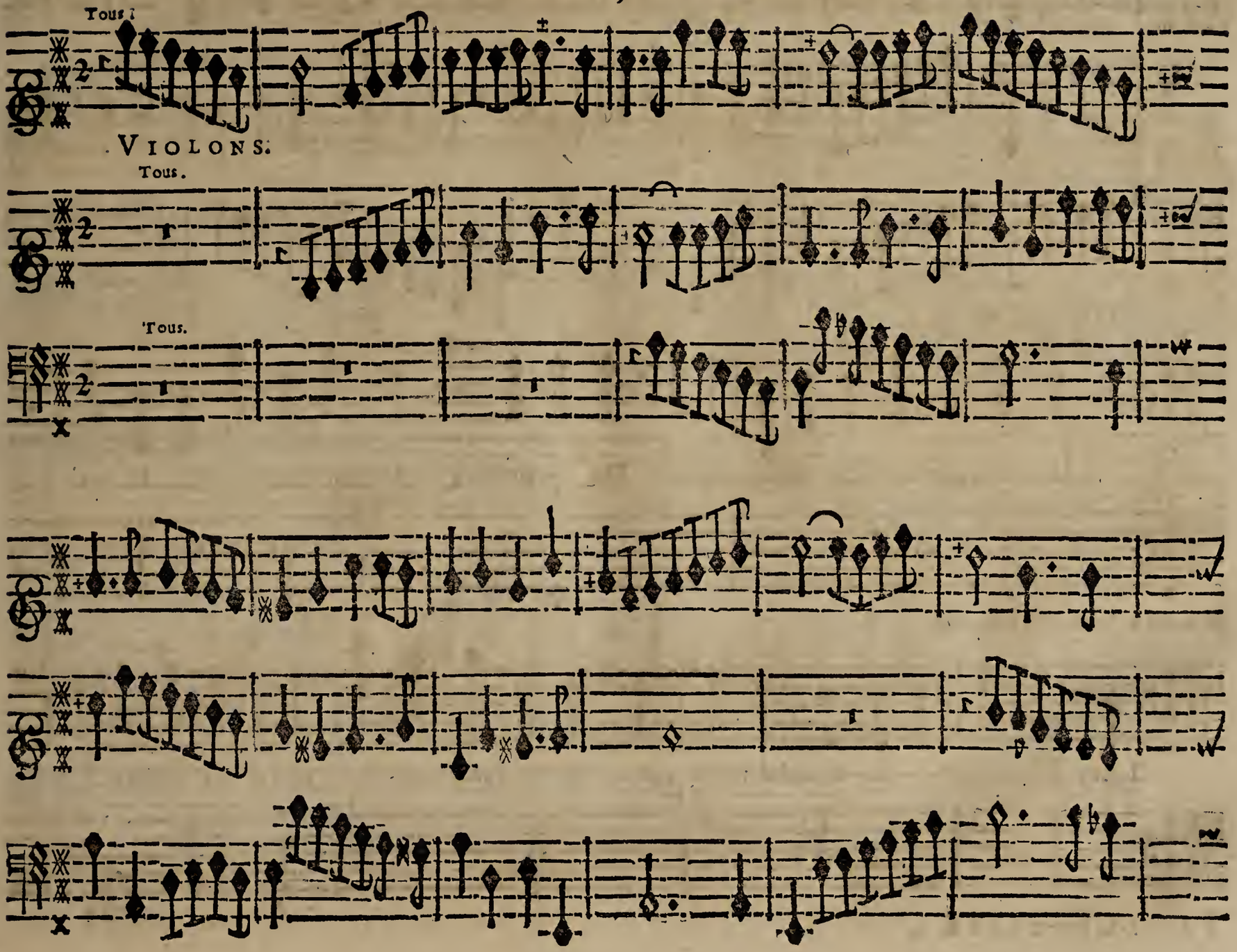
vient. Cachez du moins la honte de mes feux.

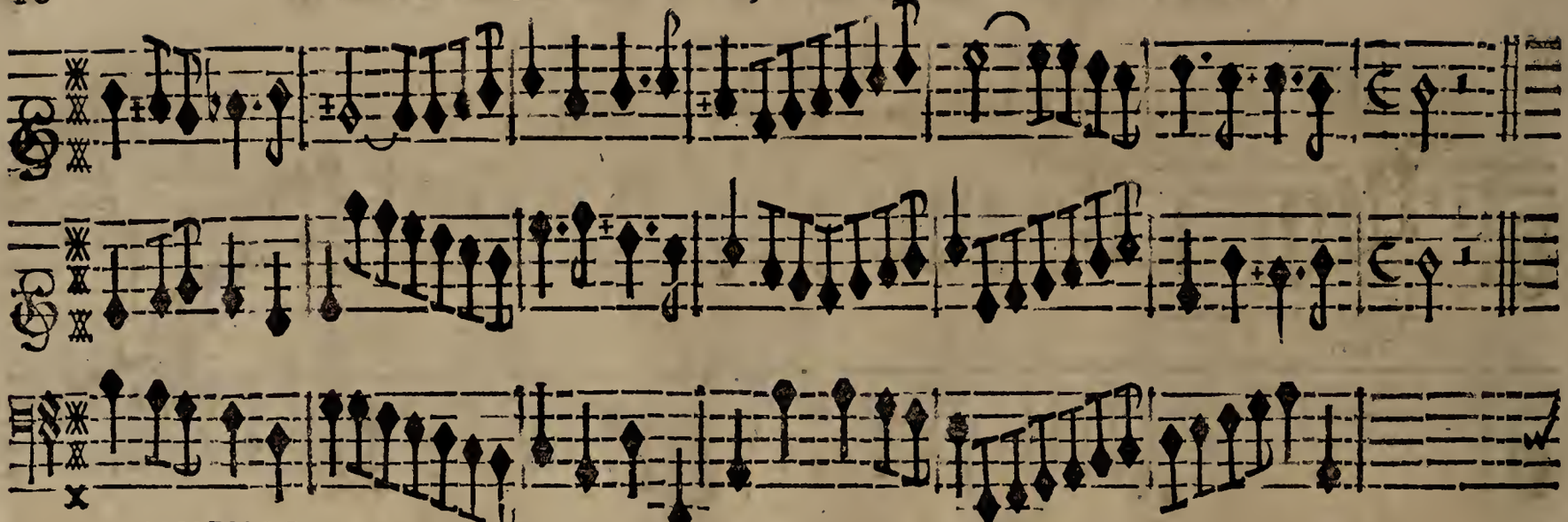


BASSE-CONTINUE.

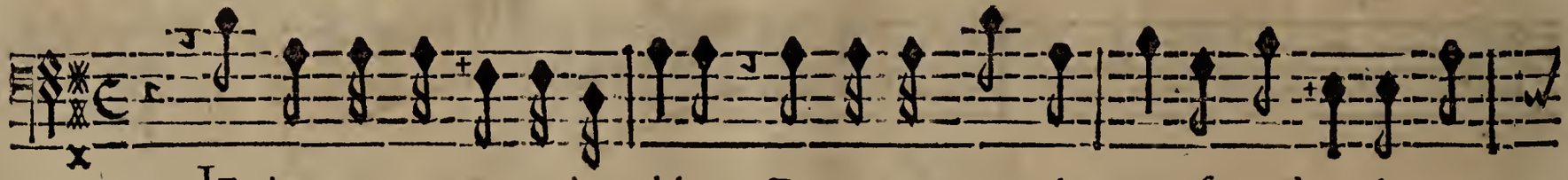
SCENE II.

ISMENOR, ARGANT.

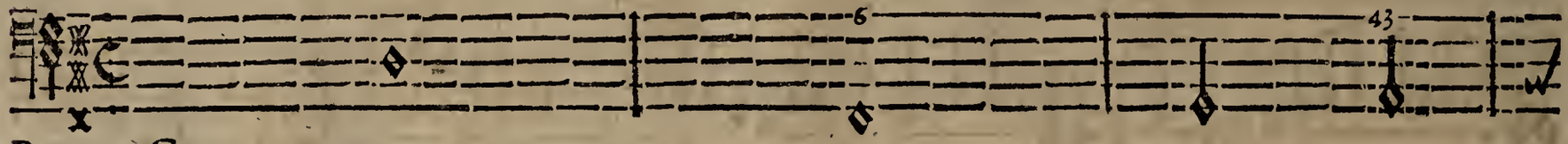




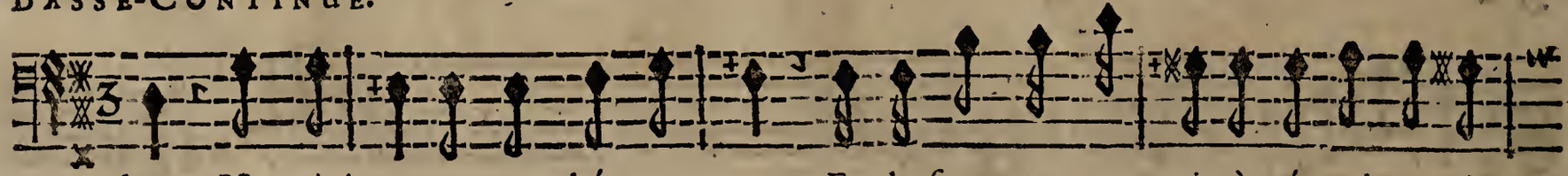
ISMENOR.



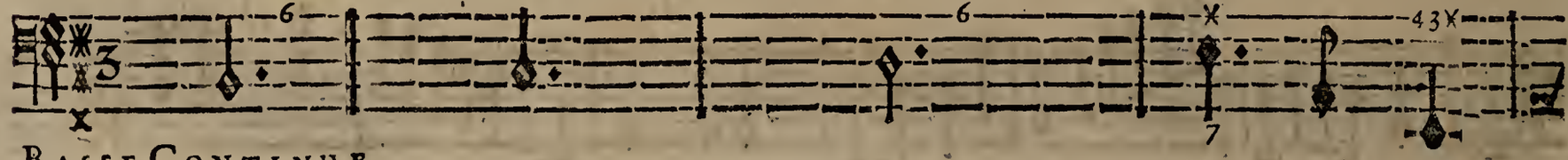
JE viens par mon art redoutable, Du genereux Argant ſeconder la va-



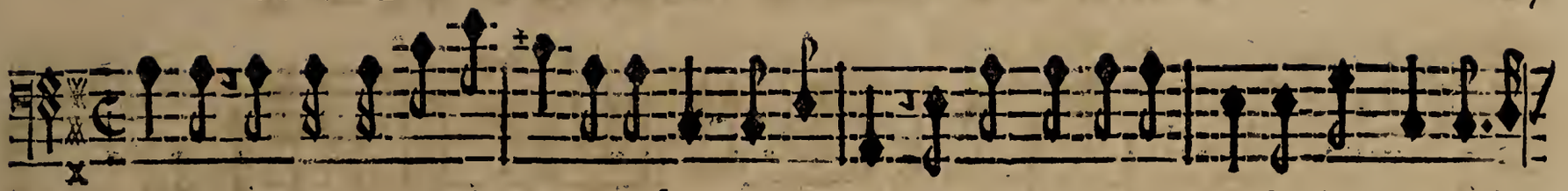
BASSE-CONTINUE.



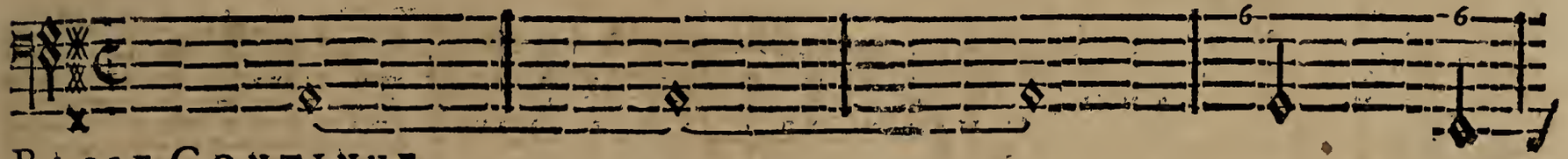
leur, Herminie a touché mon cœur, Et le ſang vous u- nit à cét objet ai-



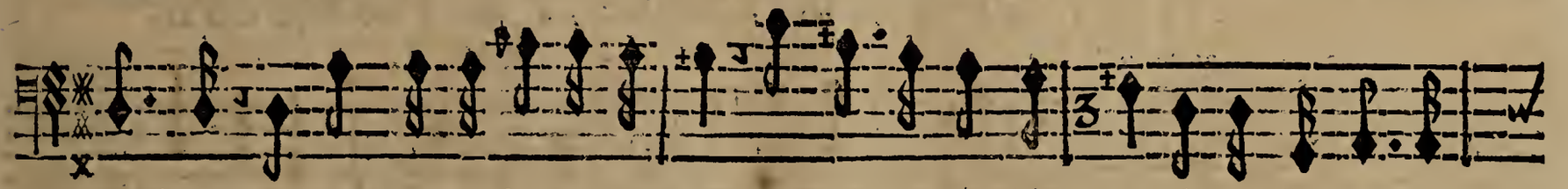
BASSE-CONTINUE.



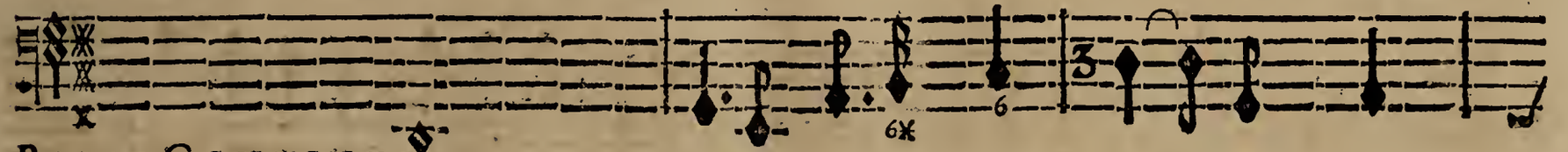
mable, A mes commendemens les Enfers ſont ſoûmis ; Je puis en évoquer les Demons & les



BASSE-CONTINUE.

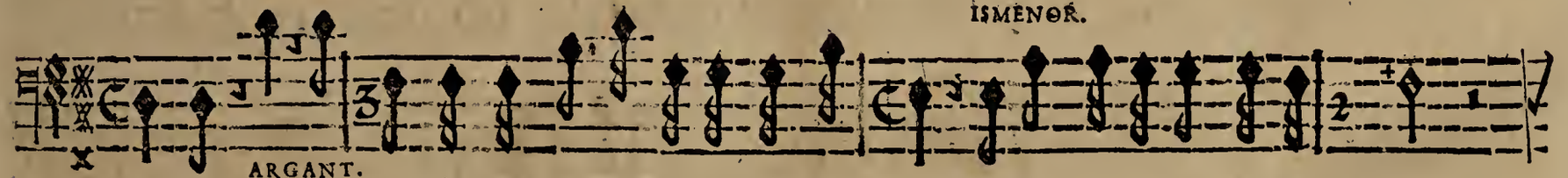


Ombres, Et contre nos fiers ennemis Armer les Habi- tans de ces Royaumes



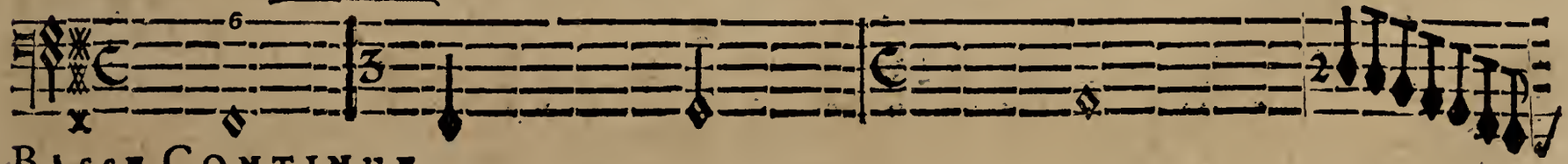
BASSE-CONTINUE.

ISMENOR.

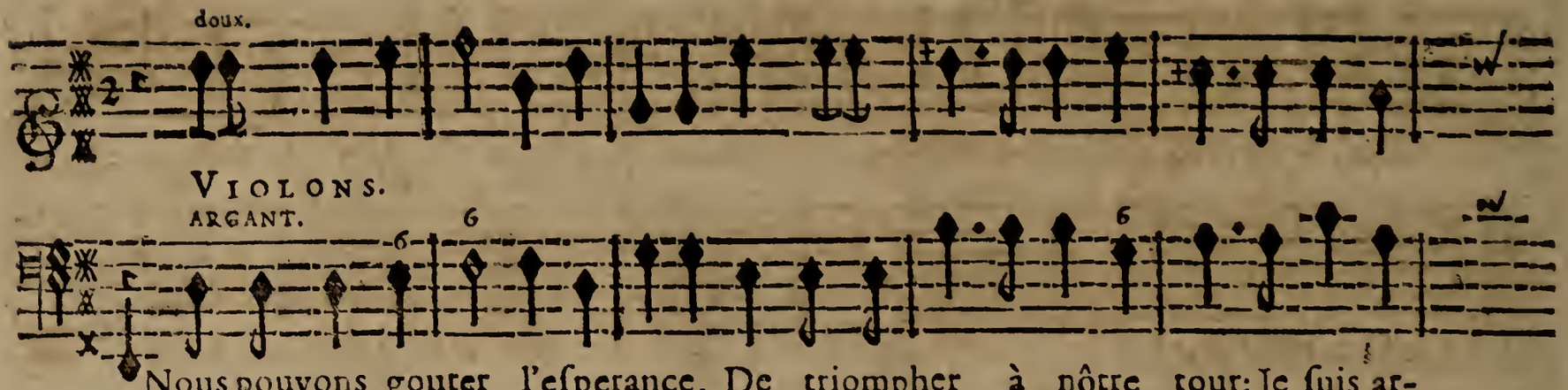


ARGANT.

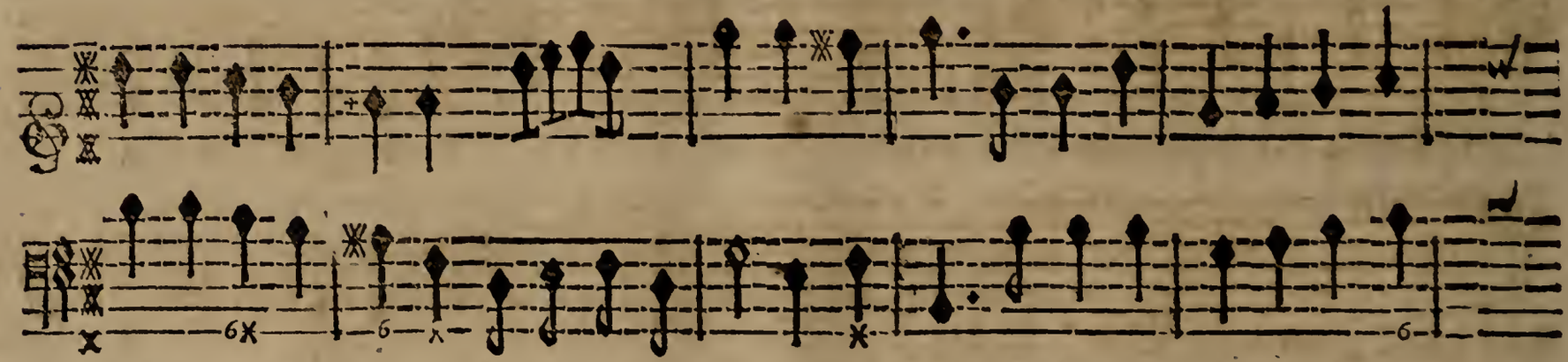
ſombres. Non, il faut que Tancrede expire ſous mes coups! que j'ayme ce noble cour- roux.



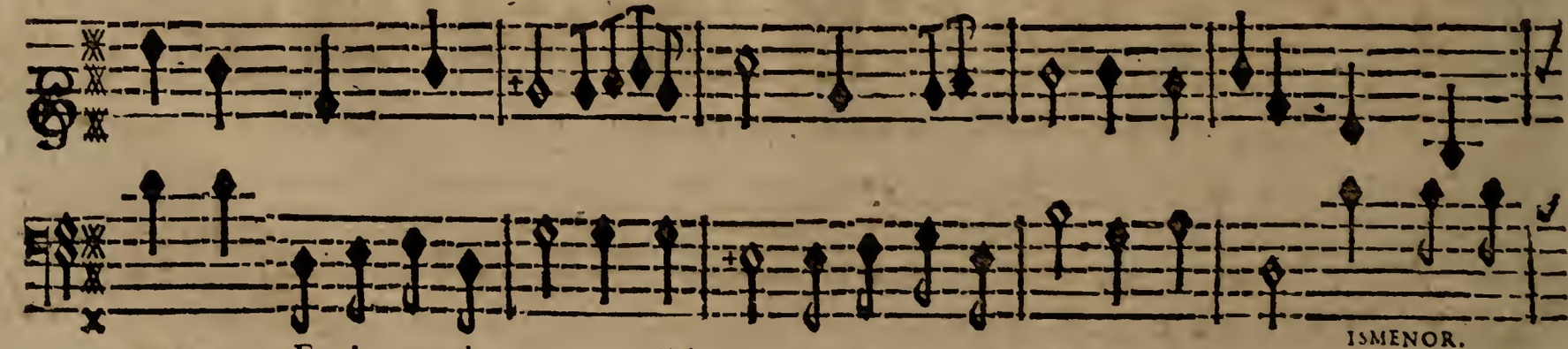
BASSE-CONTINUE.



Nous pouvons gouter l'eſperance, De triompher à nôtre tour: Je ſuis ar-

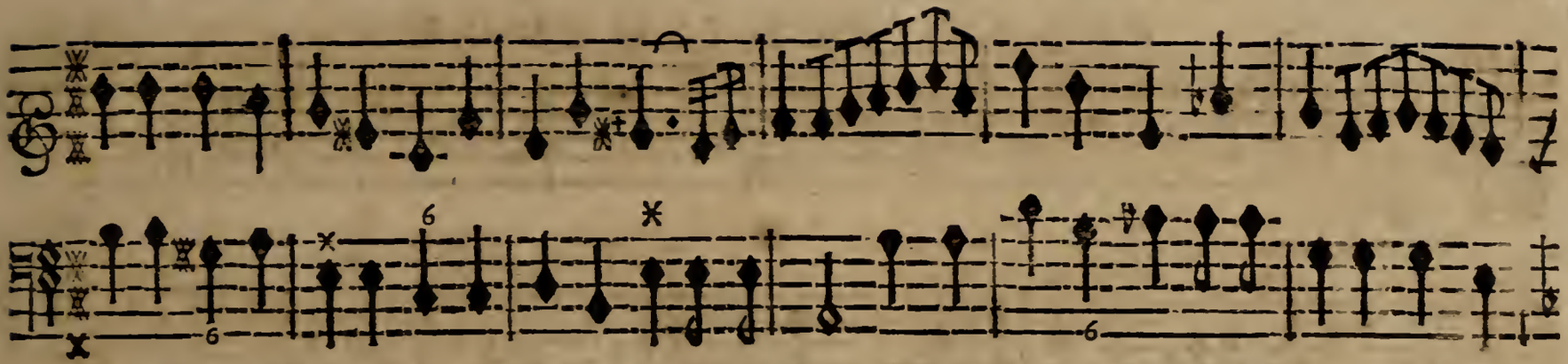


mé par la vengeance, Et je combatray pour l'Amour; Je ſuis armé par la ven-

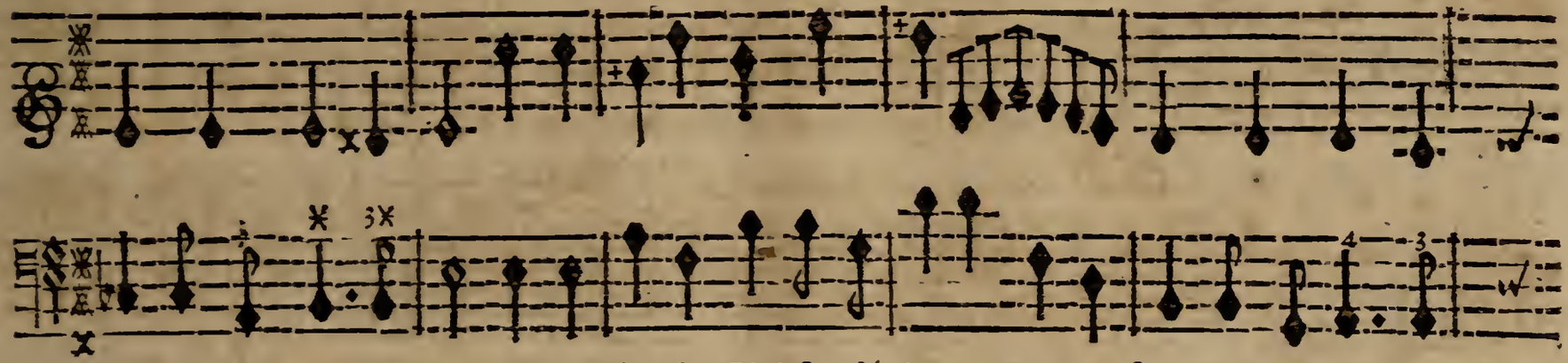


ISMENOR.

geance, Et je combatray pour l'Amour; Et je combatray pour l'Amour. Contre cét

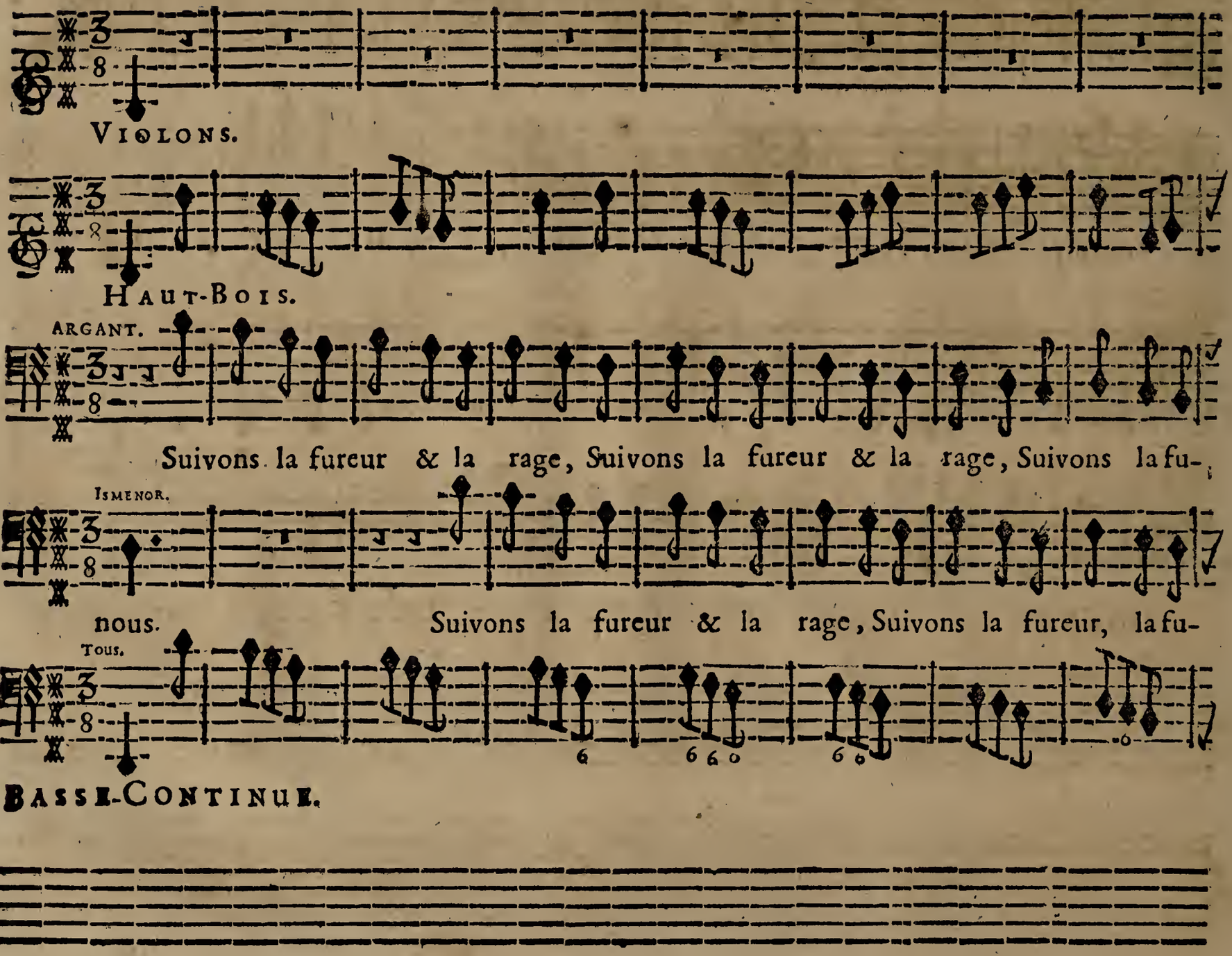


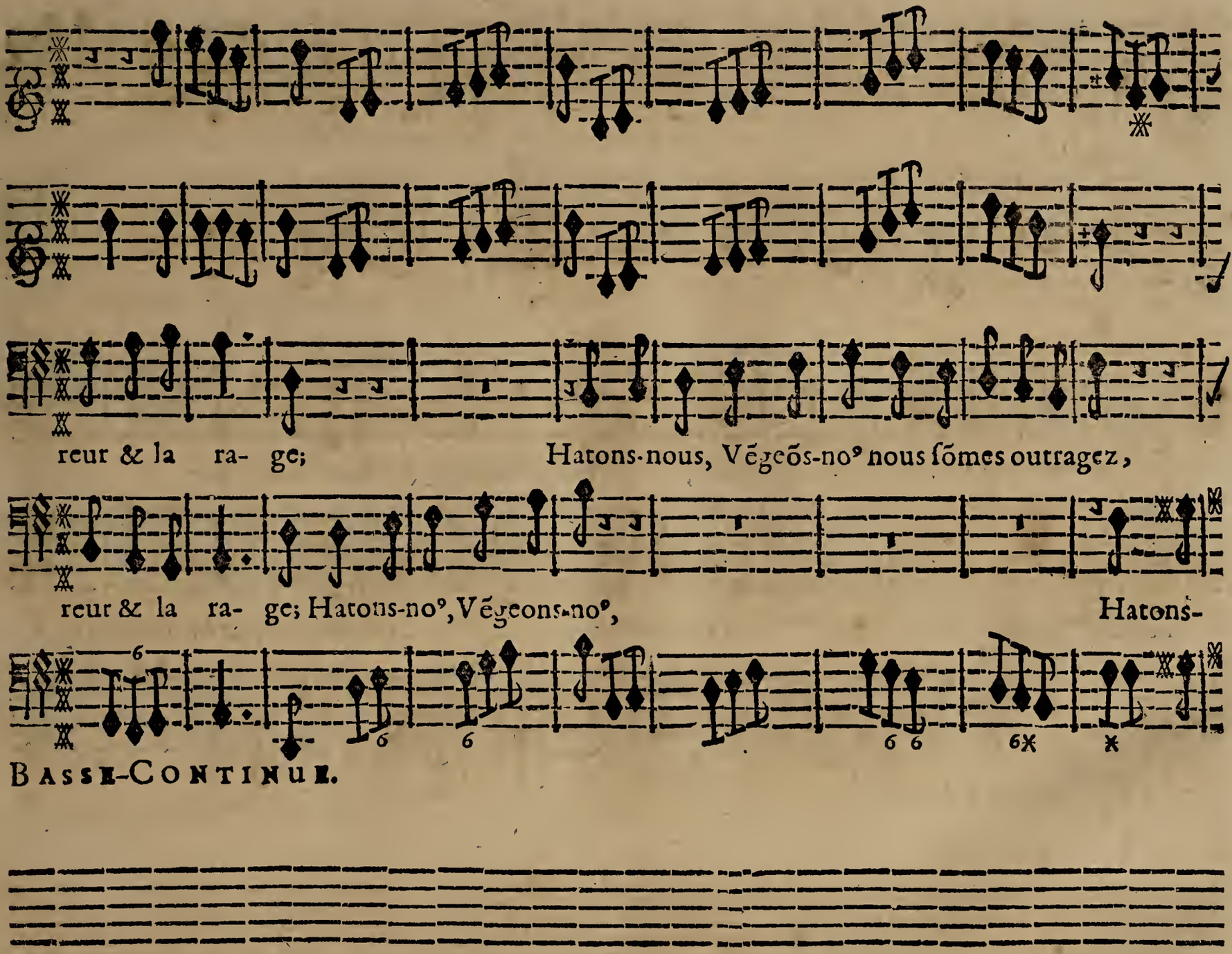
ennemy barbare, Je me viens unir avec vous, Si pour luy le Ciel se déclare, Les En-

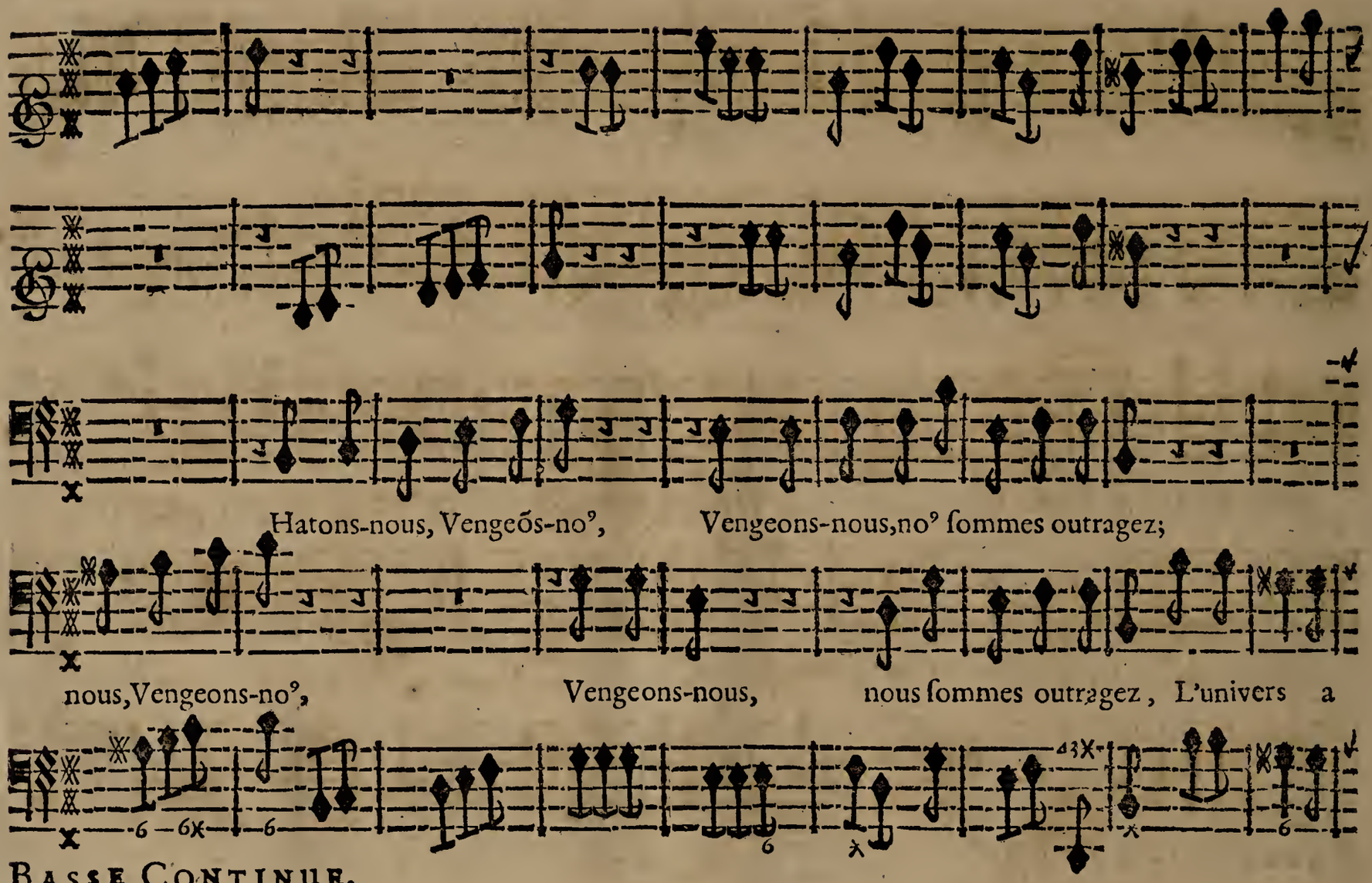


fers s'armeront pour nous, Si pour luy le Ciel se déclare, Les Enfers s'armeront pour

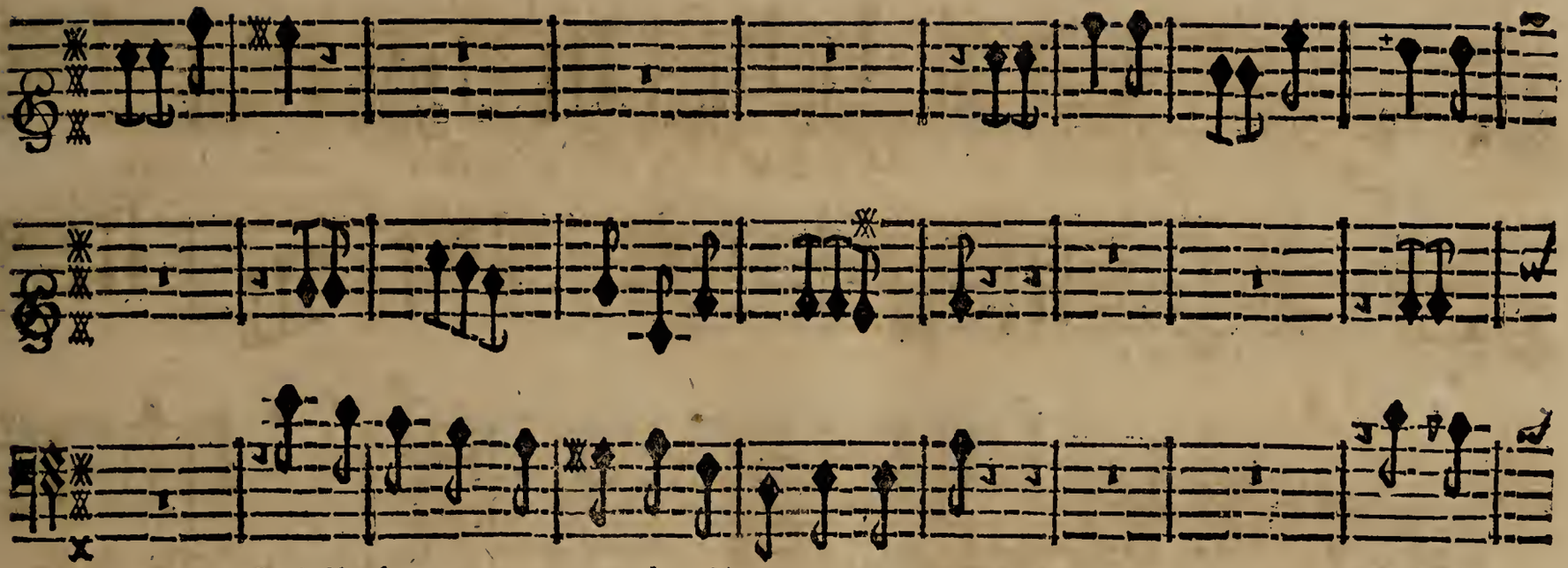
ARGANT, ET ISMENOR.



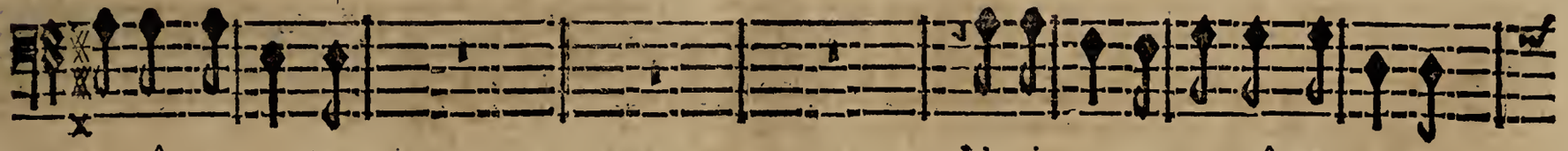

reur & la ra- ge; Hatons-nous, Vẽgeõs-no⁹ nous sõmes outragez,
reur & la ra- ge; Hatons-no⁹, Vẽgeons-no⁹, Hatons-
Basse-Continue.



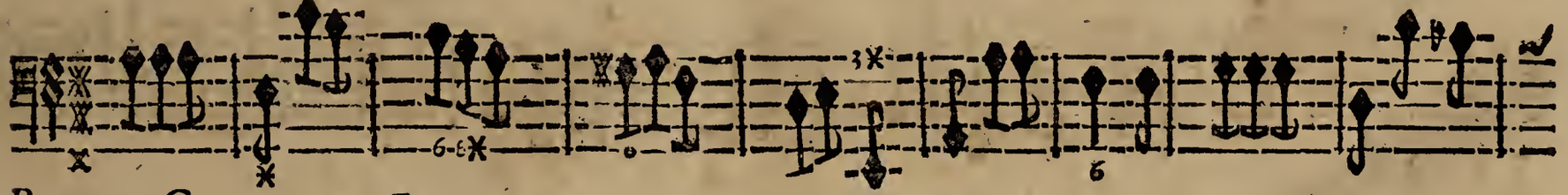
BASSE CONTINUE.



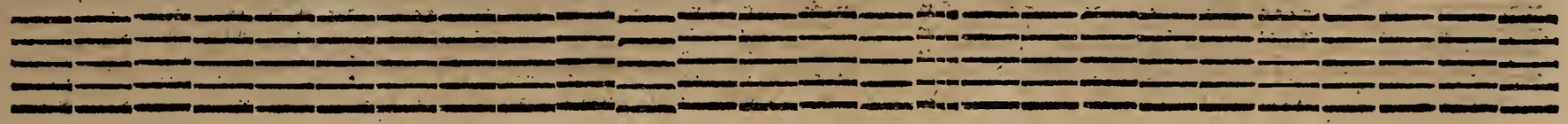
Qu'elle honte pour nous de n'être pas vangez; Qu'elle

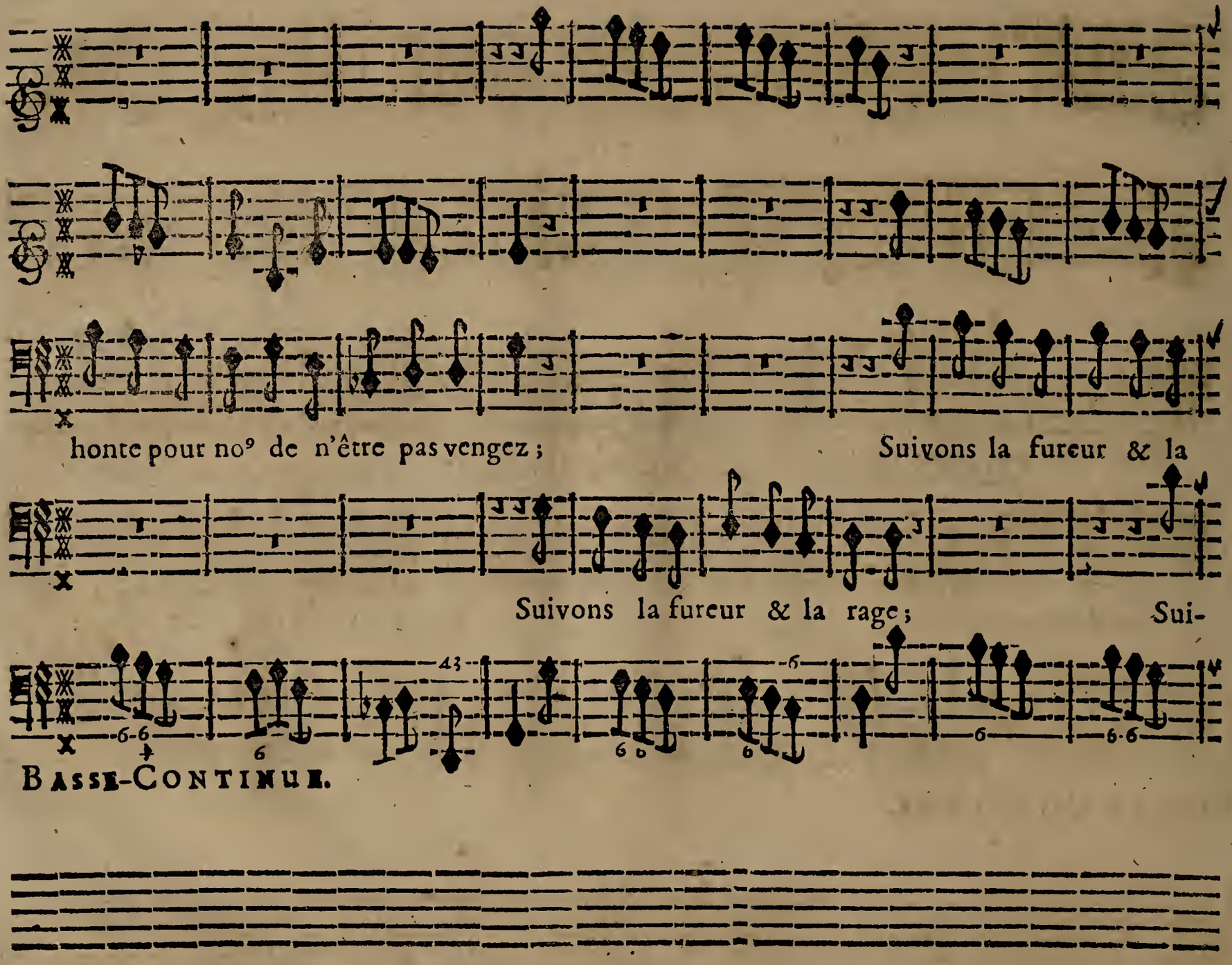


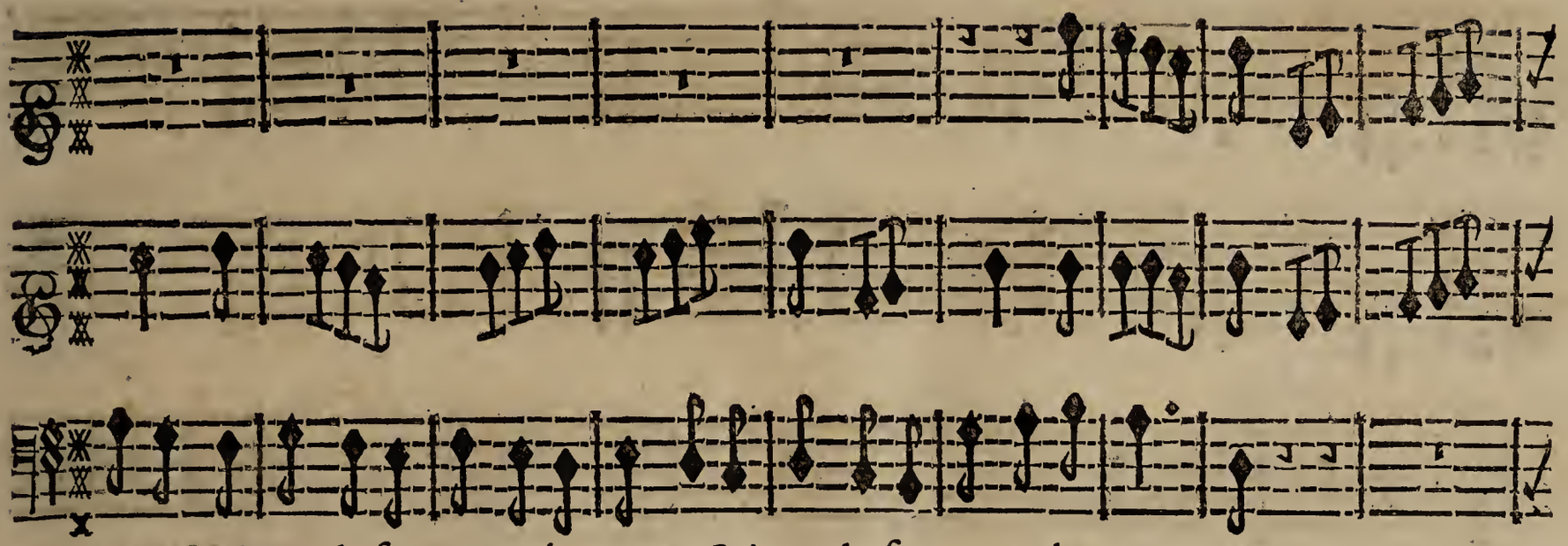
veu nôtre outrage; L'univers a veu nôtre outrage;



BASSE-CONTINUE.



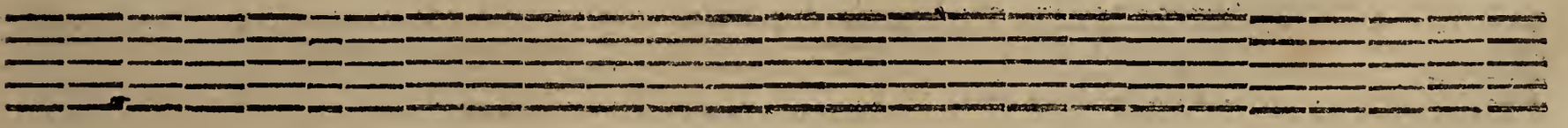

honte pour no⁹ de n'être pas vengez ; Suivons la fureur & la
Suivons la fureur & la rage ; Sui-
Basse-Continue.

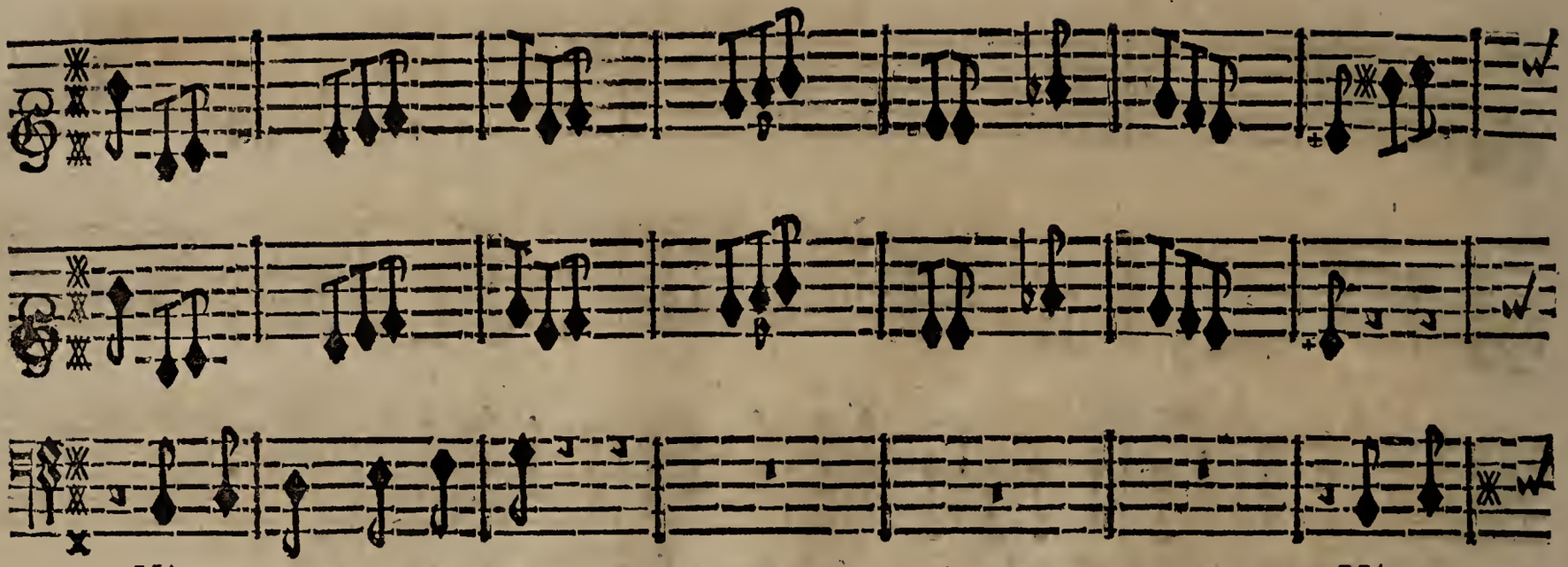


rage; Suivons la fureur & la rage; Suivons la fureur & la ra- ge:

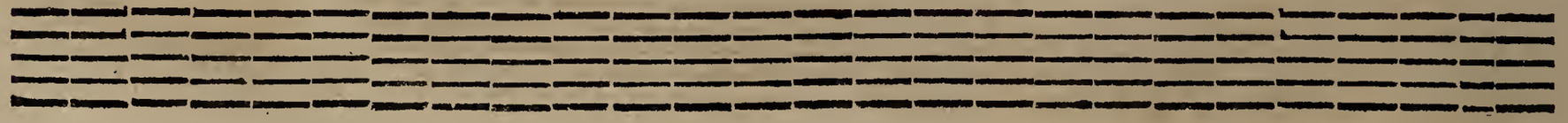
vons la fureur & la rage; Suivons la fureur, la fureur & la ra- ge; Hâtõs-no°, Vẽgeõs-

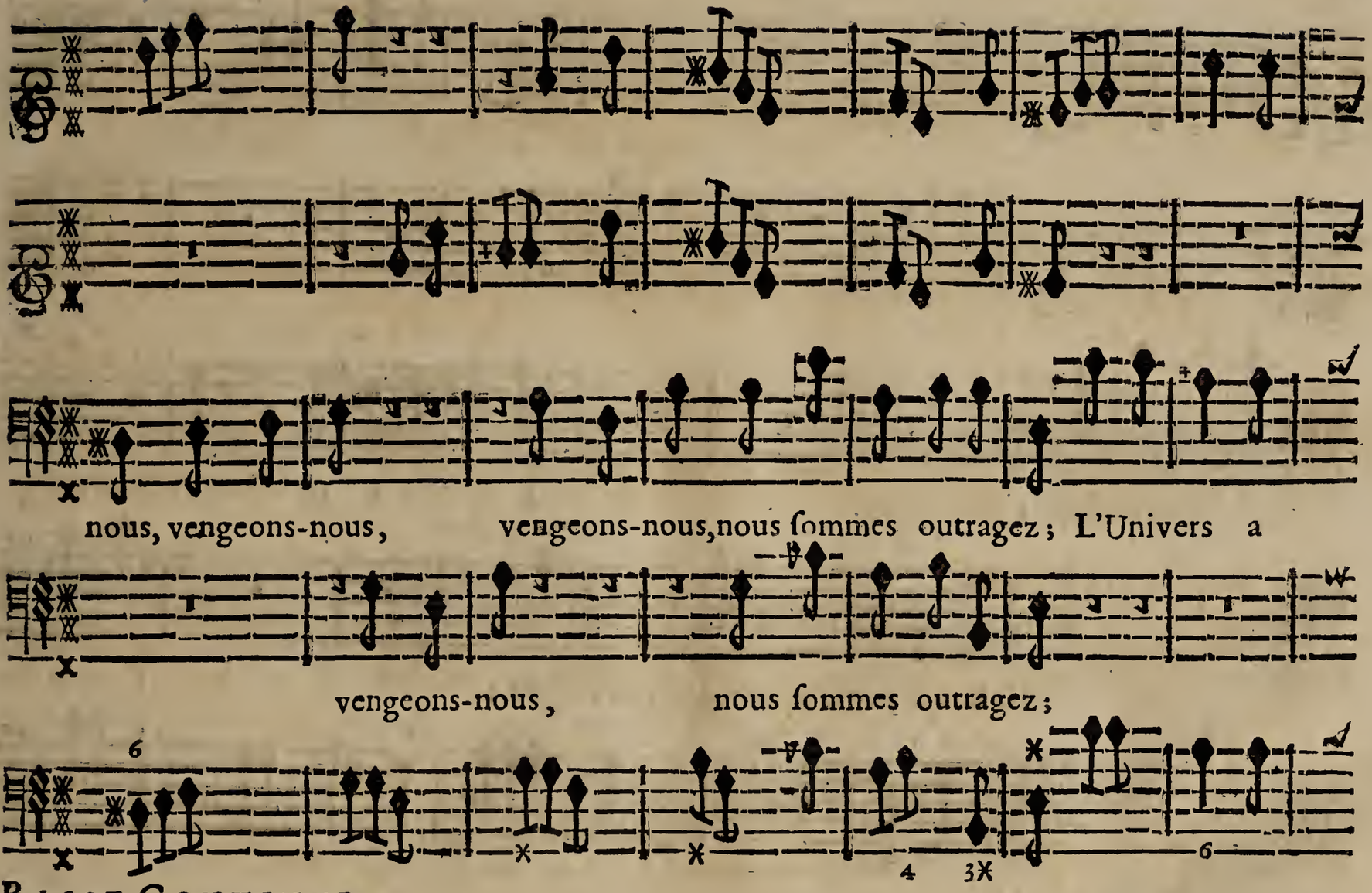
BASSE-CONTINUE.

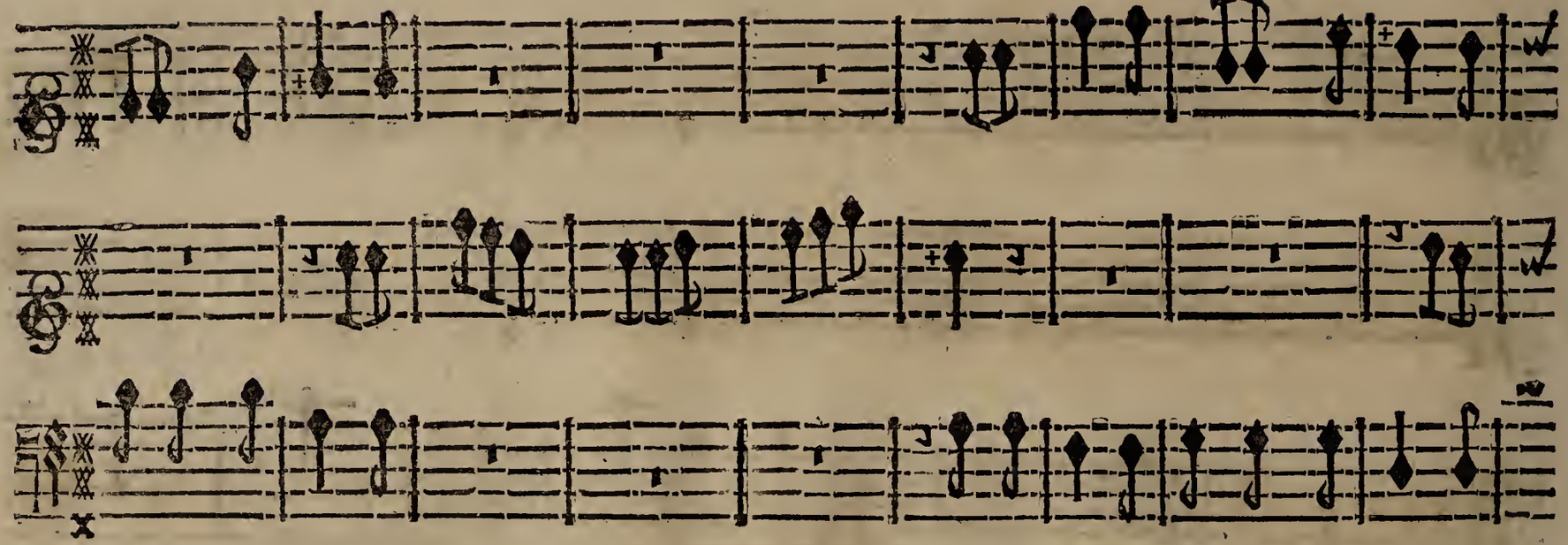




BASSE-CONTINUE.

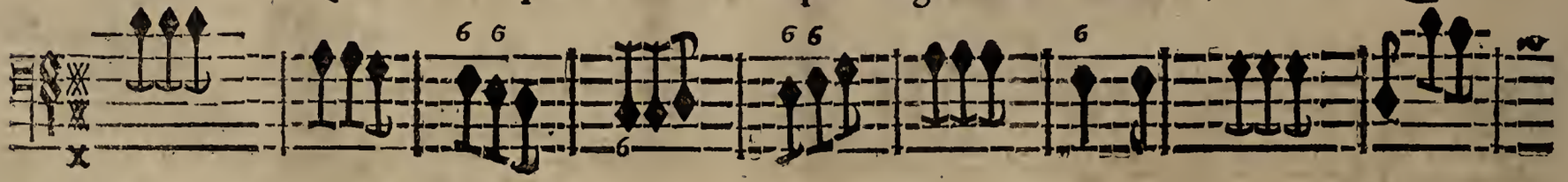



nous, vengeons-nous, vengeons-nous, nous ſommes outragez; L'Univers a
vengeons-nous, nous ſommes outragez;
BASSE-CONTINUE.

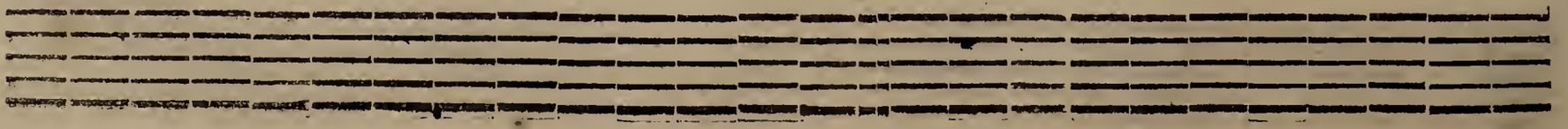


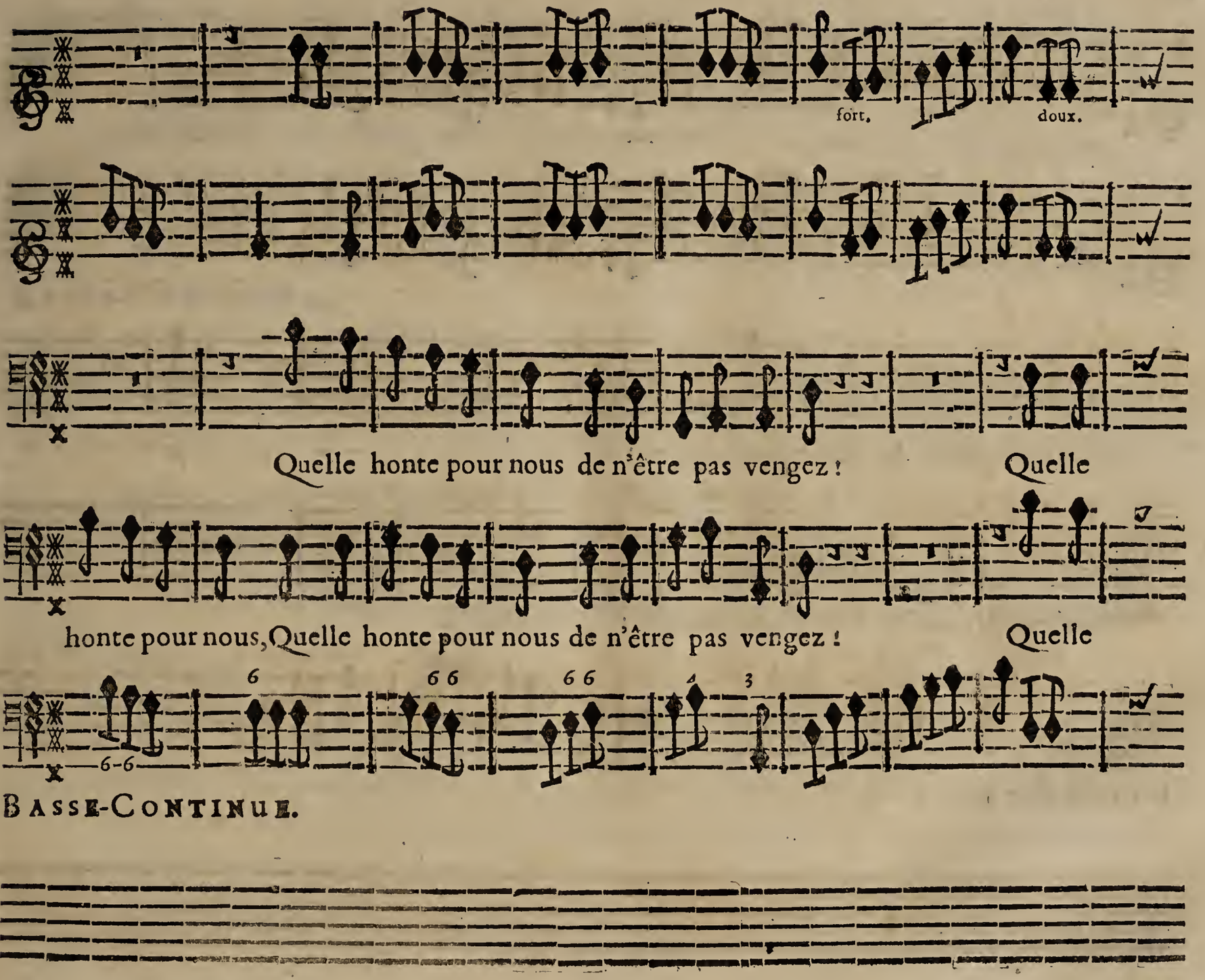
vû nôtre outrage ; L'Univers a vû nôtre outrage ;

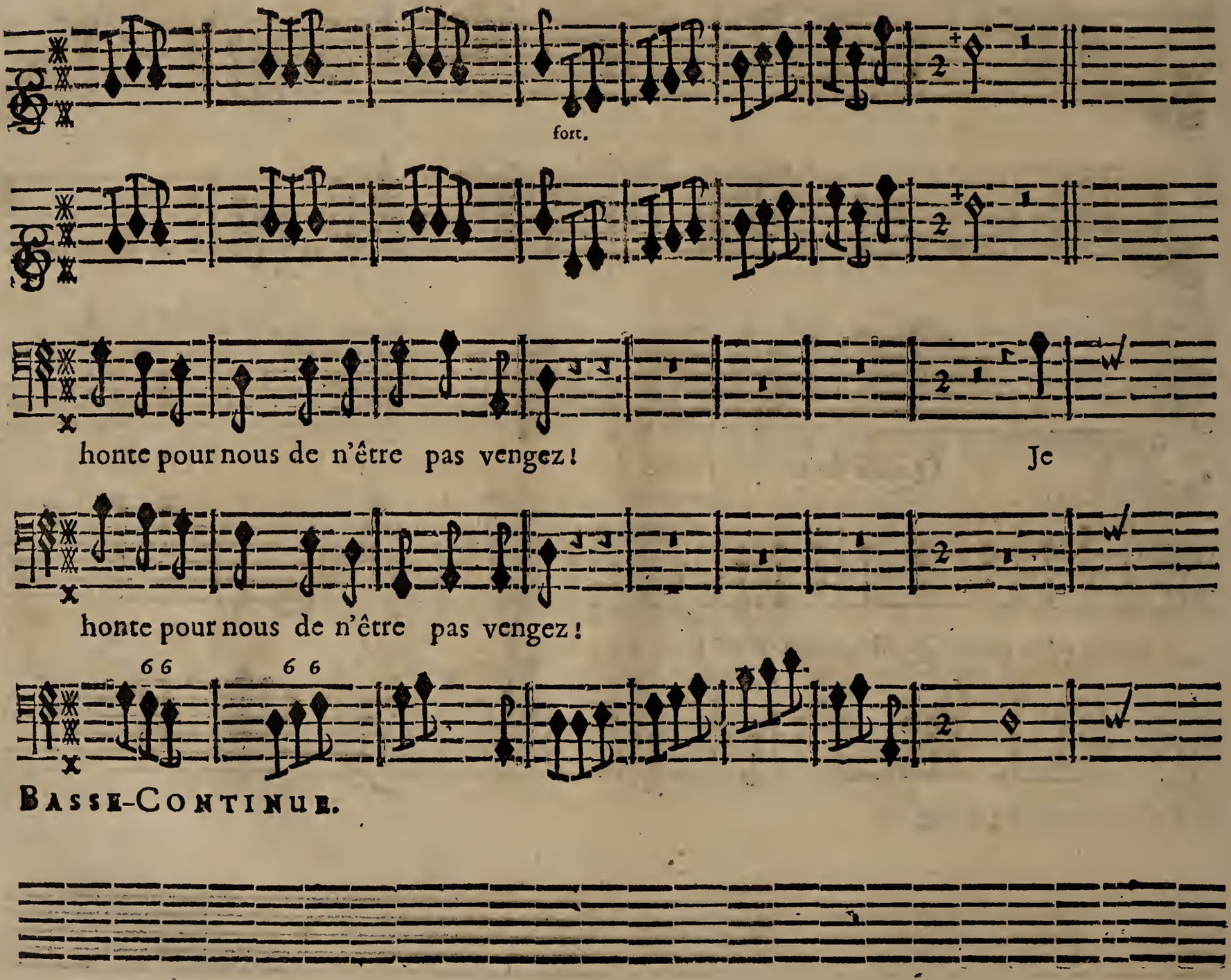
Quelle honte pour no⁹ de n'être pas vengez ! Quelle



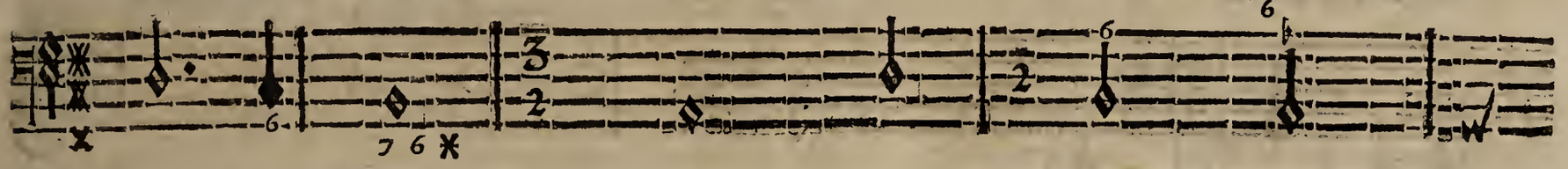
BASSE-CONTINUE.




fort.
doux.
Quelle honte pour nous de n'être pas vengez ! Quelle
honte pour nous, Quelle honte pour nous de n'être pas vengez ! Quelle
6 6 6 6 4 3
6-6
BASSE-CONTINUE.

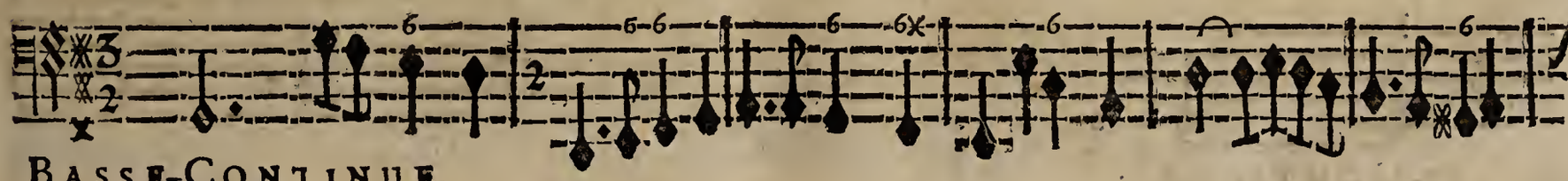

fort.
honte pour nous de n'être pas vengez! Je
honte pour nous de n'être pas vengez!
6 6 6 6
Basse-Continue.

dois delivrer la Prin- ceſſe, Mon amour me l'or- donne & la gloire m'en



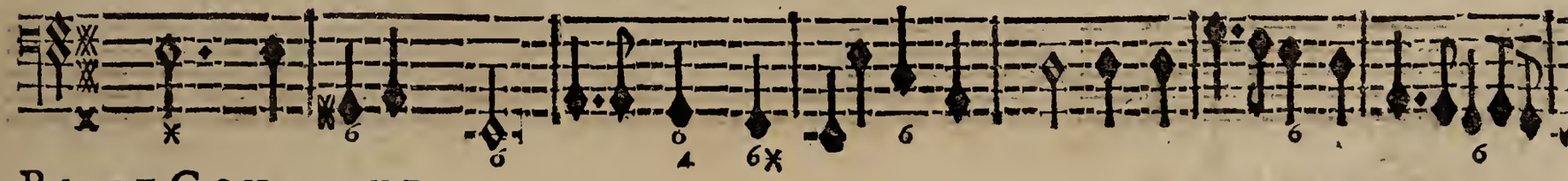
BASSE-CONTINUE.

preſſe, Tous deux m'en- gagent à la fois: Qu'ũ grãd cœur eſt heureux de ſervir ſa ten-

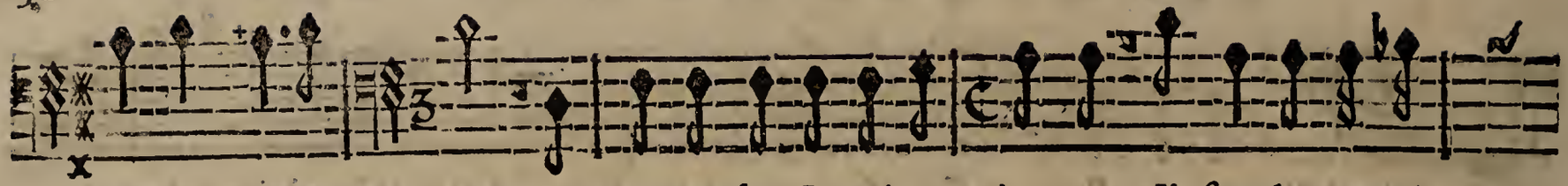


BASSE-CONTINUE.

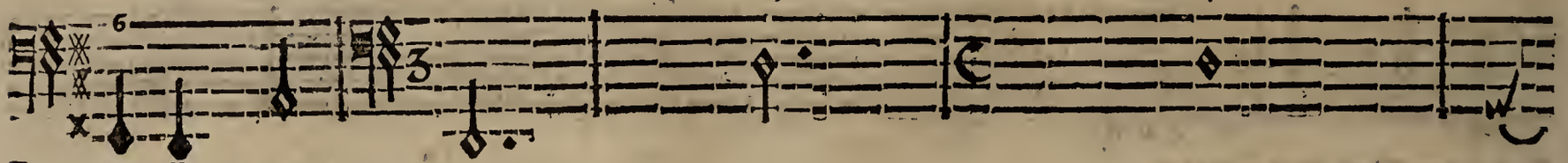
dreſſe, Par de fameux exploits; Qu'ũ grãd cœur eſt heureux de ſervir ſa tendreſſe, Par



BASSE-CONTINUE.

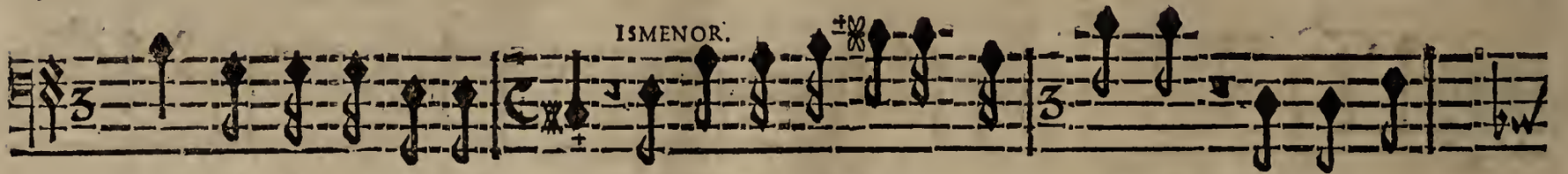


de fameux ex- ploits. La troupe des Guerriers s'avance, Il faut les enga-

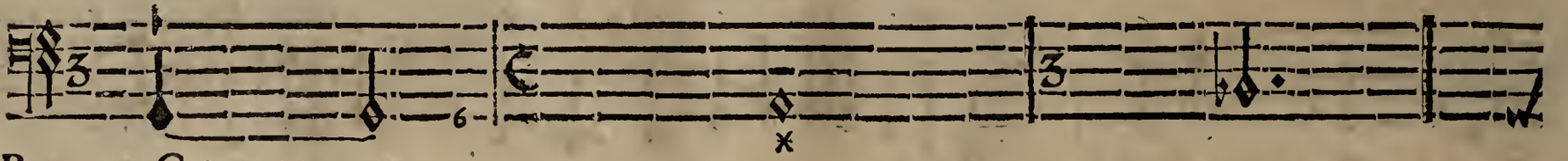


BASSE-CONTINUE.

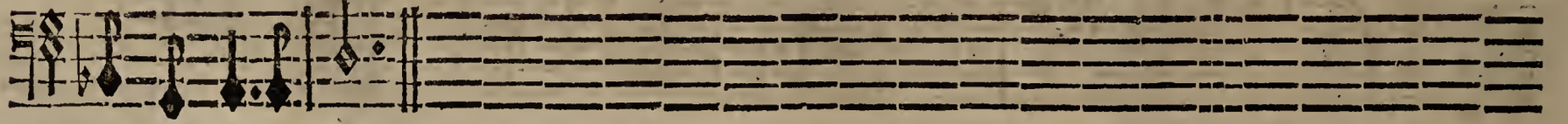
ISMENOR.



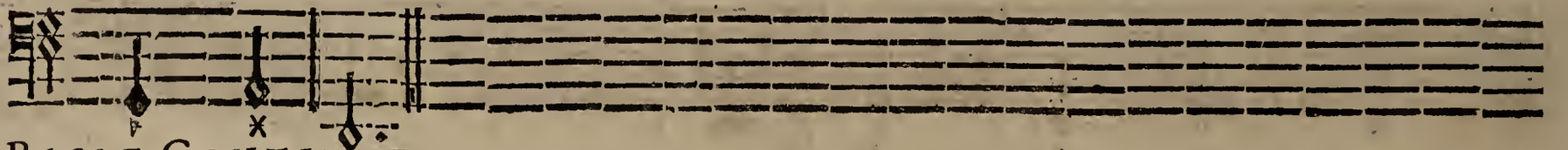
ger dans mes reſſenti- mens. Je vais employer la puiſ- ſance, De mes af-



BASSE-CONTINUE.



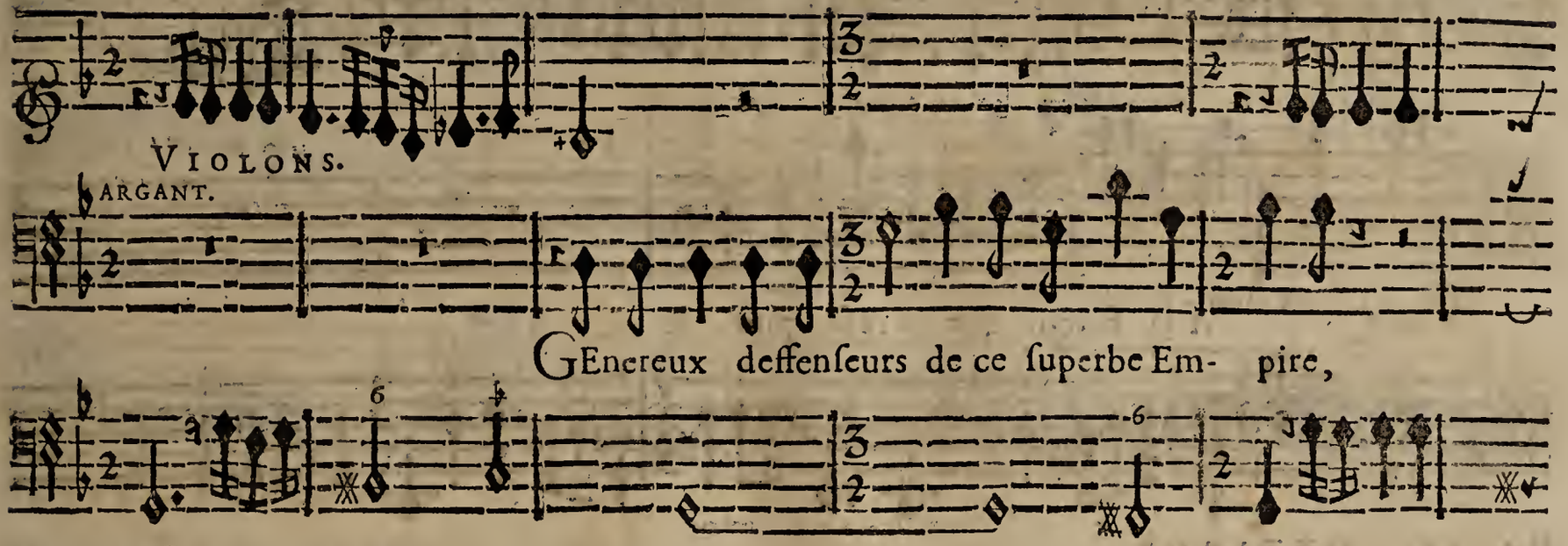
freux enchantemens.



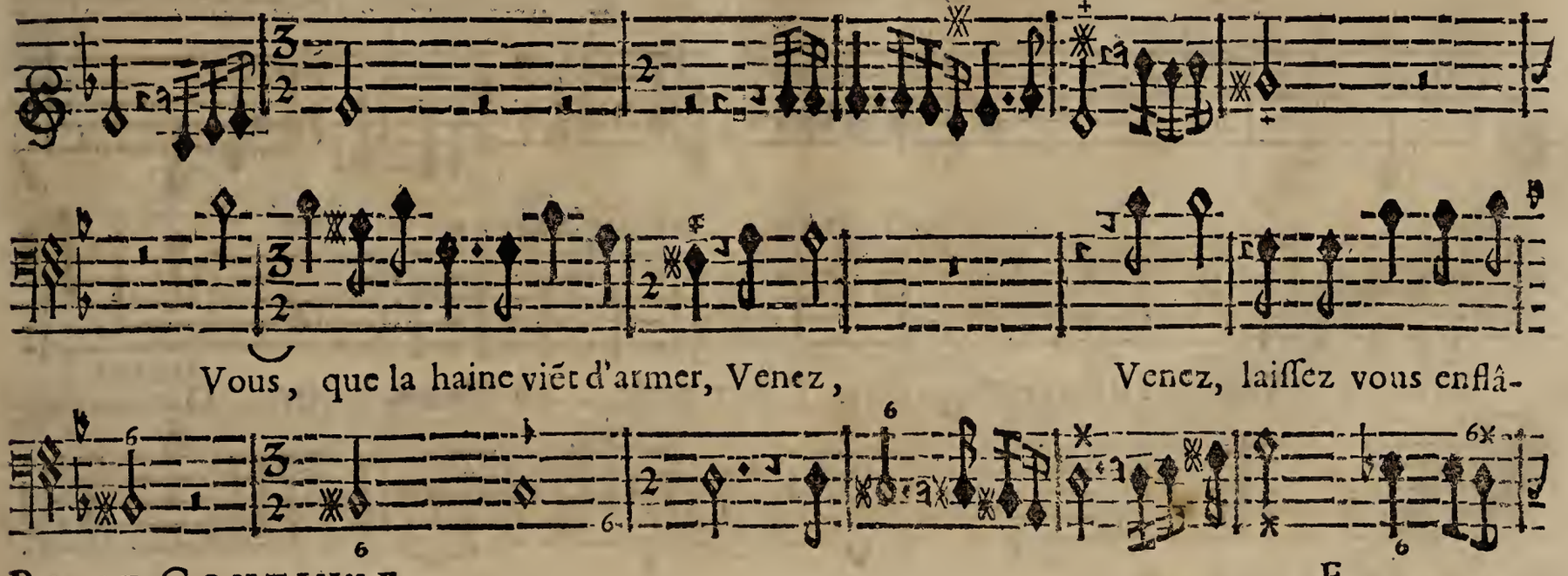
BASSE-CONTINUE.

SCENE III.

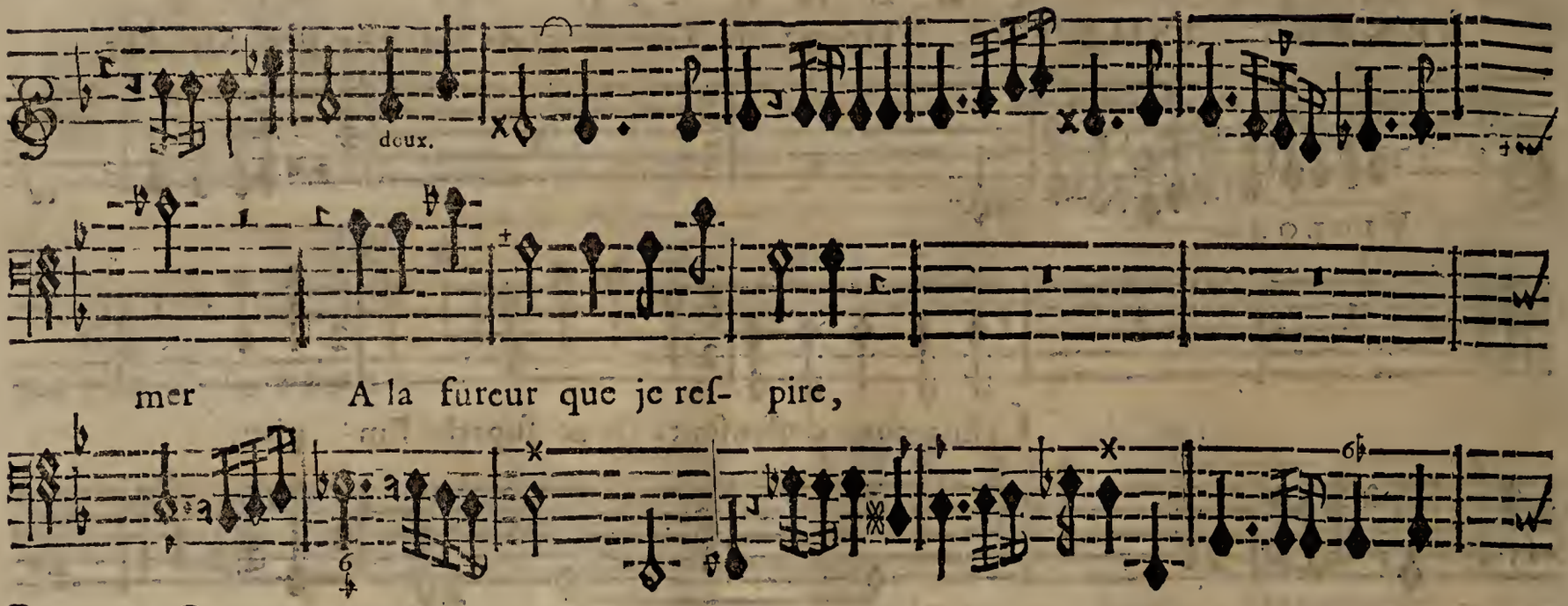
ARGANT, ISMENOR, Troupe de Guerriers de l'Armée des Sarrasins.



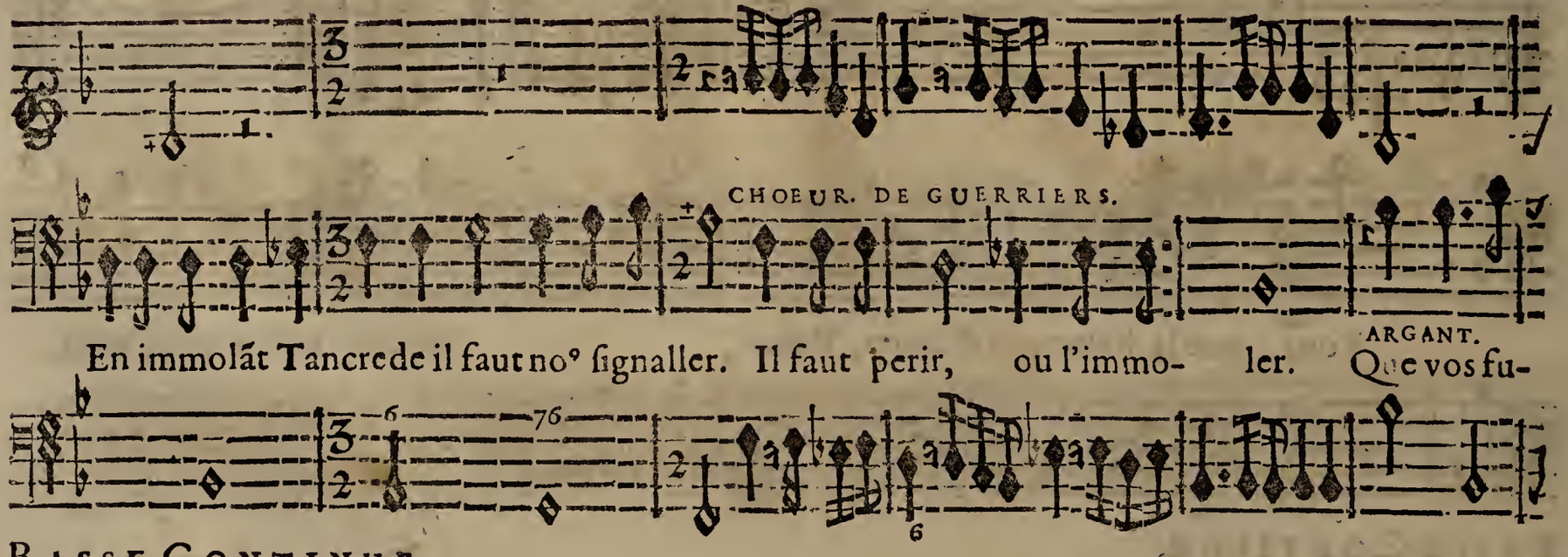
BASSE-CONTINUE.



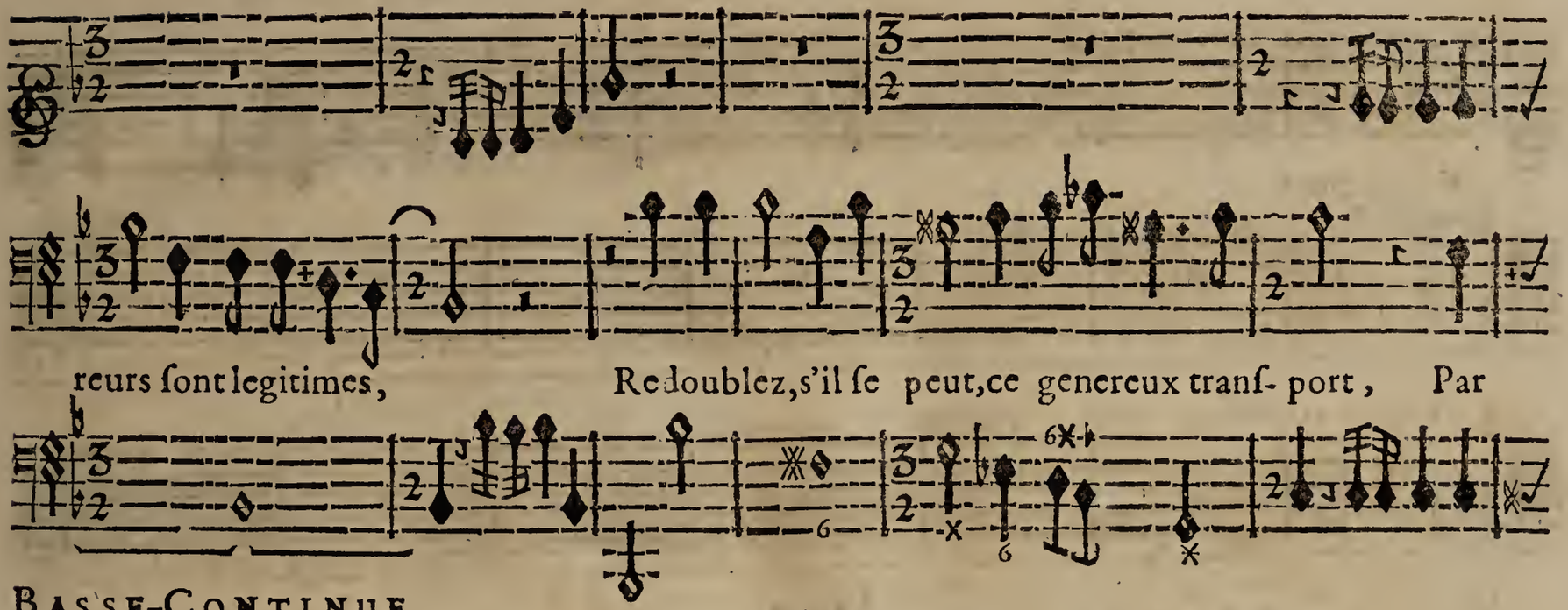
BASSE-CONTINUE.



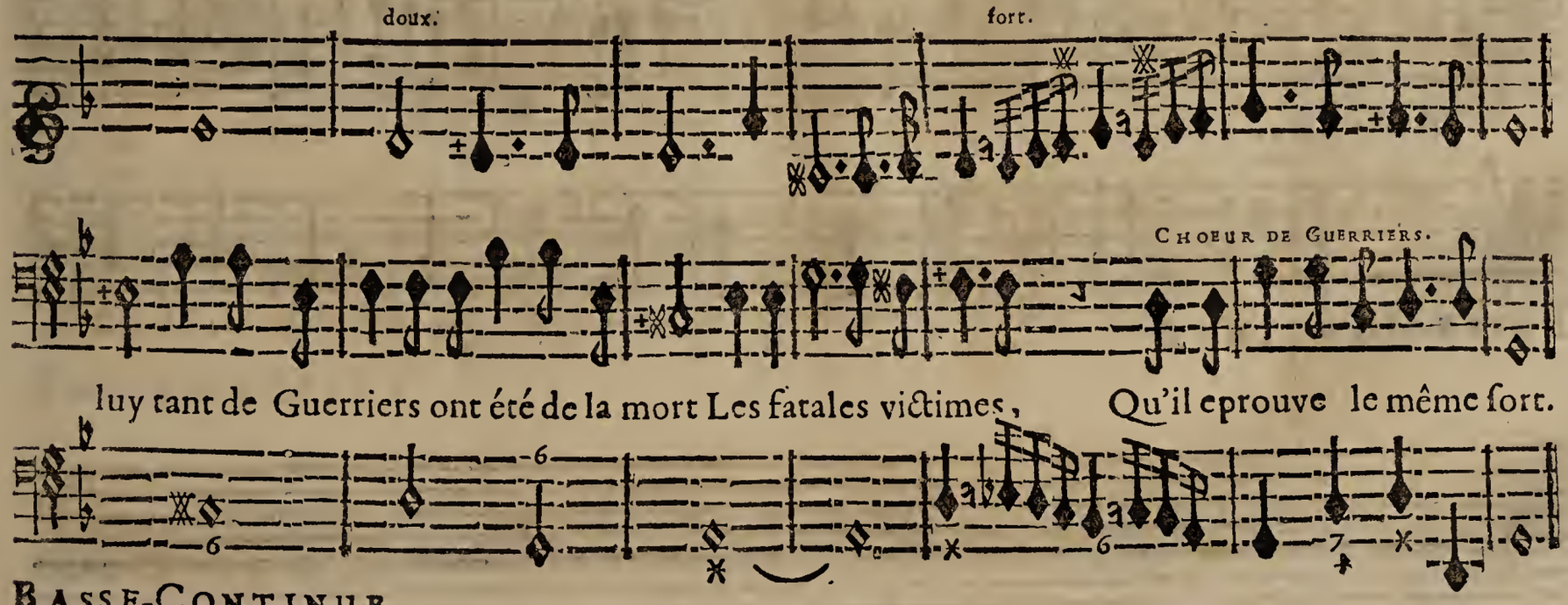
BASSE-CONTINUE.



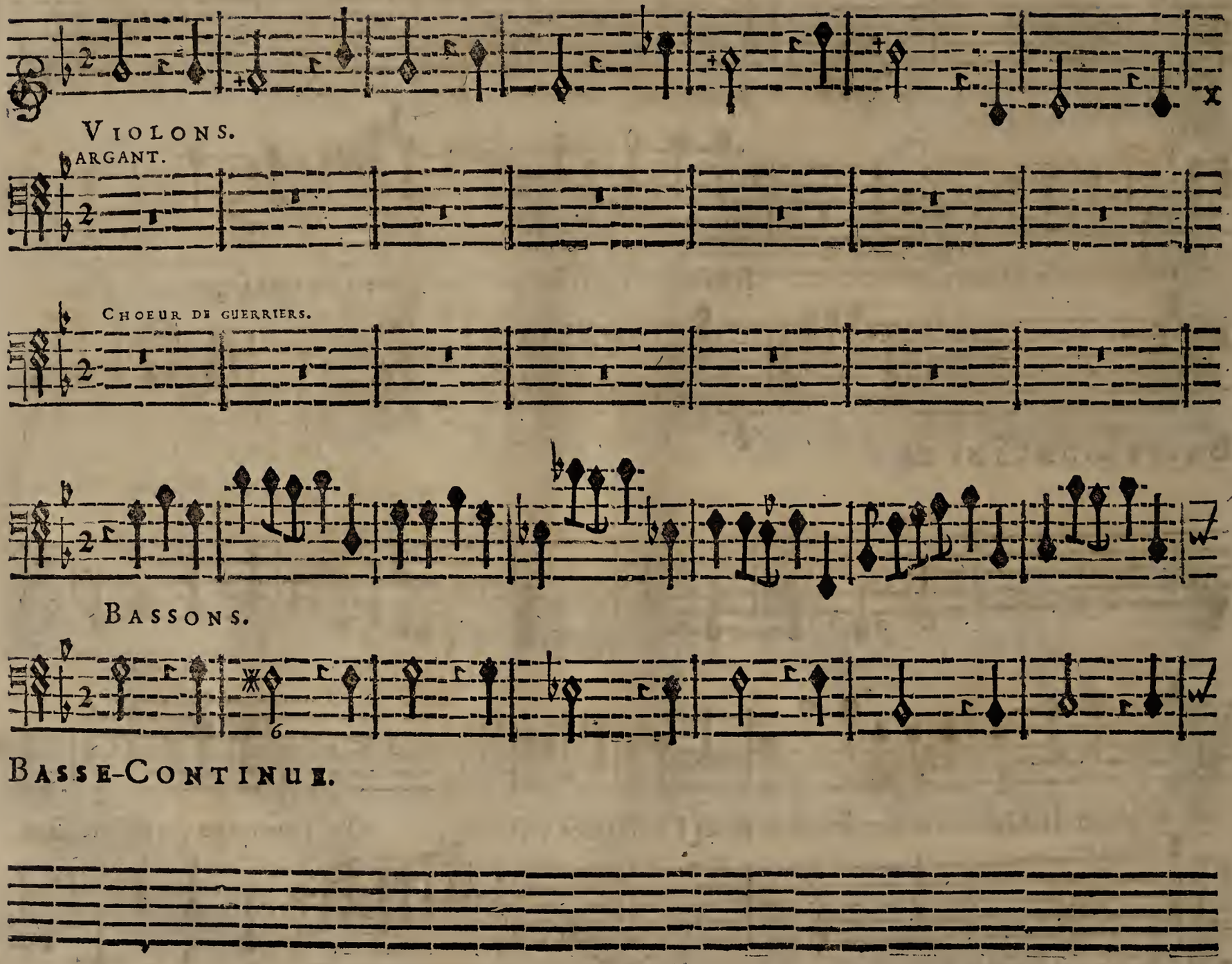
BASSE-CONTINUE.

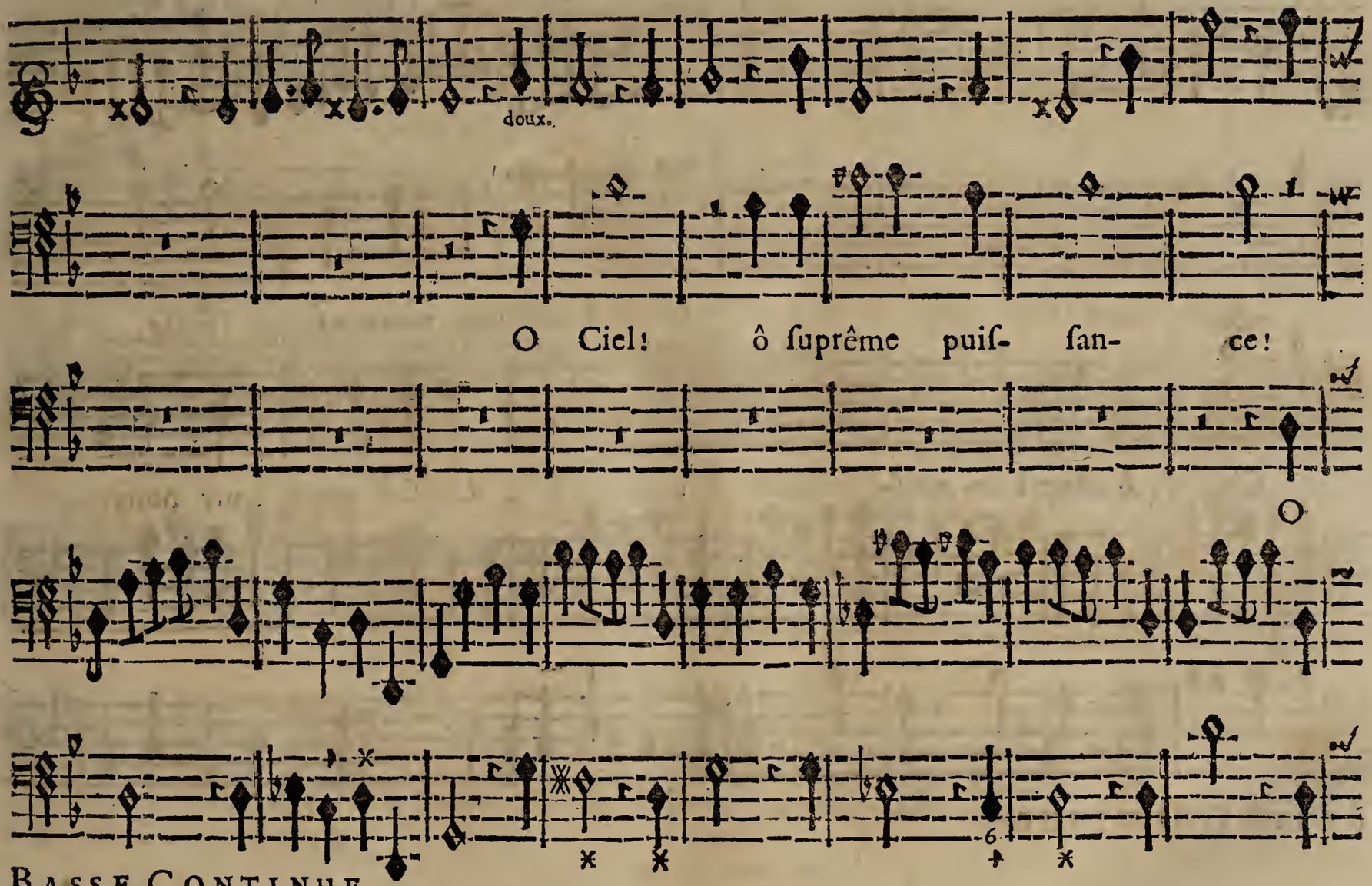


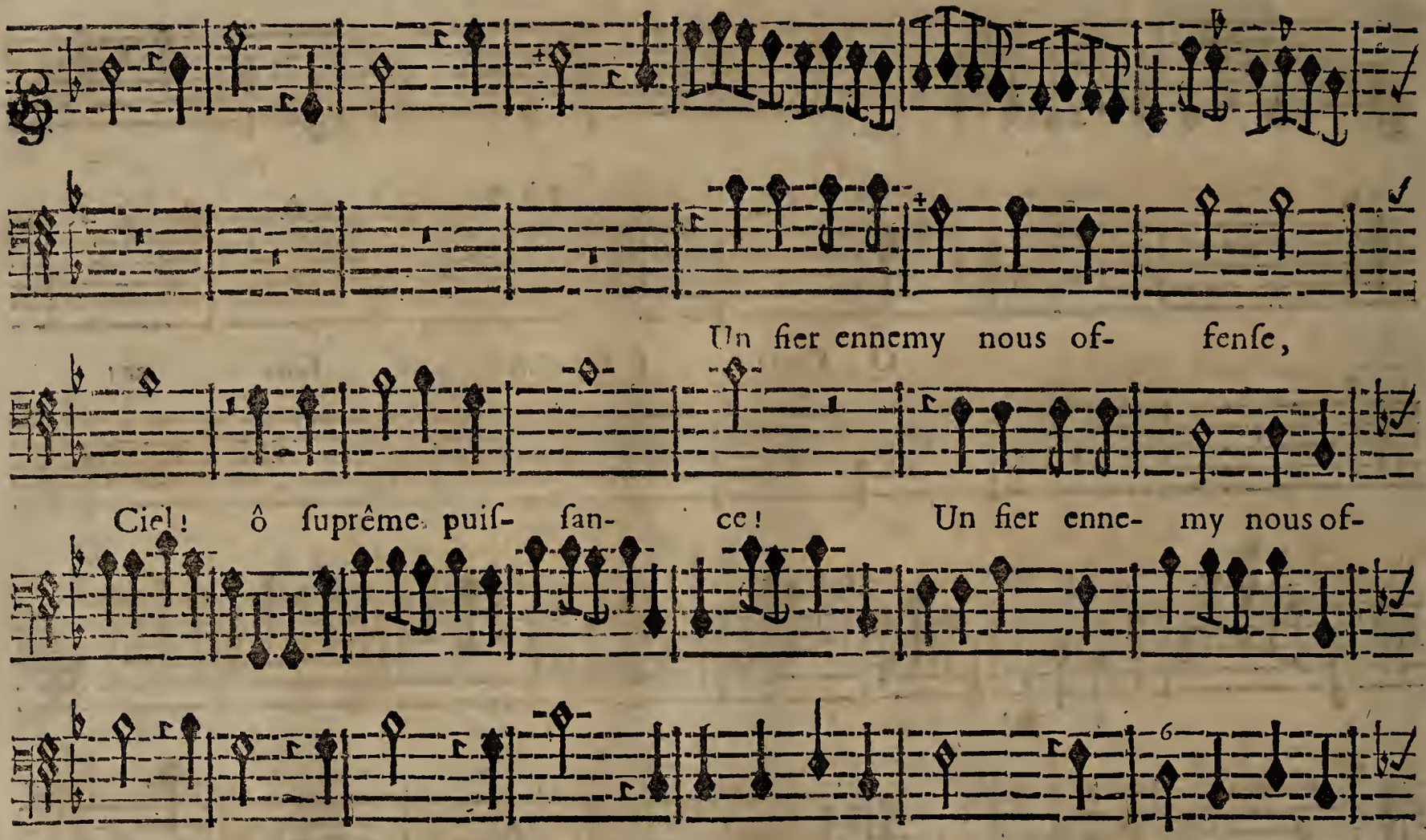
BASSE-CONTINUE.



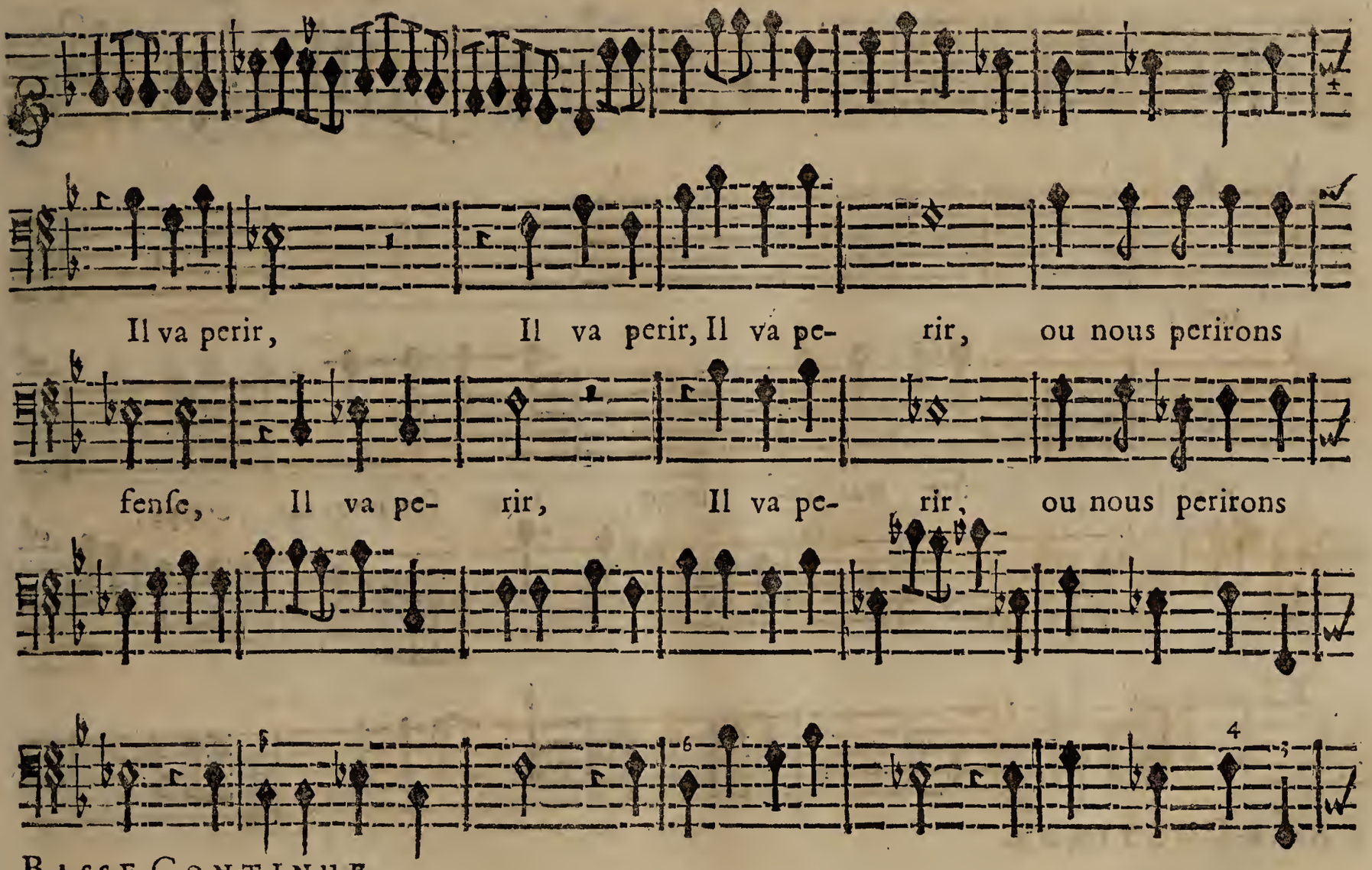
BASSE-CONTINUE.


VIOLONS.
ARGANT.
CHOEUR DE GUERRIERS.
BASSONS.
BASSE-CONTINUE.

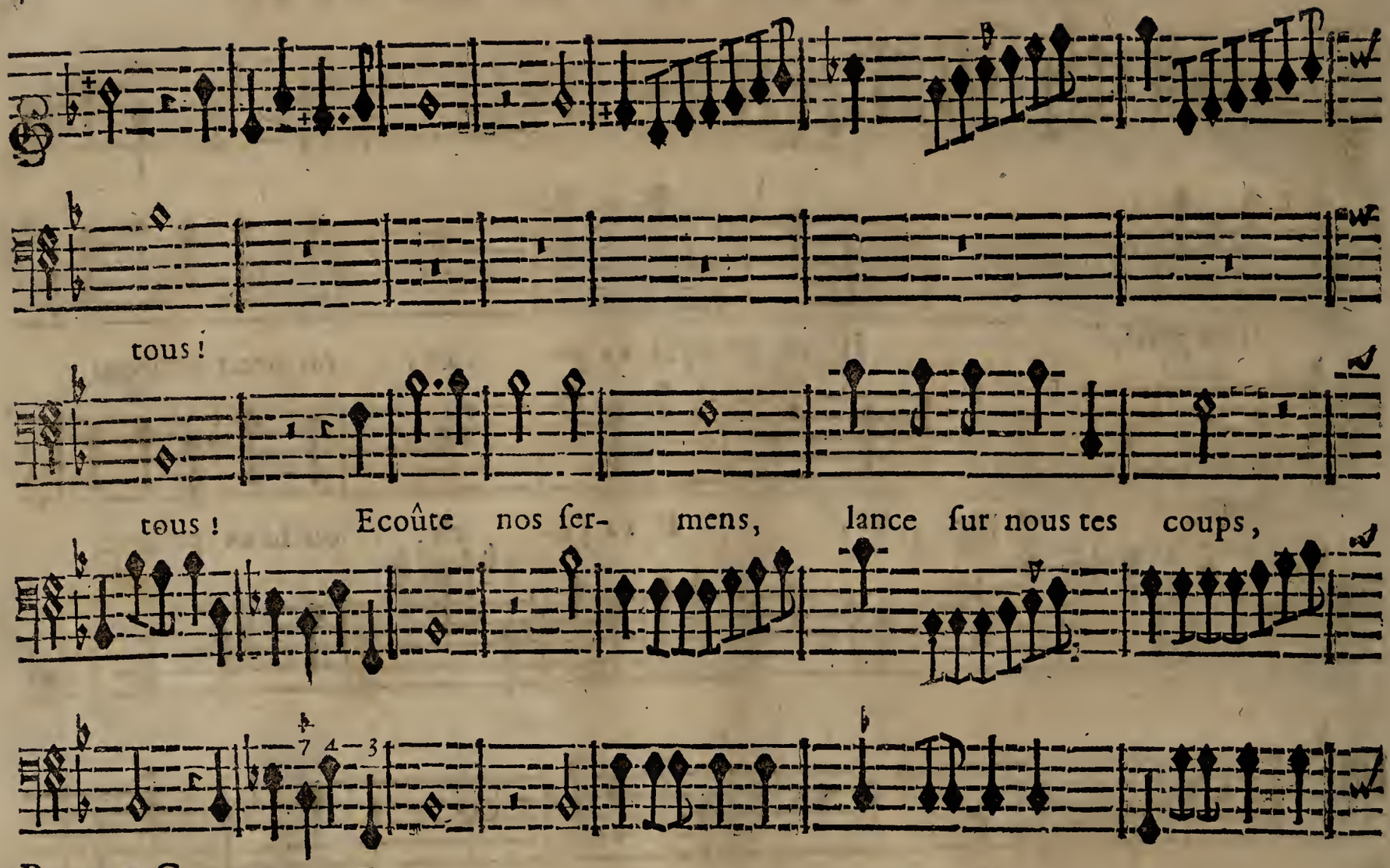

doux.
O Ciel! ô ſuprême puiſ- ſan- ce!
O
6
BASSE-CONTINUE.



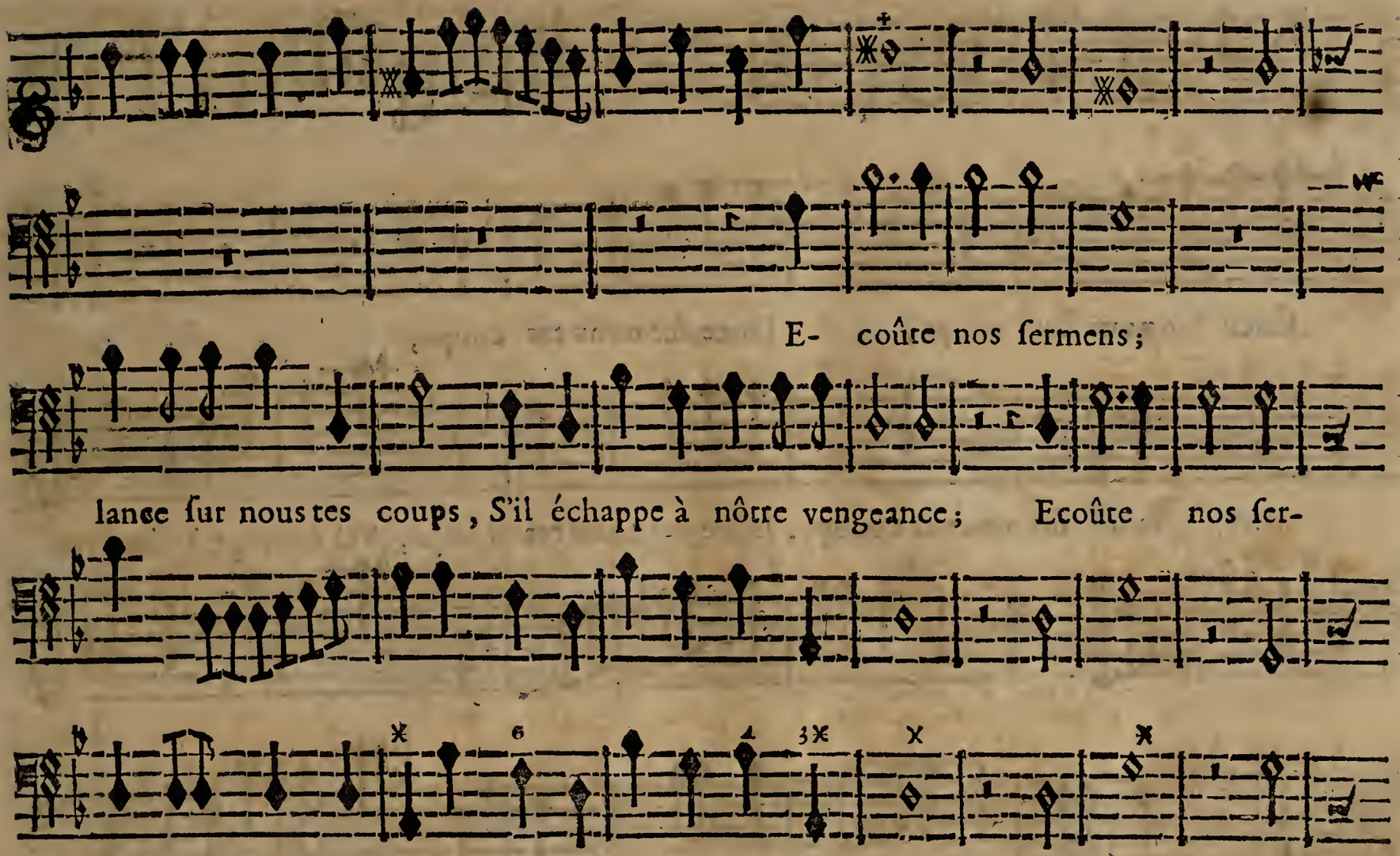
BASSE-CONTINUE.



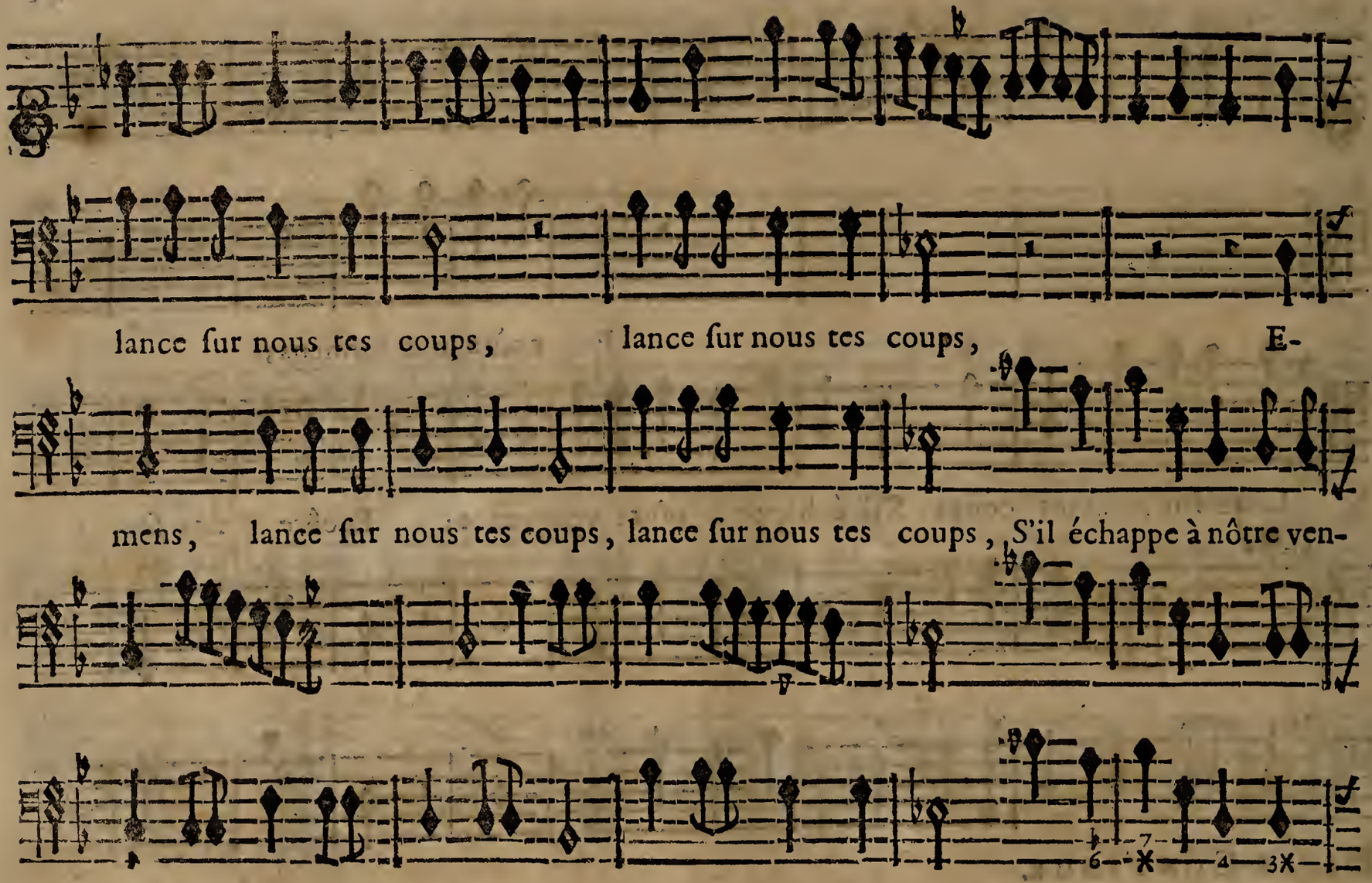
BASSE-CONTINUE.



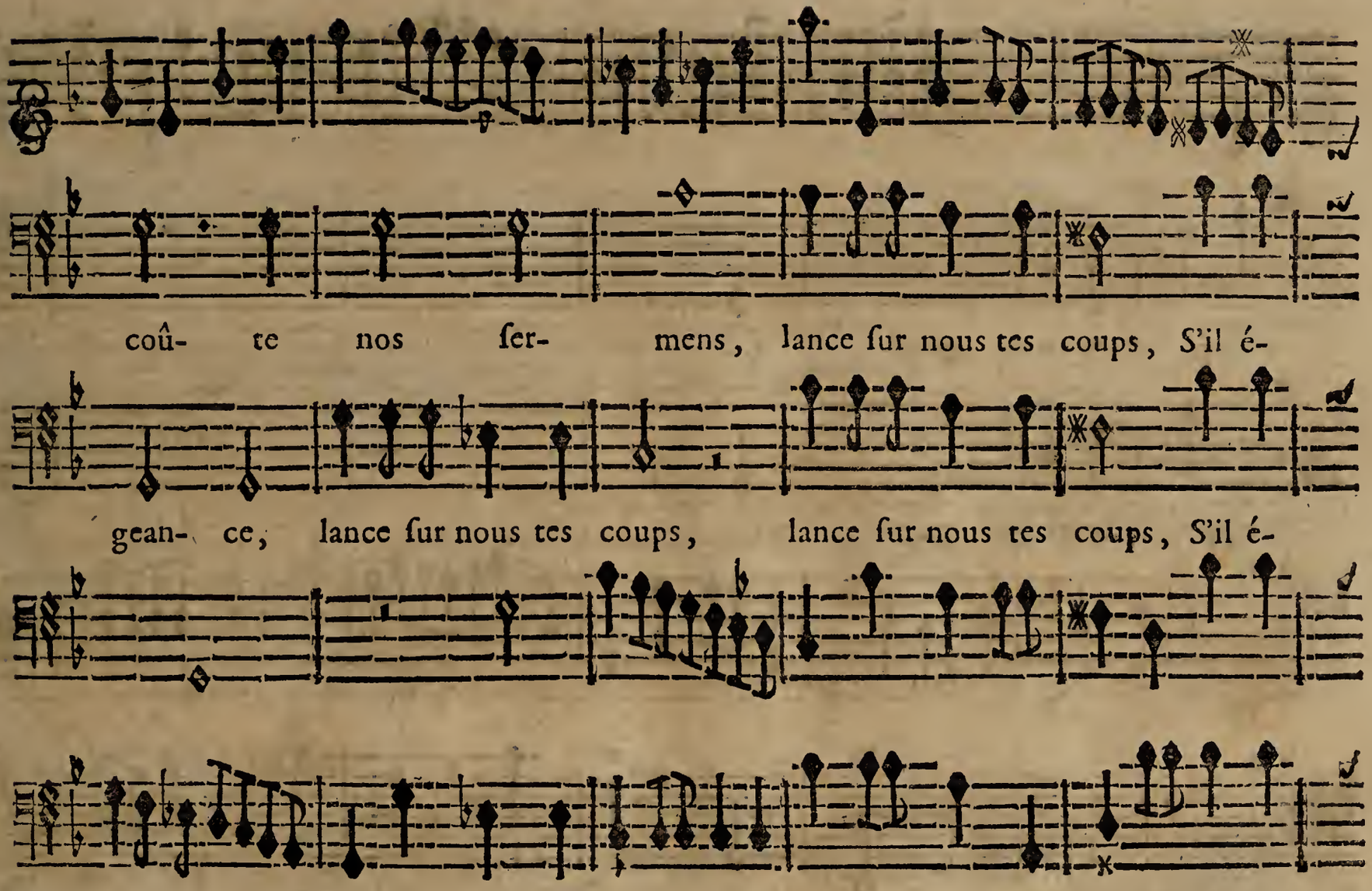
BASSE-CONTINUE.

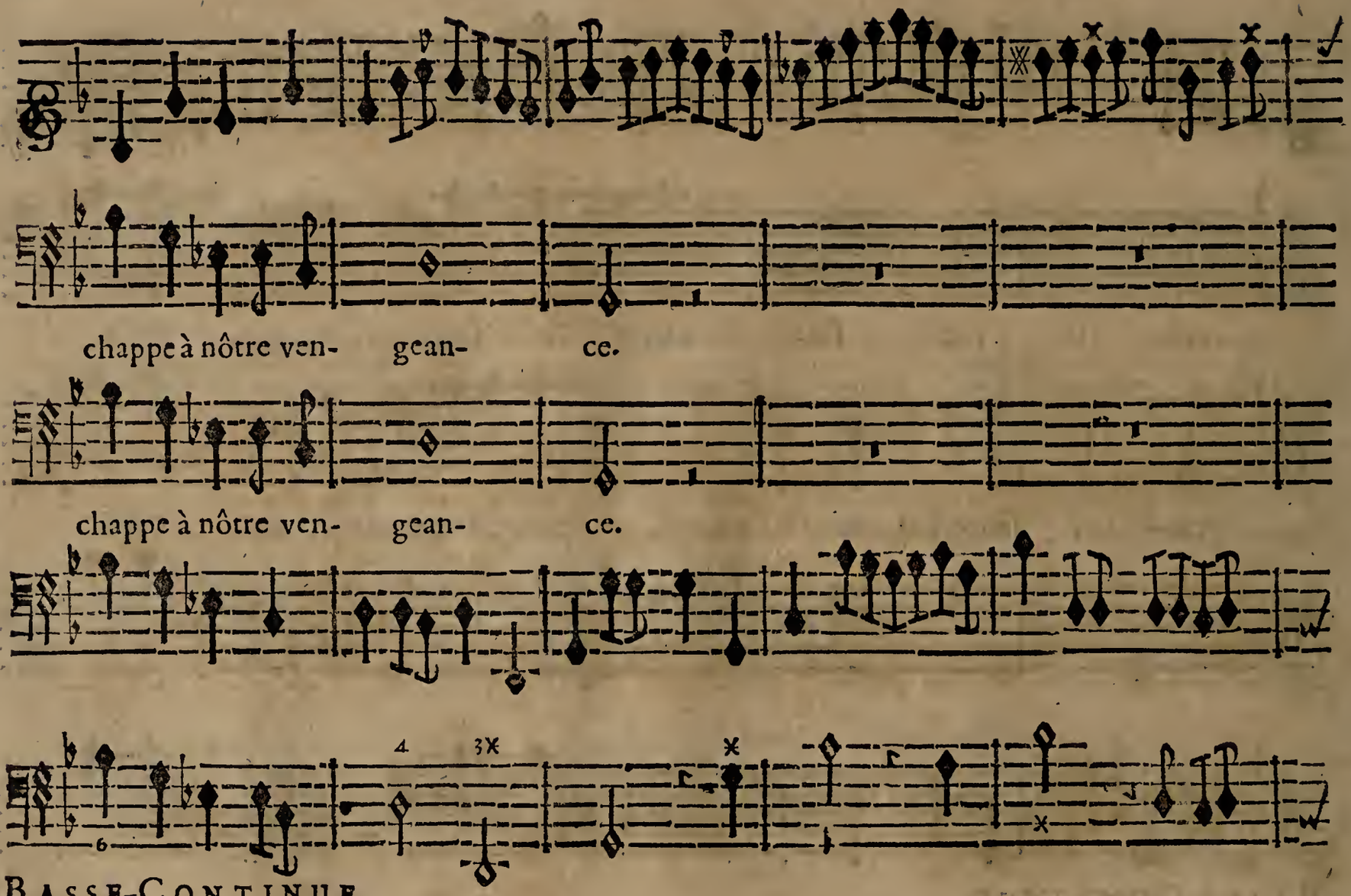


BASSE-CONTINUE.

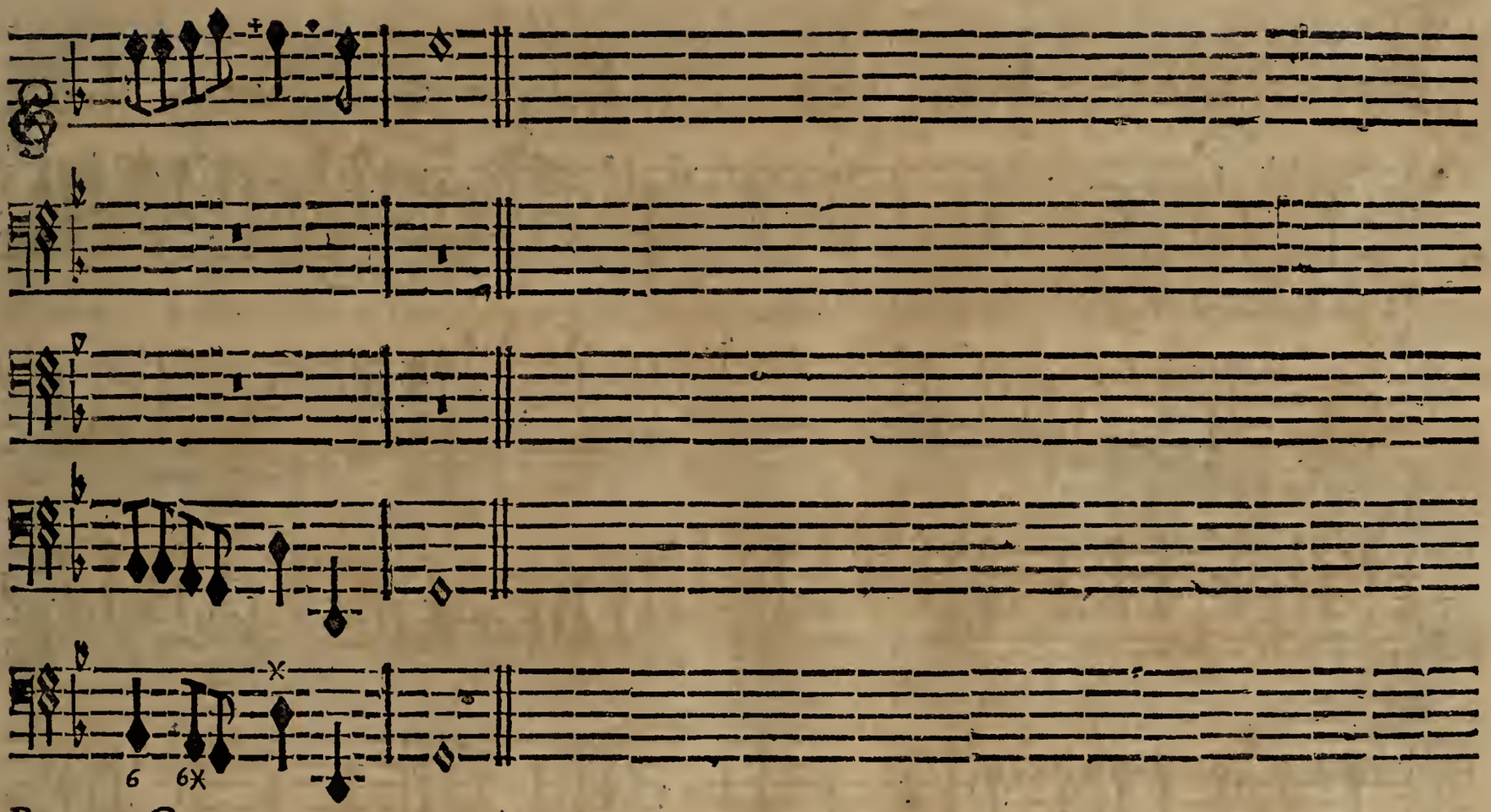


BASSE-CONTINUE.


coû- te nos ſer- mens, lance ſur nous tes coups, S'il é-
gean- ce, lance ſur nous tes coups, lance ſur nous tes coups, S'il é-
BASSE-CONTINUE.



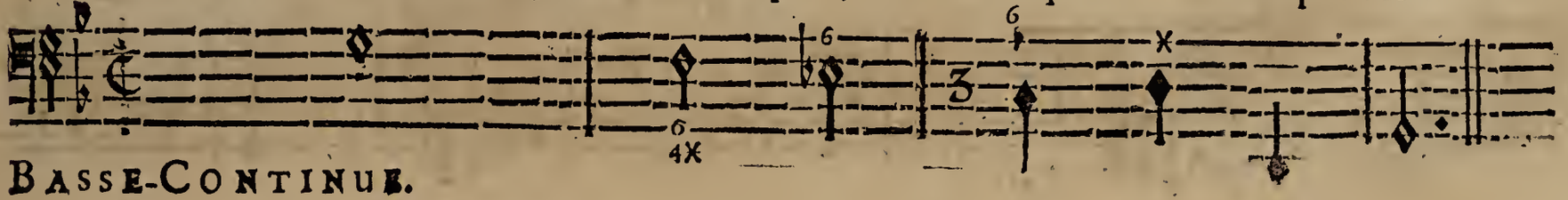
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

ISMENOR.

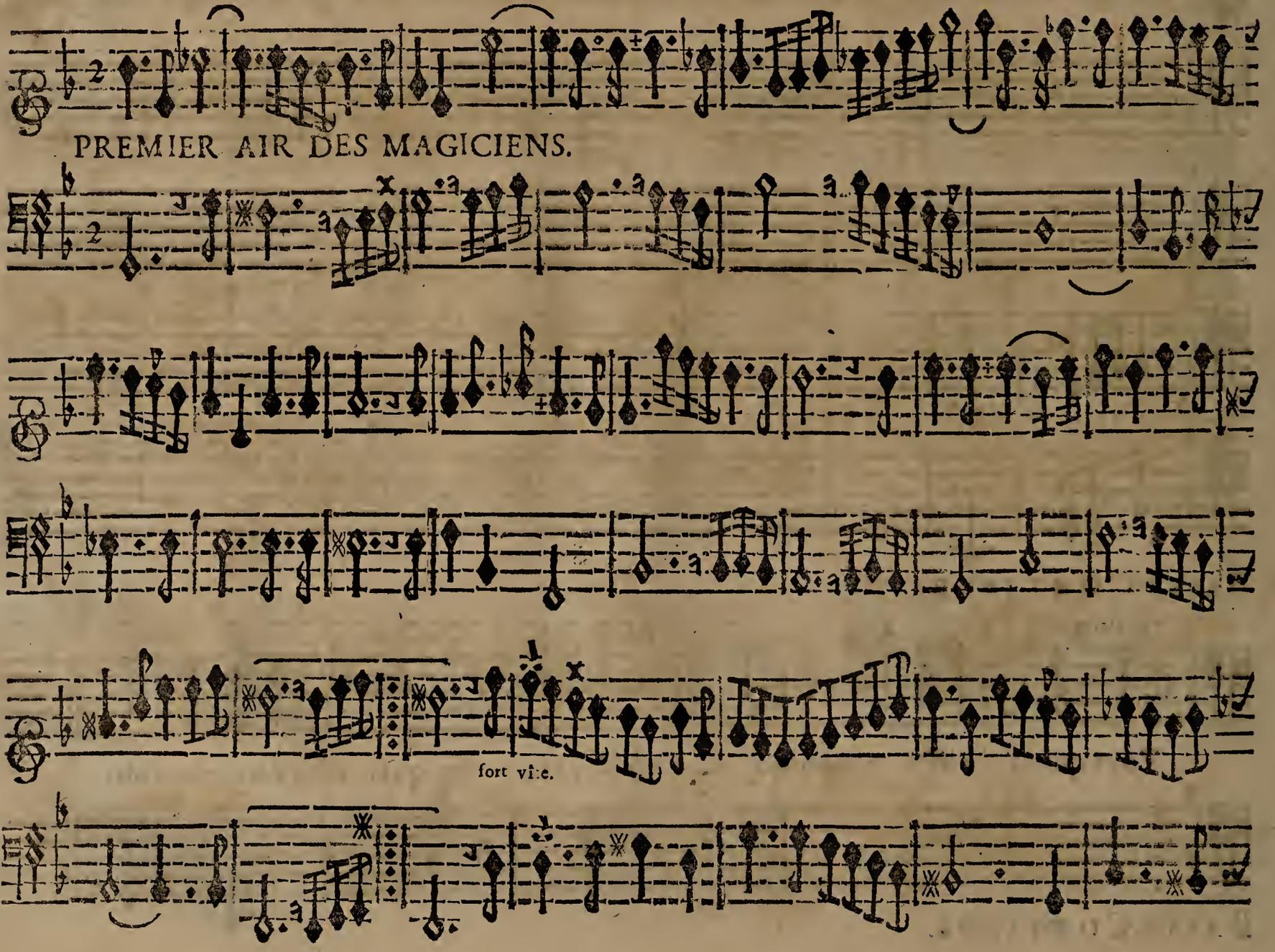
Vous qui m'obeiſſez rempliſſez mon eſpoir, Mon- trez quel eſt nôtre pouvoir.

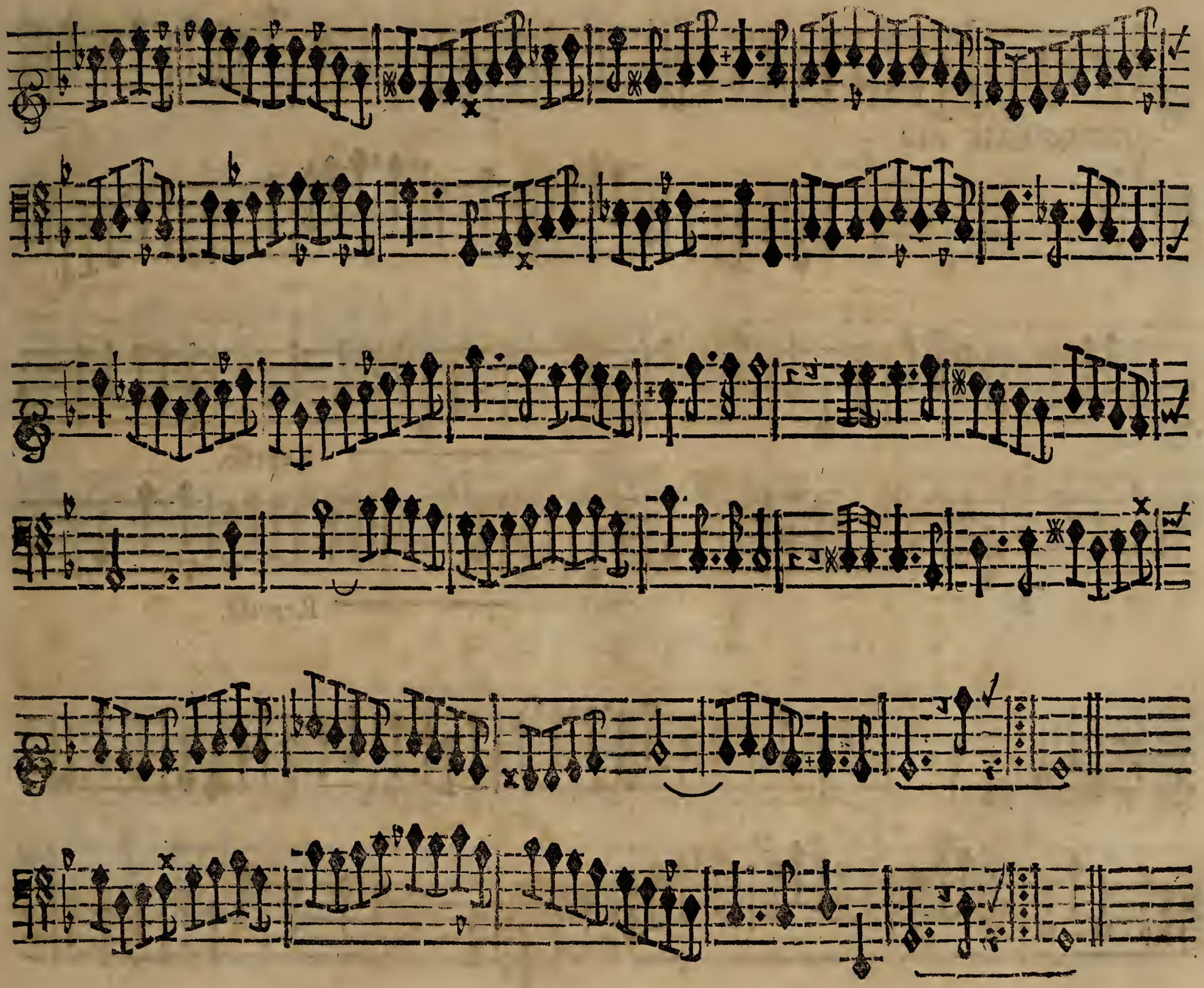


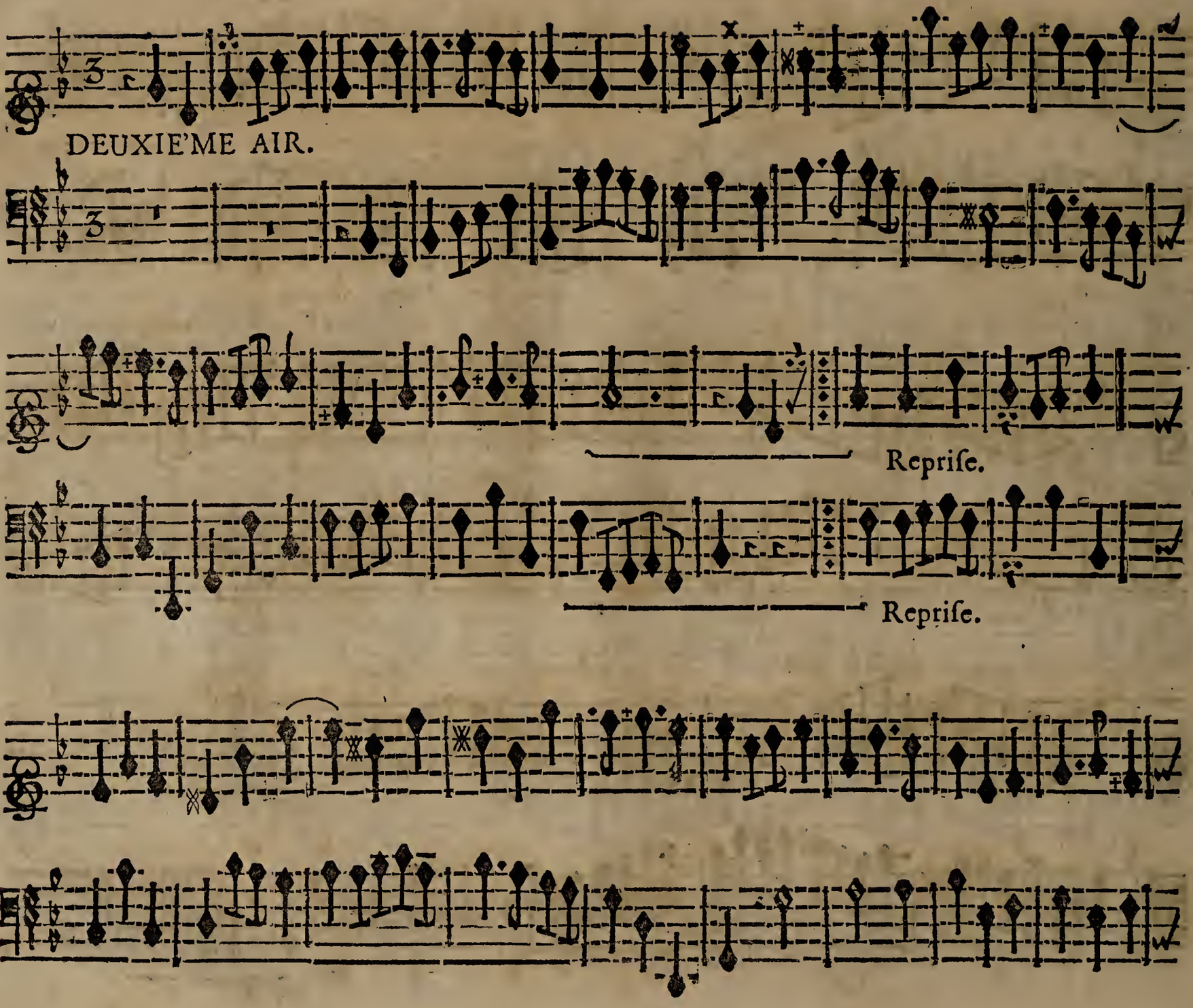
BASSE-CONTINUE.

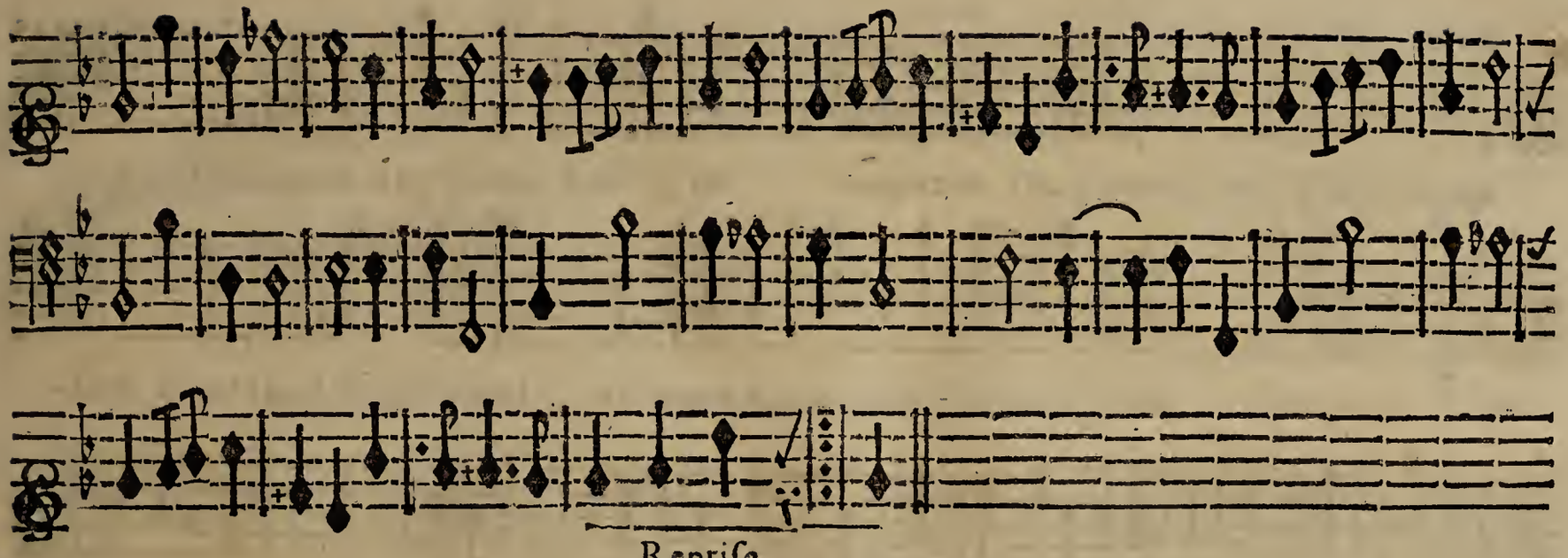
SCENE IV.

ARGANT, ISMENOR. Troupe de Guerriers, Troupe de Magiciens & de Magiciennes.

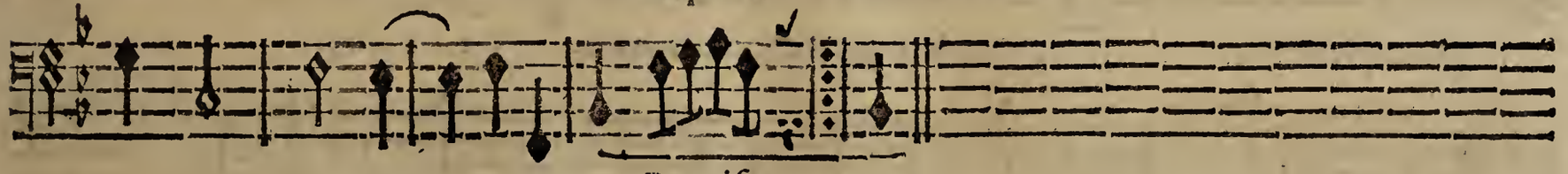





DEUXIE'ME AIR.
Repriſe.
Repriſe.



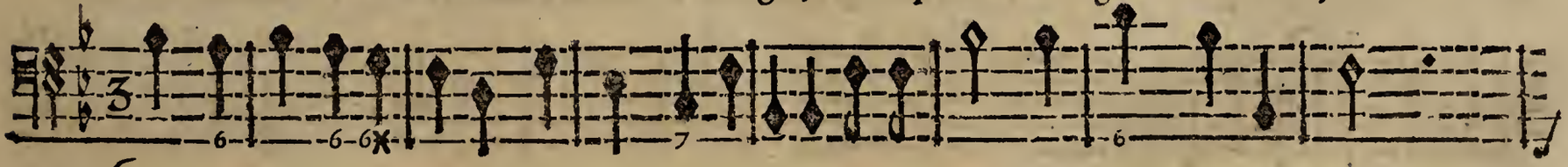
Repriſe.



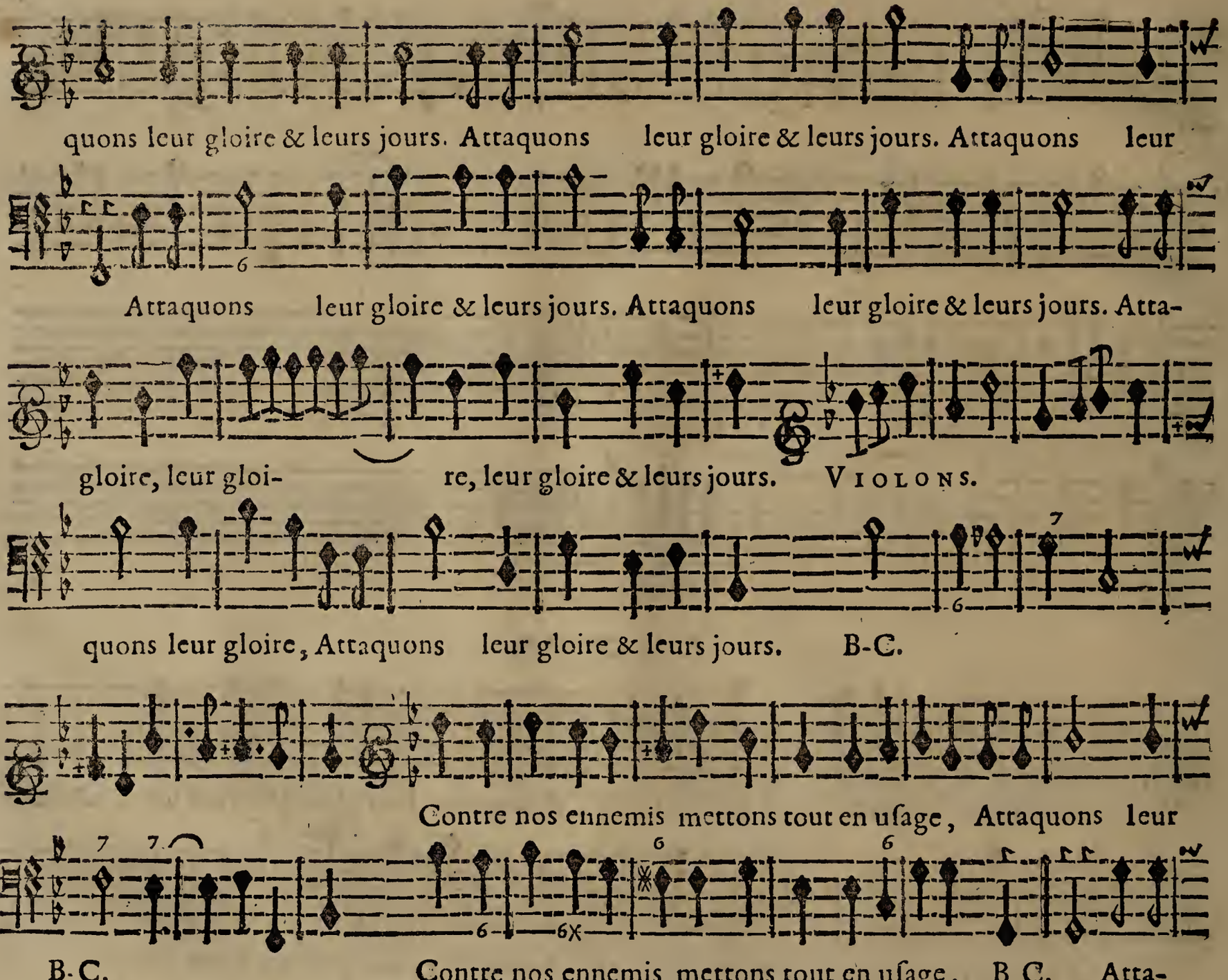
Repriſe.

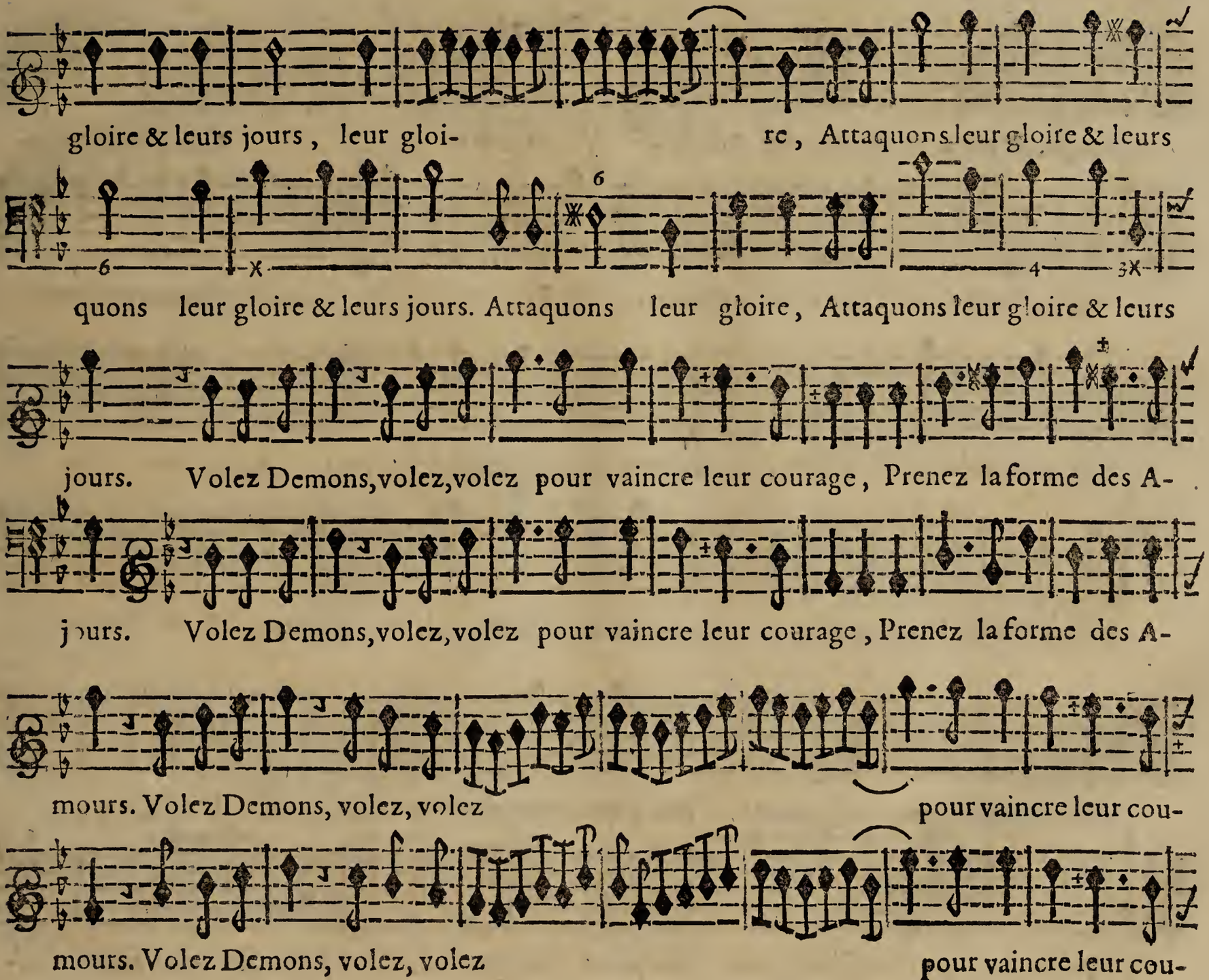
CHOEURS.

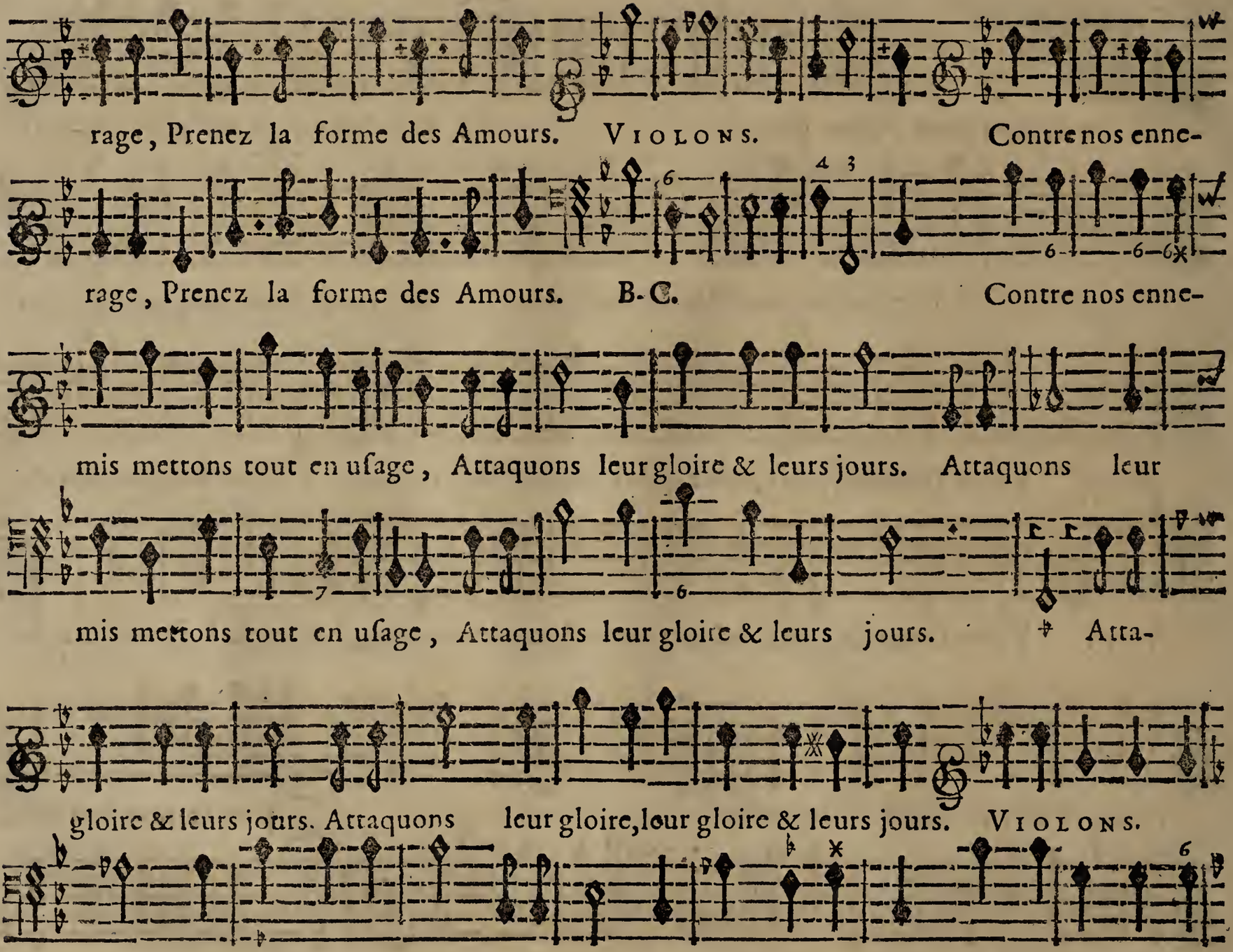
Contre nos ennemis mettons tout en uſage, Attaquons leur gloire & leurs jours. Atta-

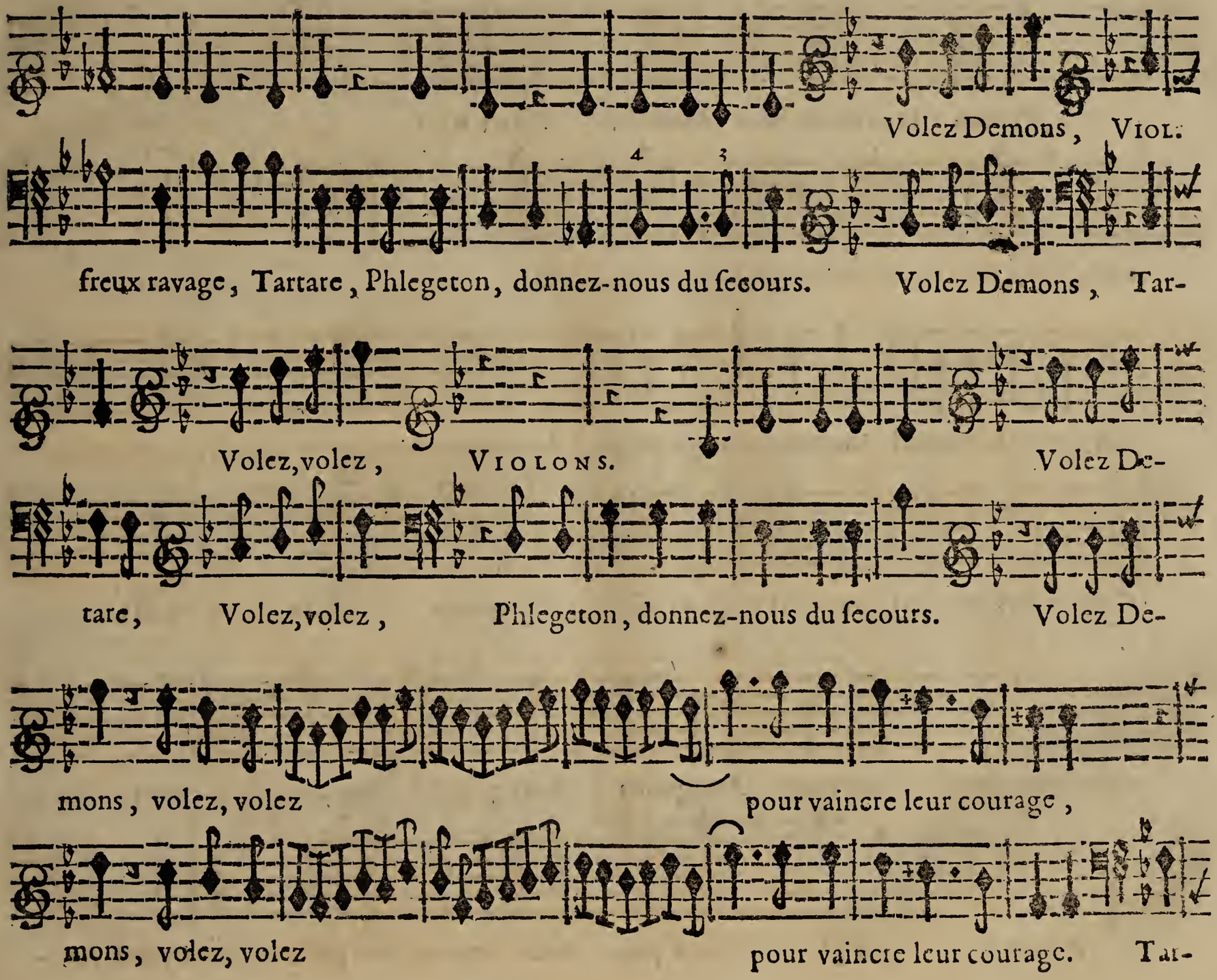


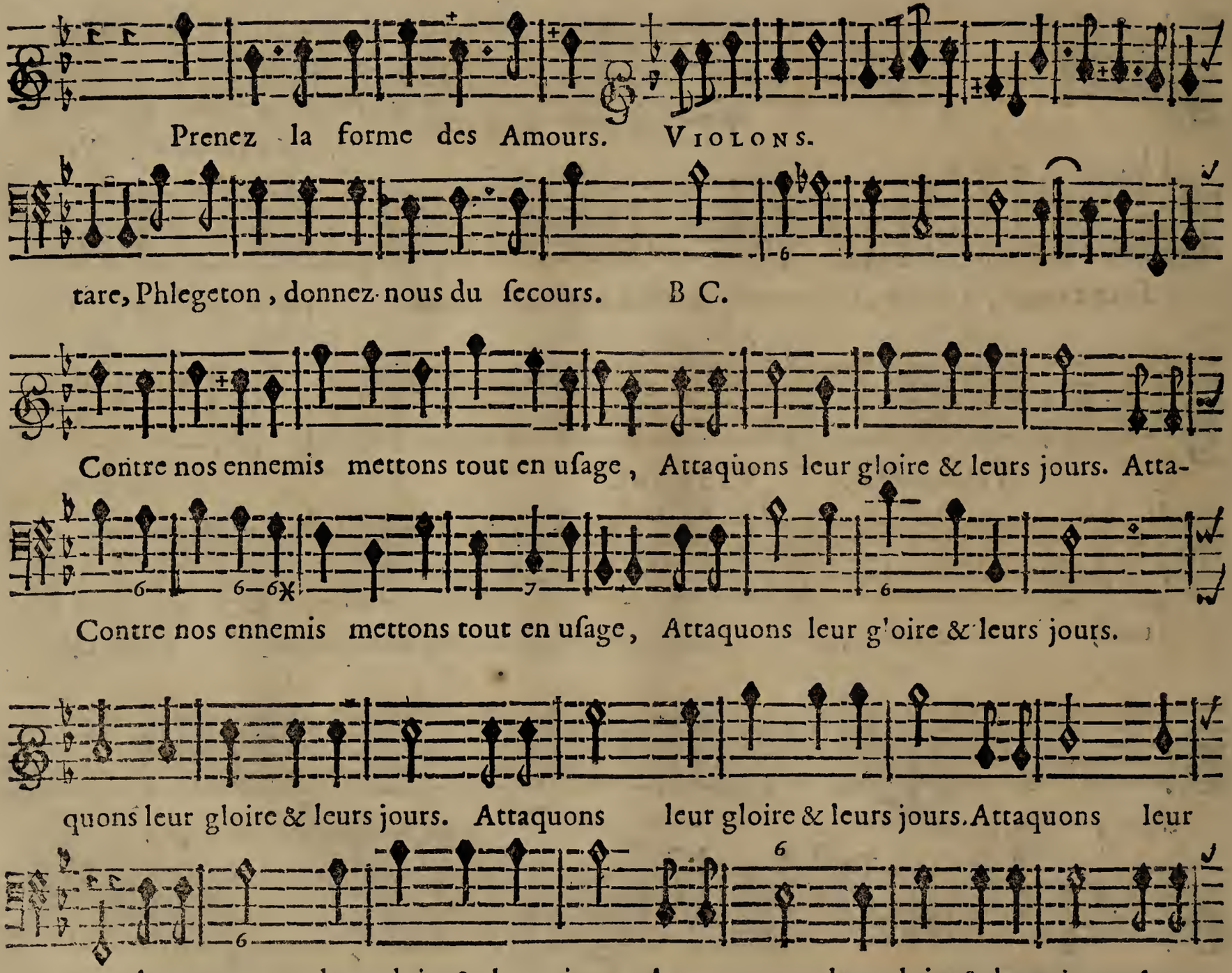
Contre nos ennemis mettons tout en uſage, Attaquons leur gloire & leurs jours.

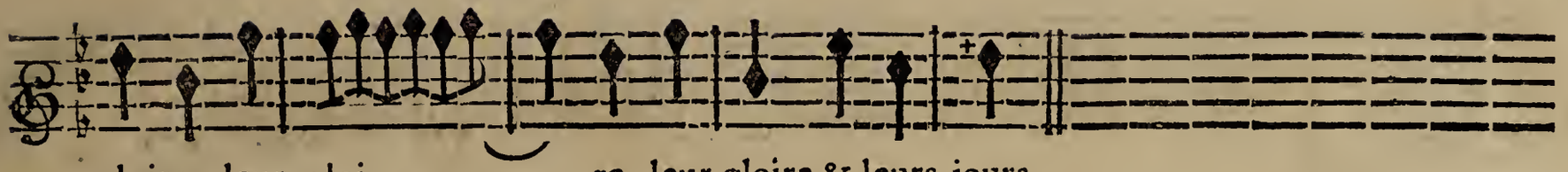

quons leur gloire & leurs jours. Attaquons leur gloire & leurs jours. Attaquons leur
Attaquons leur gloire & leurs jours. Attaquons leur gloire & leurs jours. Atta-
gloire, leur gloi- re, leur gloire & leurs jours. VIOLONS.
quons leur gloire, Attaquons leur gloire & leurs jours. B-C.
Contre nos ennemis mettons tout en uſage, Attaquons leur
B-C. Contre nos ennemis mettons tout en uſage, B C. Atta-


gloire & leurs jours, leur gloi- re, Attaquons leur gloire & leurs
quons leur gloire & leurs jours. Attaquons leur gloire, Attaquons leur gloire & leurs
jours. Volez Demons, volez, volez pour vaincre leur courage, Prenez la forme des A-
jours. Volez Demons, volez, volez pour vaincre leur courage, Prenez la forme des A-
mours. Volez Demons, volez, volez pour vaincre leur cou-
mours. Volez Demons, volez, volez pour vaincre leur cou-


rage, Prenez la forme des Amours. VIOLONS. Contre nos enne-
rage, Prenez la forme des Amours. B. C. Contre nos enne-
mis mettons tout en uſage, Attaquons leur gloire & leurs jours. Attaquons leur
mis mettons tout en uſage, Attaquons leur gloire & leurs jours. Atta-
gloire & leurs jours. Attaquons leur gloire, leur gloire & leurs jours. VIOLONS.
quons leur gloire & leurs jours. Attaquons leur gloire & leurs jours. Pour en faire un af-


Volez Demons, Viol.
freux ravage, Tartare, Phlegeton, donnez-nous du secours. Volez Demons, Tar-
Volez, volez, Violons. Volez De-
tare, Volez, volez, Phlegeton, donnez-nous du secours. Volez De-
mons, volez, volez pour vaincre leur courage,
mons, volez, volez pour vaincre leur courage. Tar-

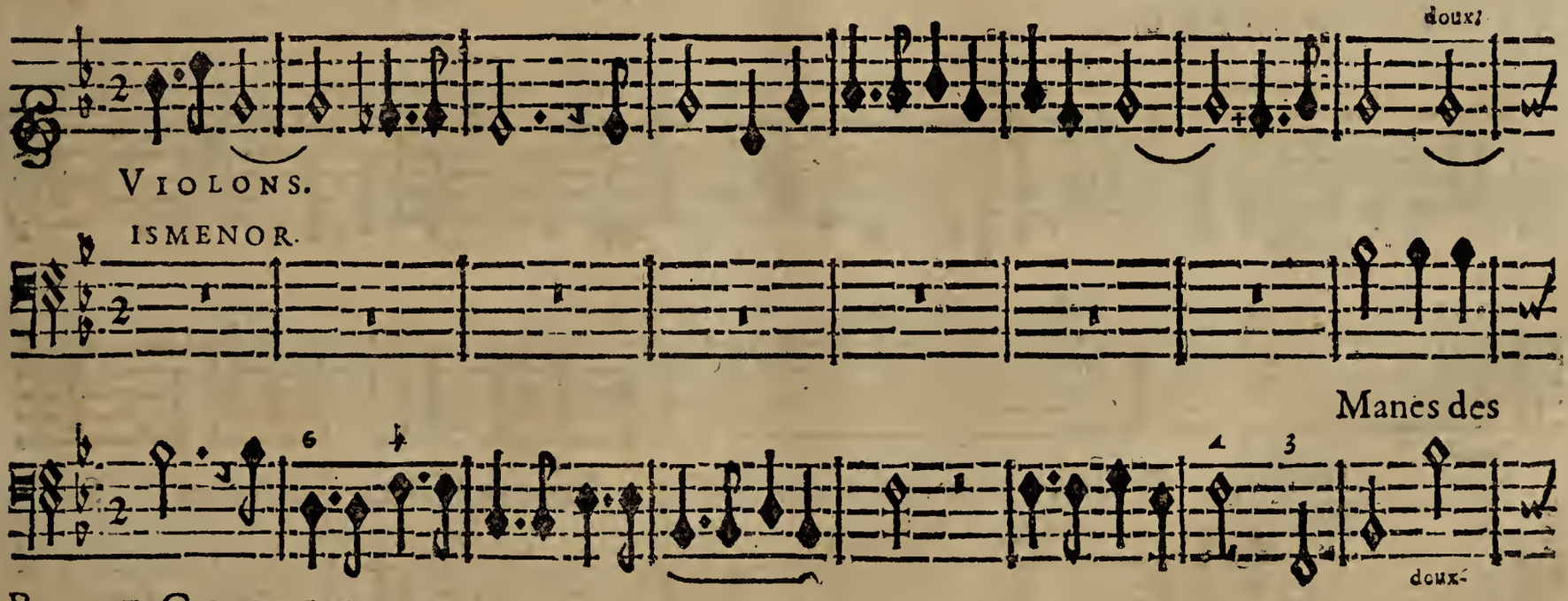

Prenez la forme des Amours. VIOLONS.
tare, Phlegeton, donnez-nous du ſecours. B C.
Contre nos ennemis mettons tout en uſage, Attaqùons leur gloire & leurs jours. Atta-
Contre nos ennemis mettons tout en uſage, Attaquons leur gloire & leurs jours.
quons leur gloire & leurs jours. Attaquons leur gloire & leurs jours. Attaquons leur
Attaquons leur gloire & leurs jours. Atta- quons leur gloire & leurs jours. Atta-



gloire, leur gloi- re, leur gloire & leurs jours.

quons leur gloire, Attaquons leur gloire & leurs jours.

On reprend le deuxiéme Air page 48.



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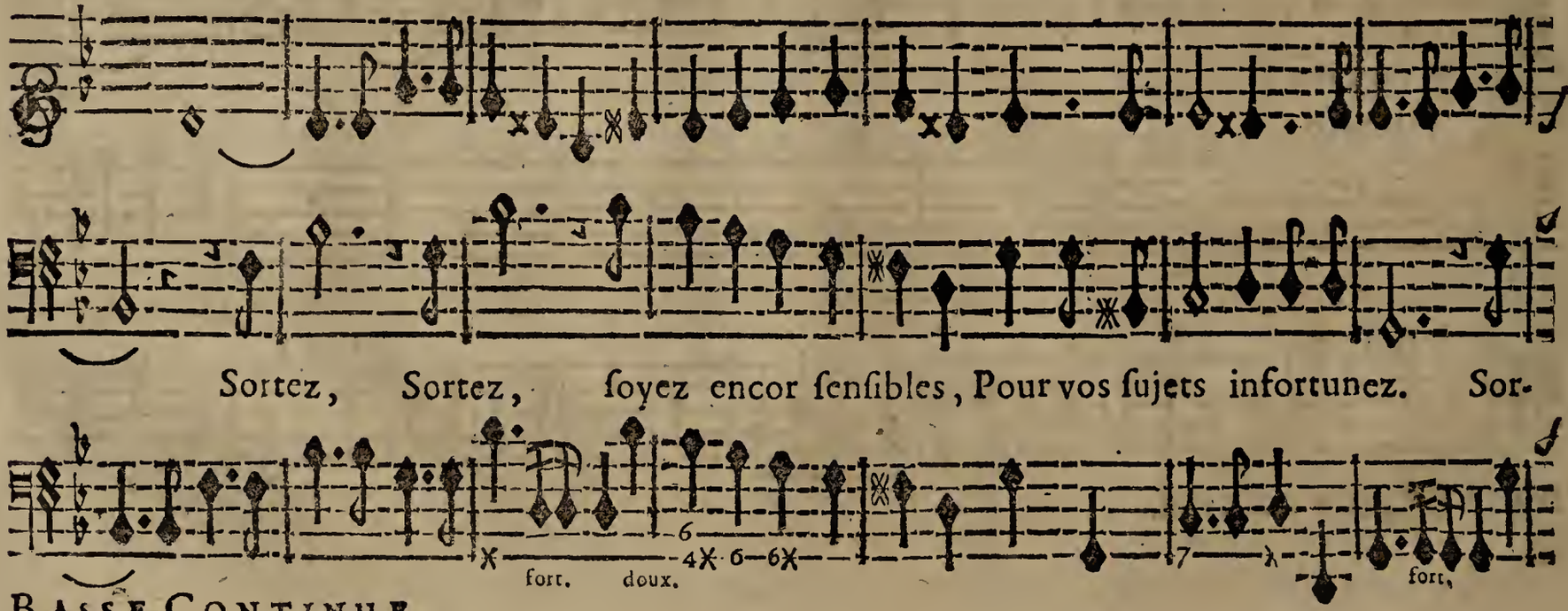

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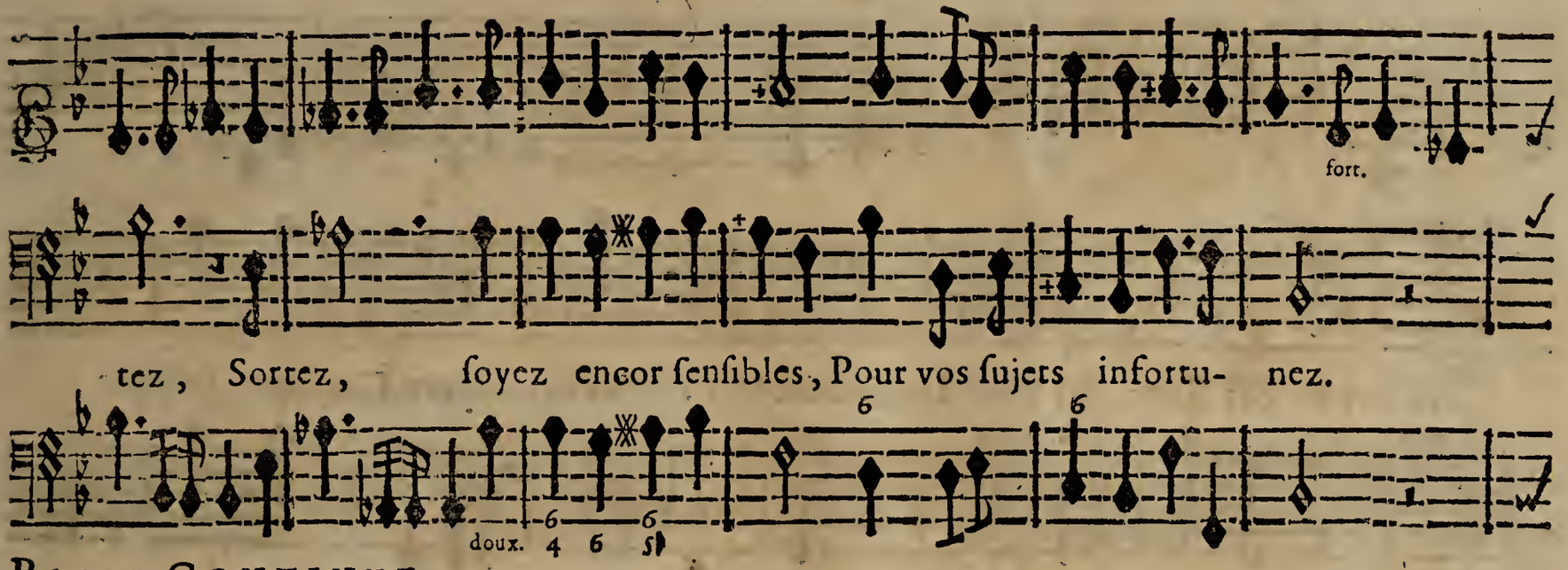
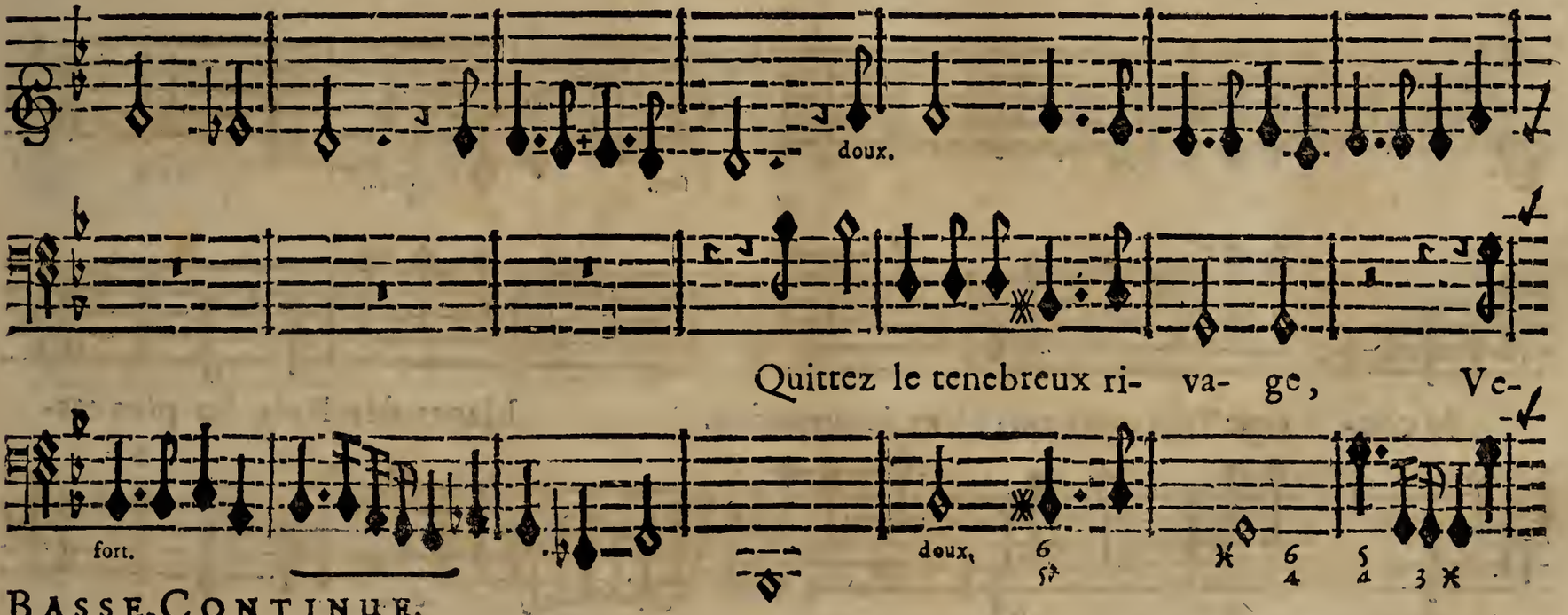
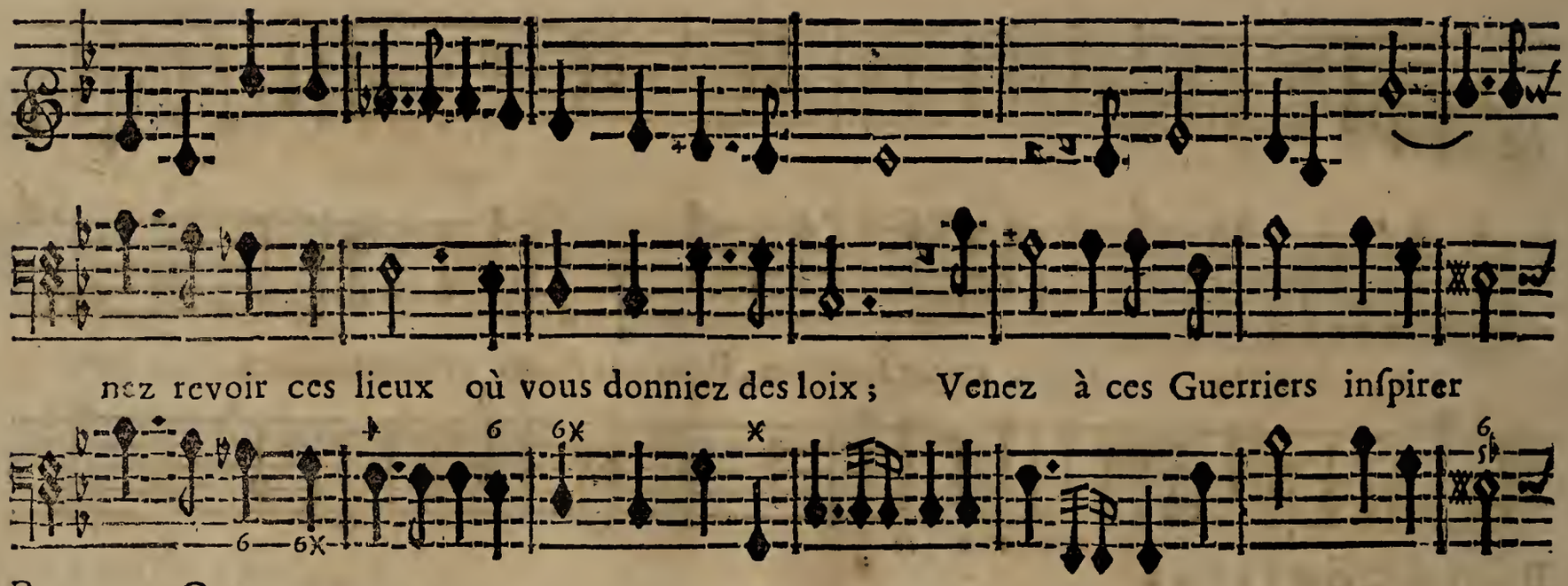


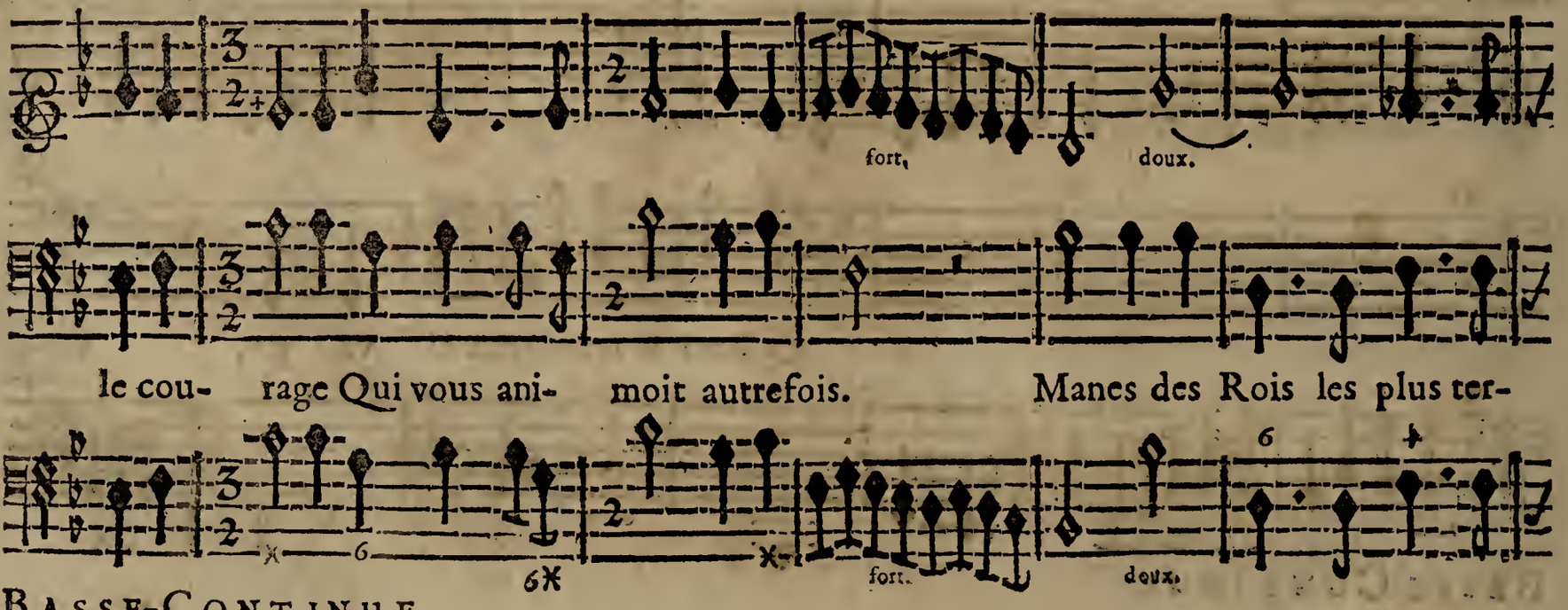
BASSE-CONTINUE.



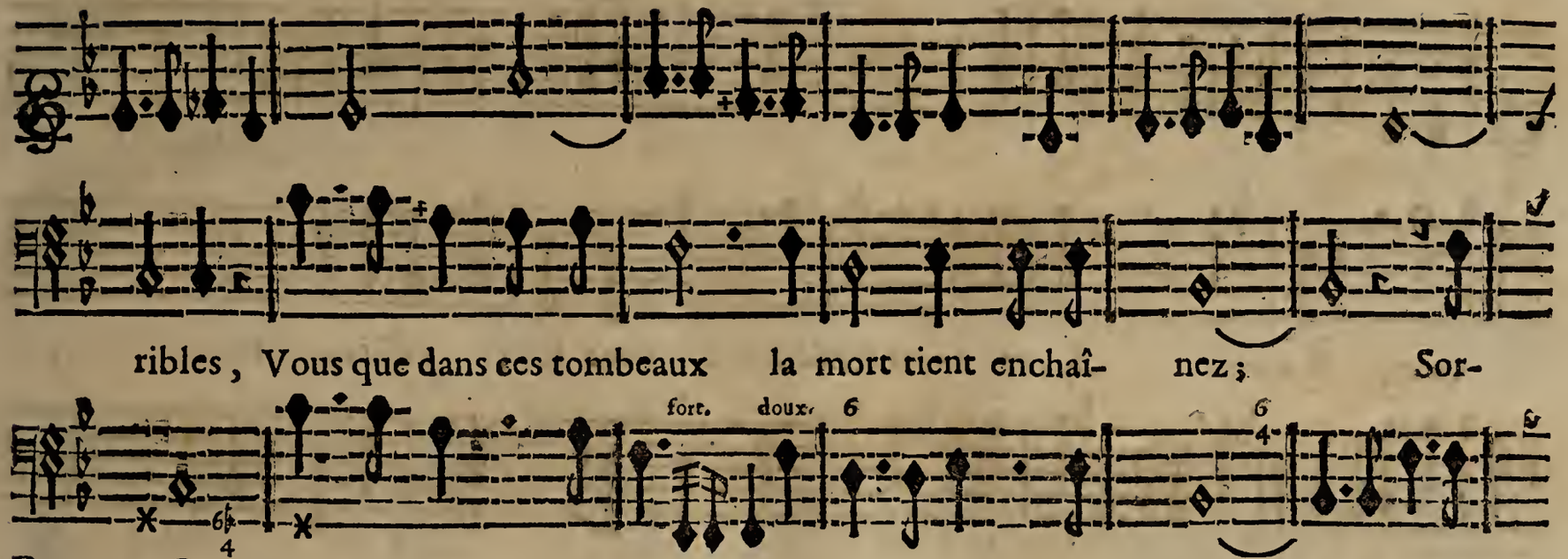
BASSE-CONTINUE.

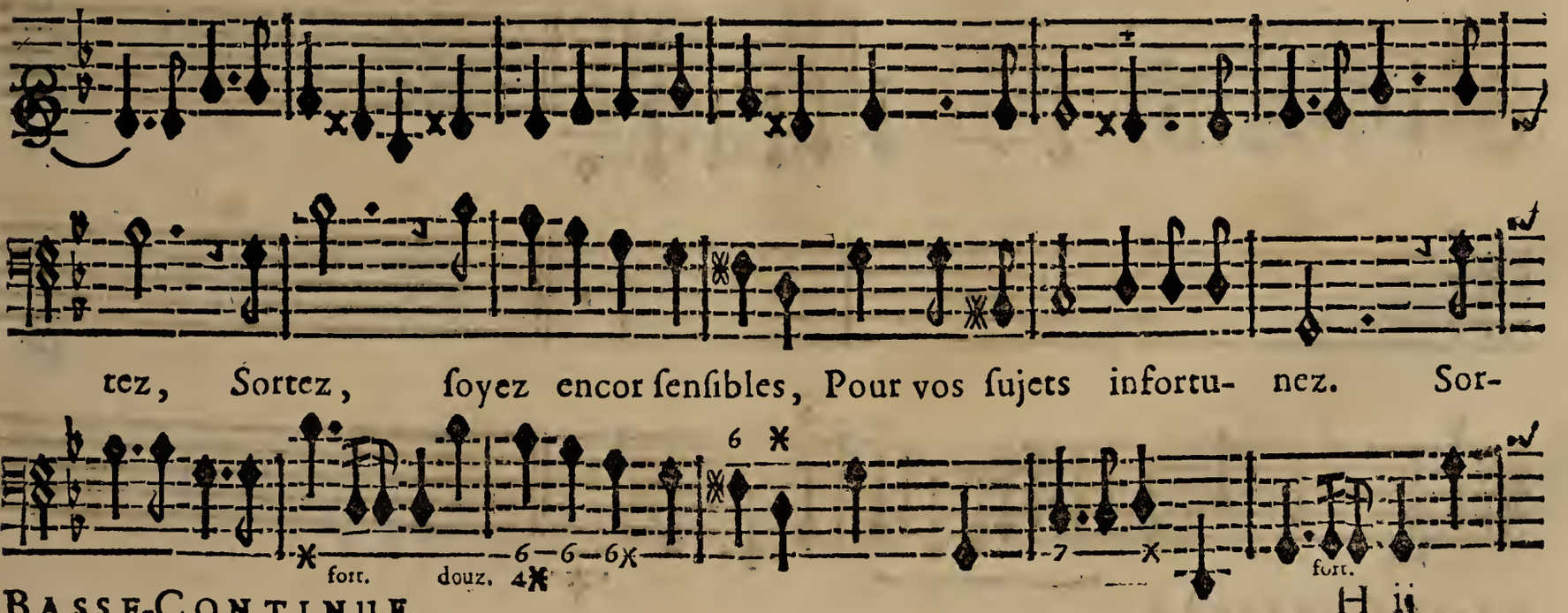


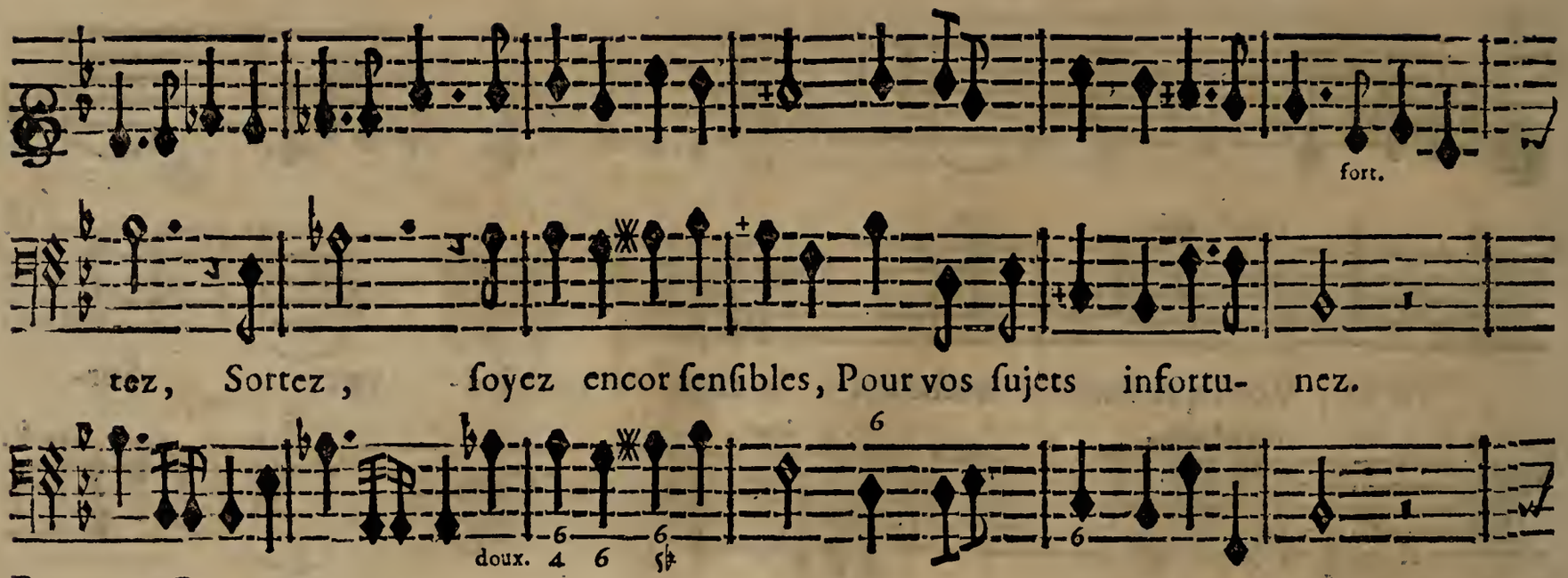
BASSE-CONTINUE.



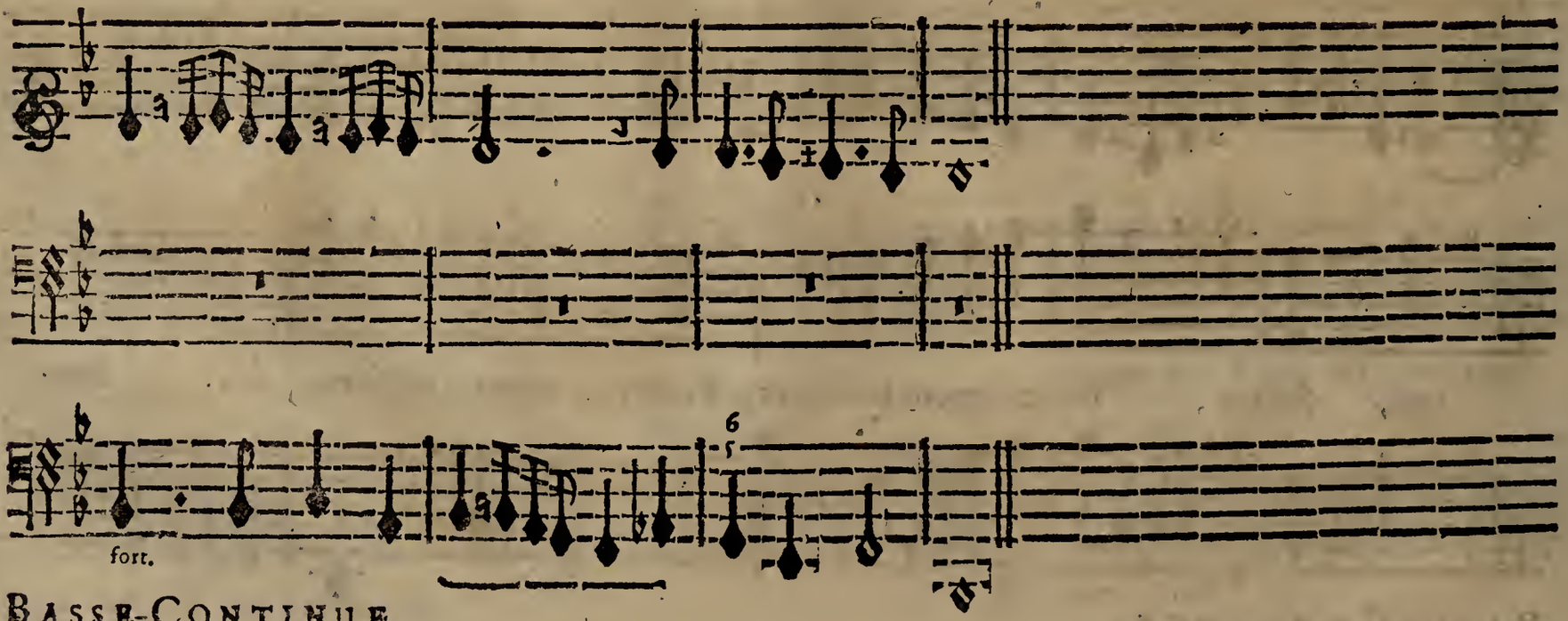
BASSE-CONTINUE.


ribles, Vous que dans ces tombeaux la mort tient enchaî- nez; Sor-
fort. doux.
BASSE-CONTINUE.

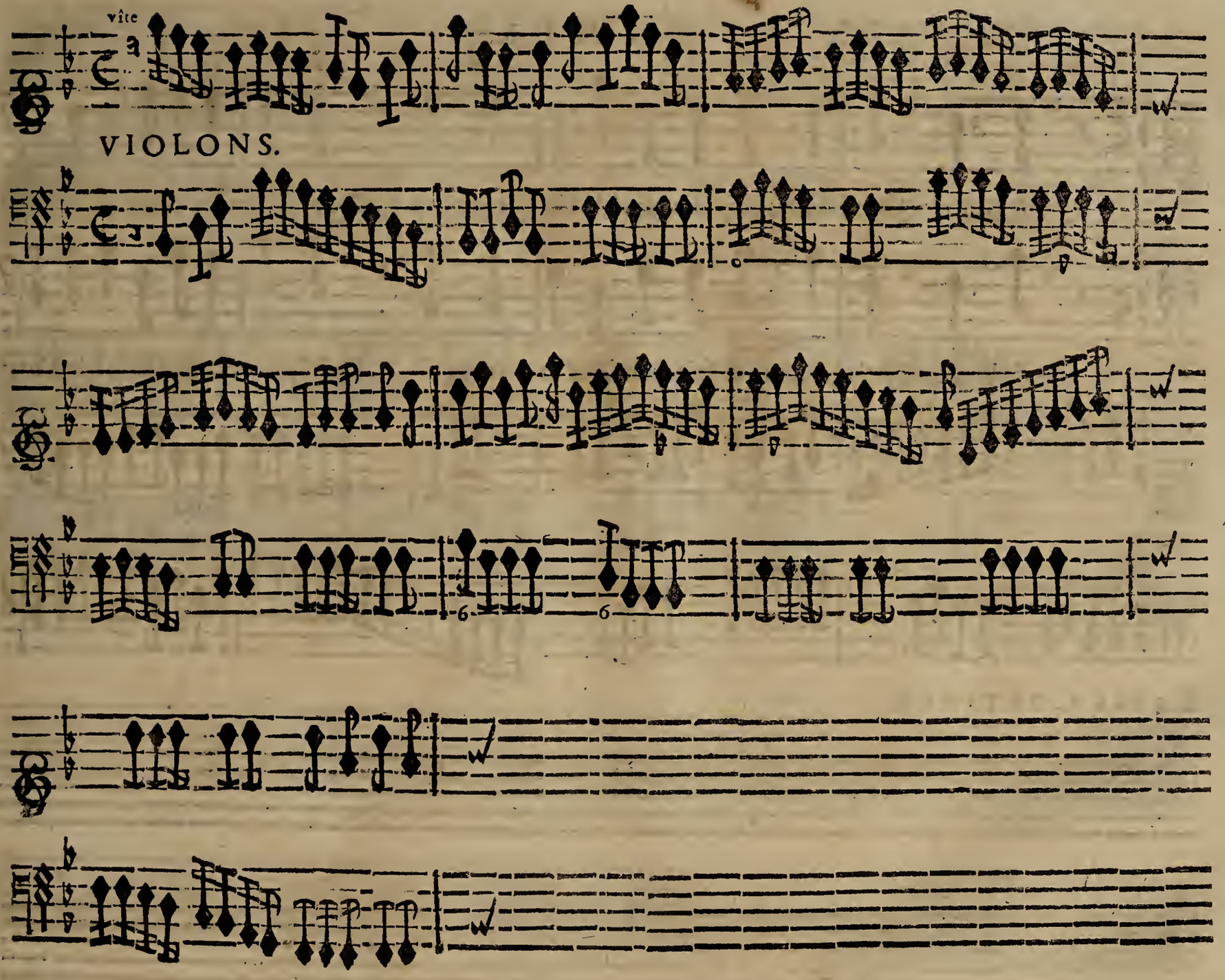

tez, Sortez, ſoyez encor ſenſibles, Pour vos ſujets infortu- nez. Sor-
fort. douz.
fort.
BASSE-CONTINUE.



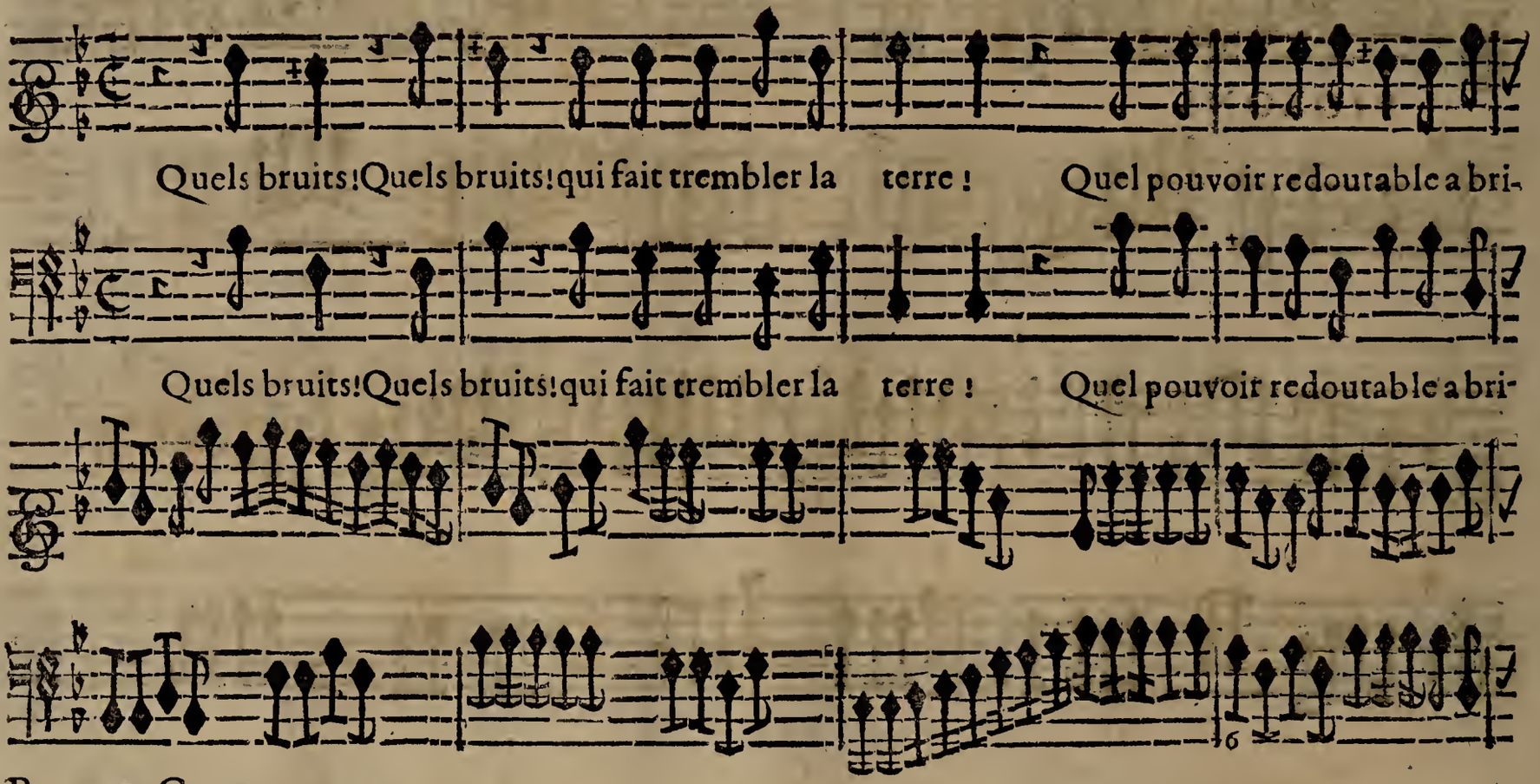
BASSE-CONTINUE.



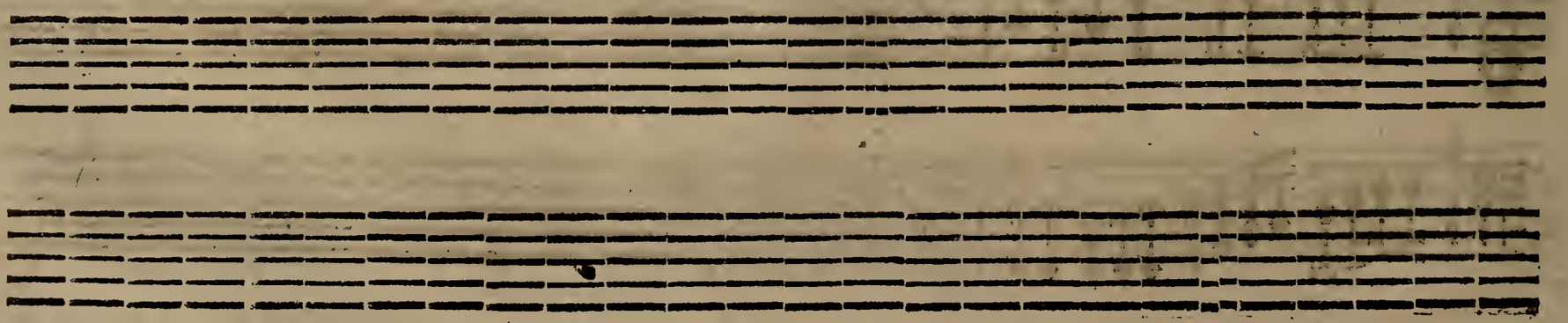
BASSE-CONTINUE.

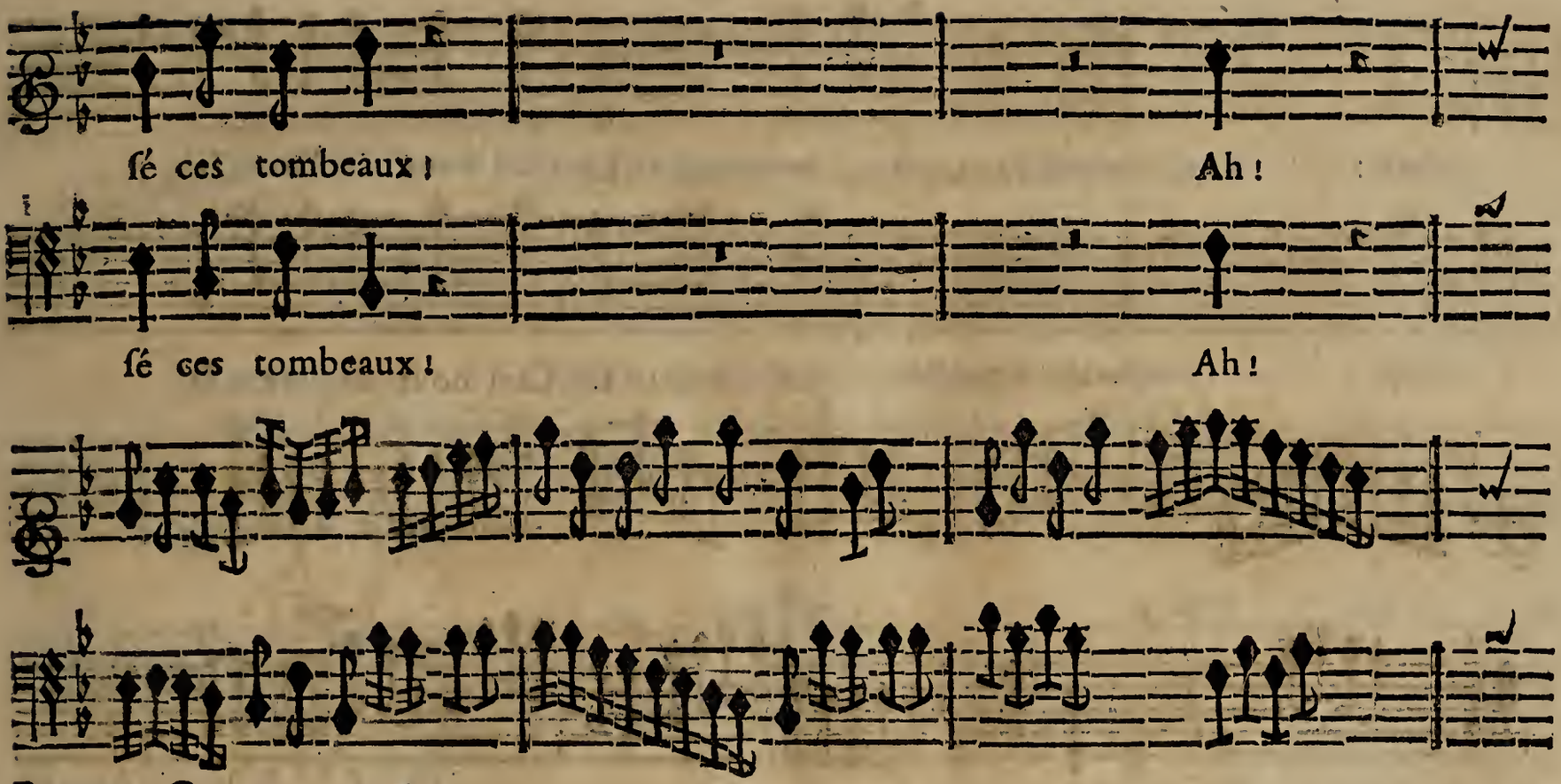

vîte
a
VIOLONS.

CHOEUR.

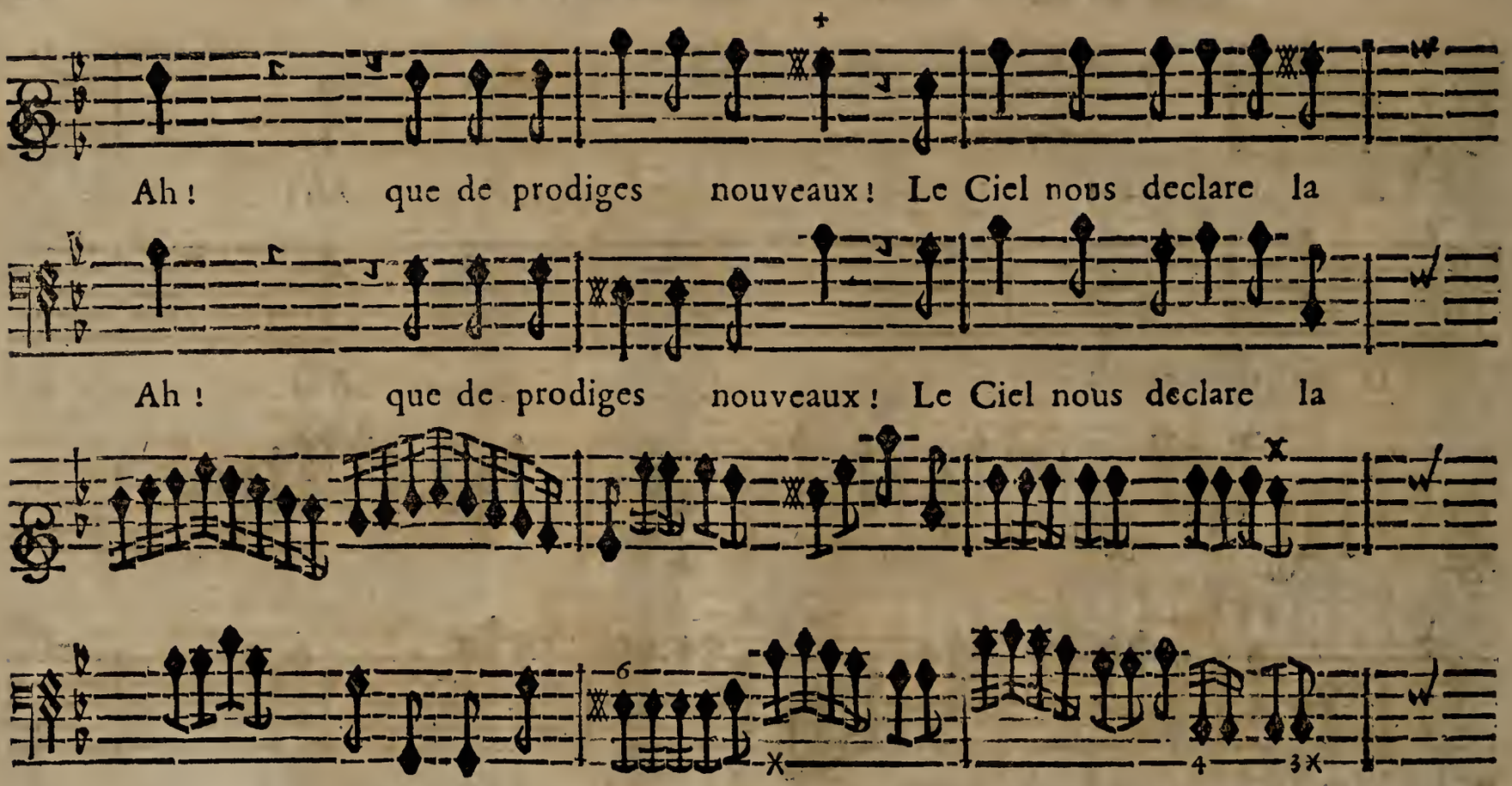


BASSE-CONTINUE.

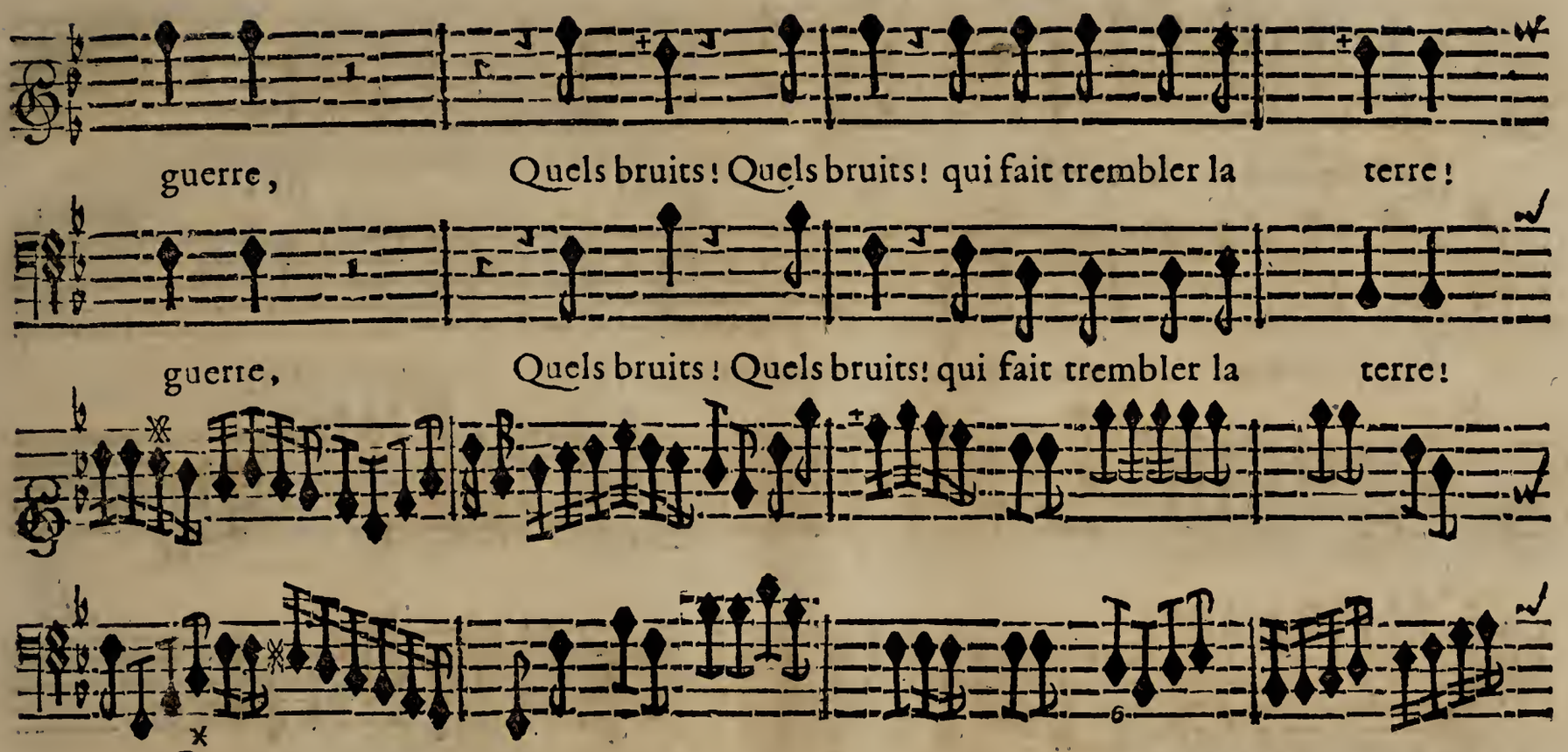




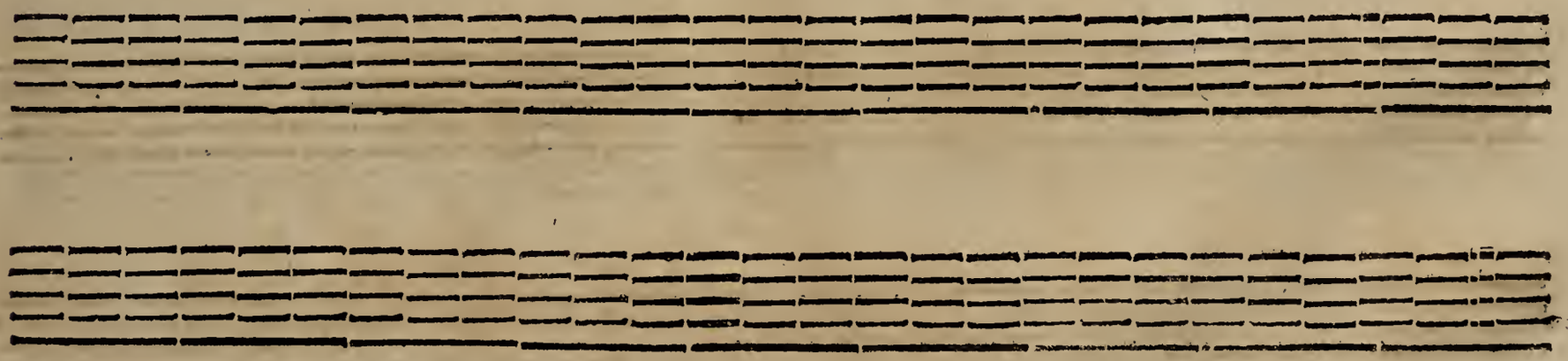
BASSE-CONTINUE.

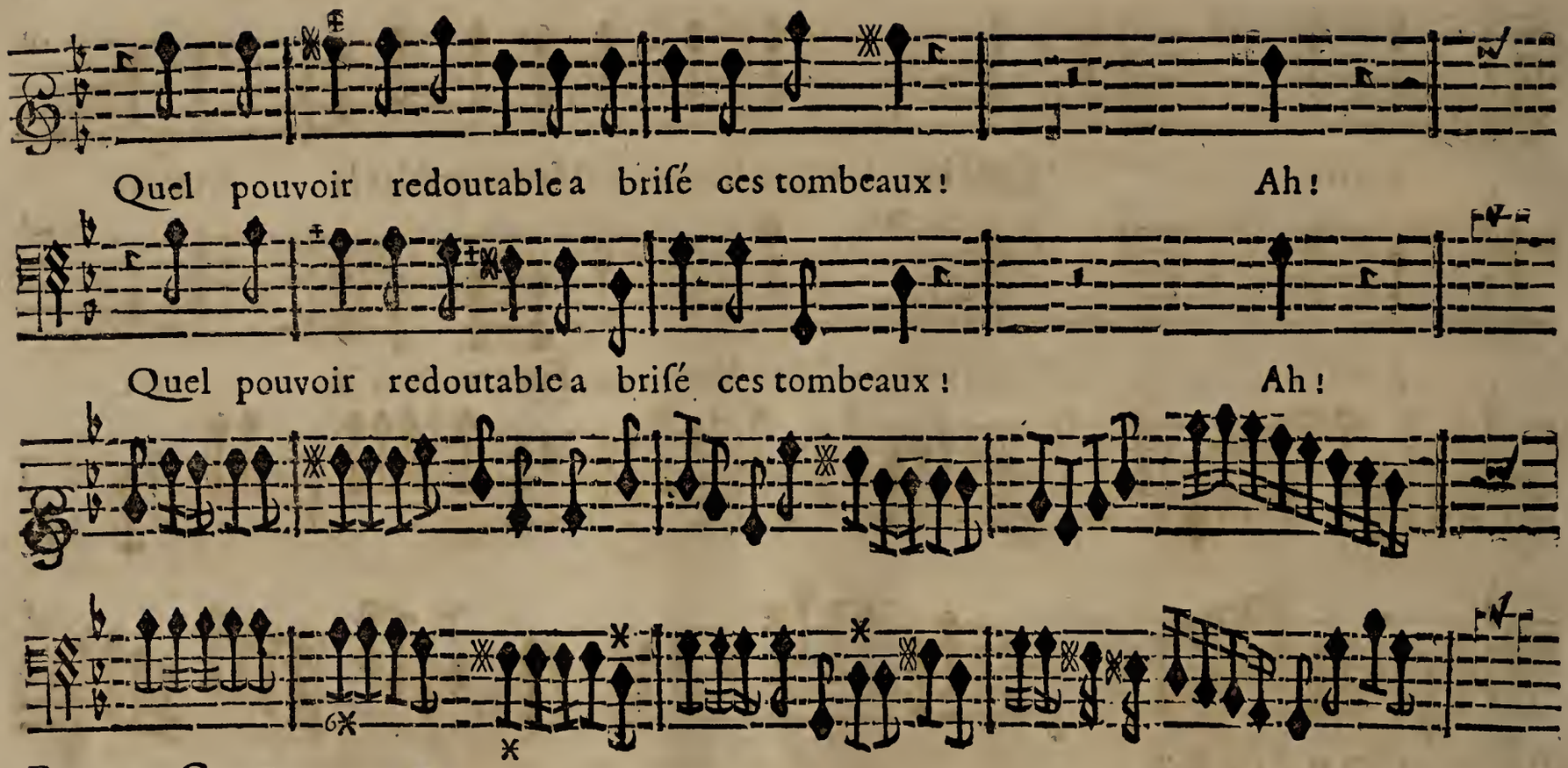


BASSE-CONTINUE.

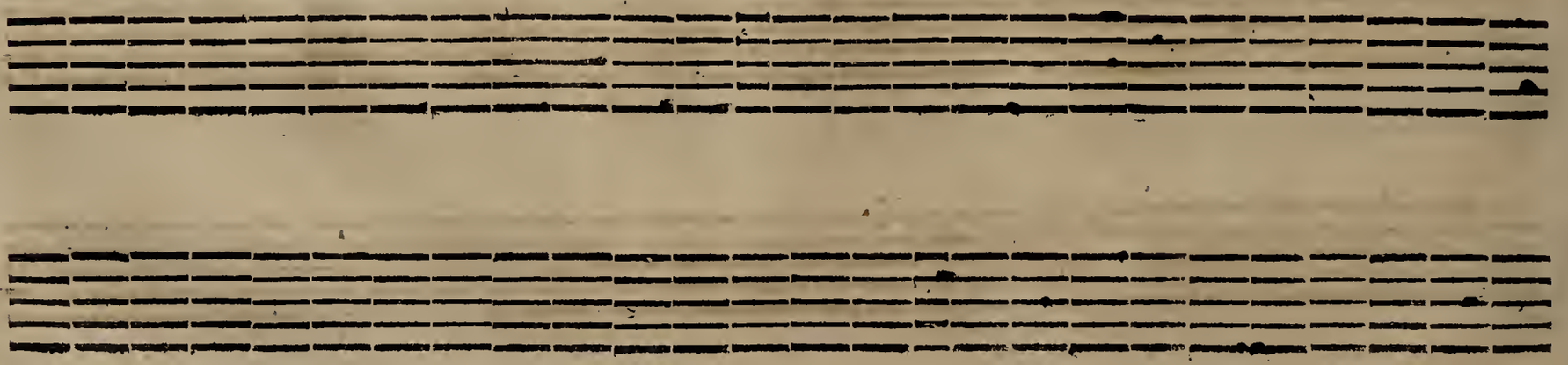


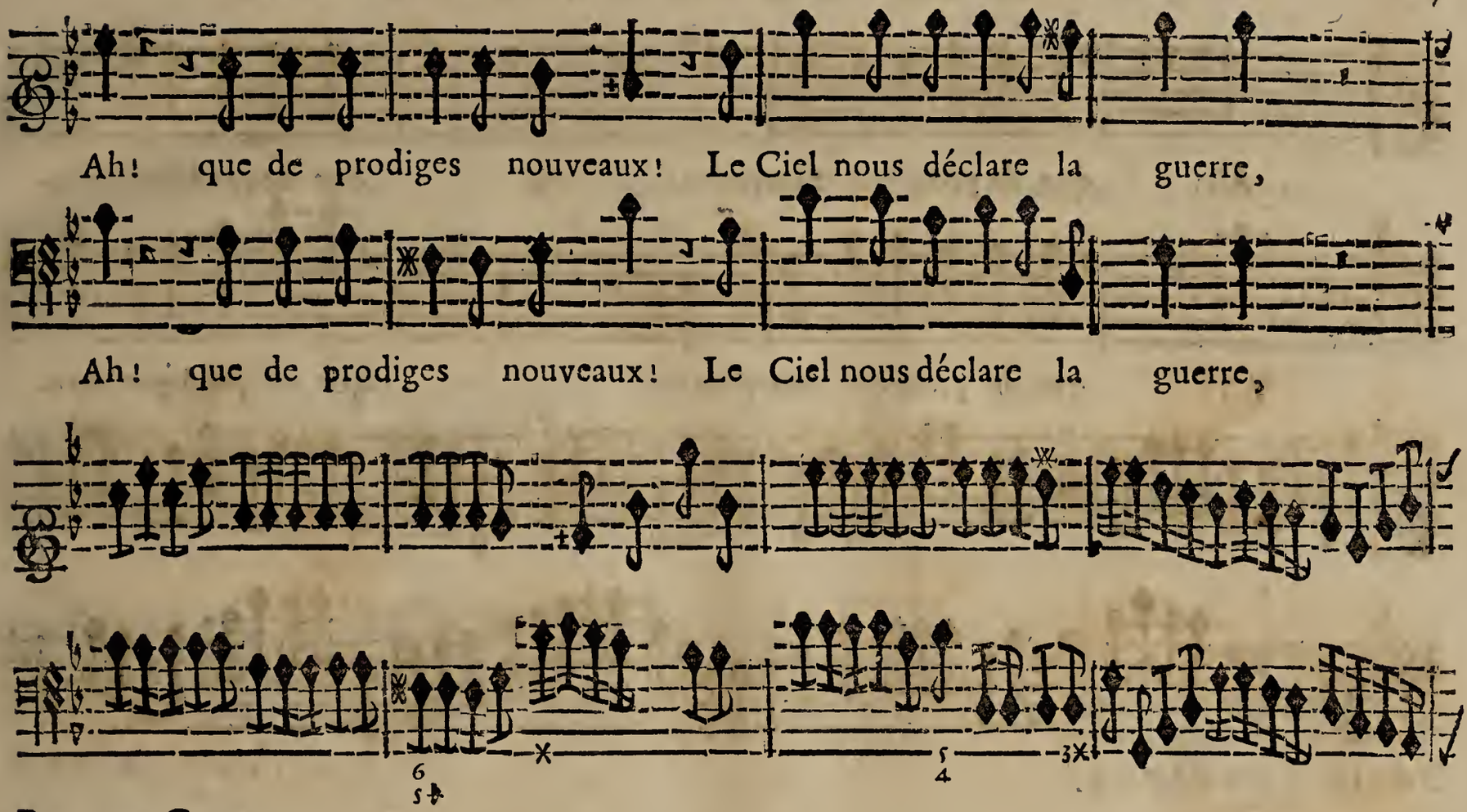
BASSE-CONTINUE.



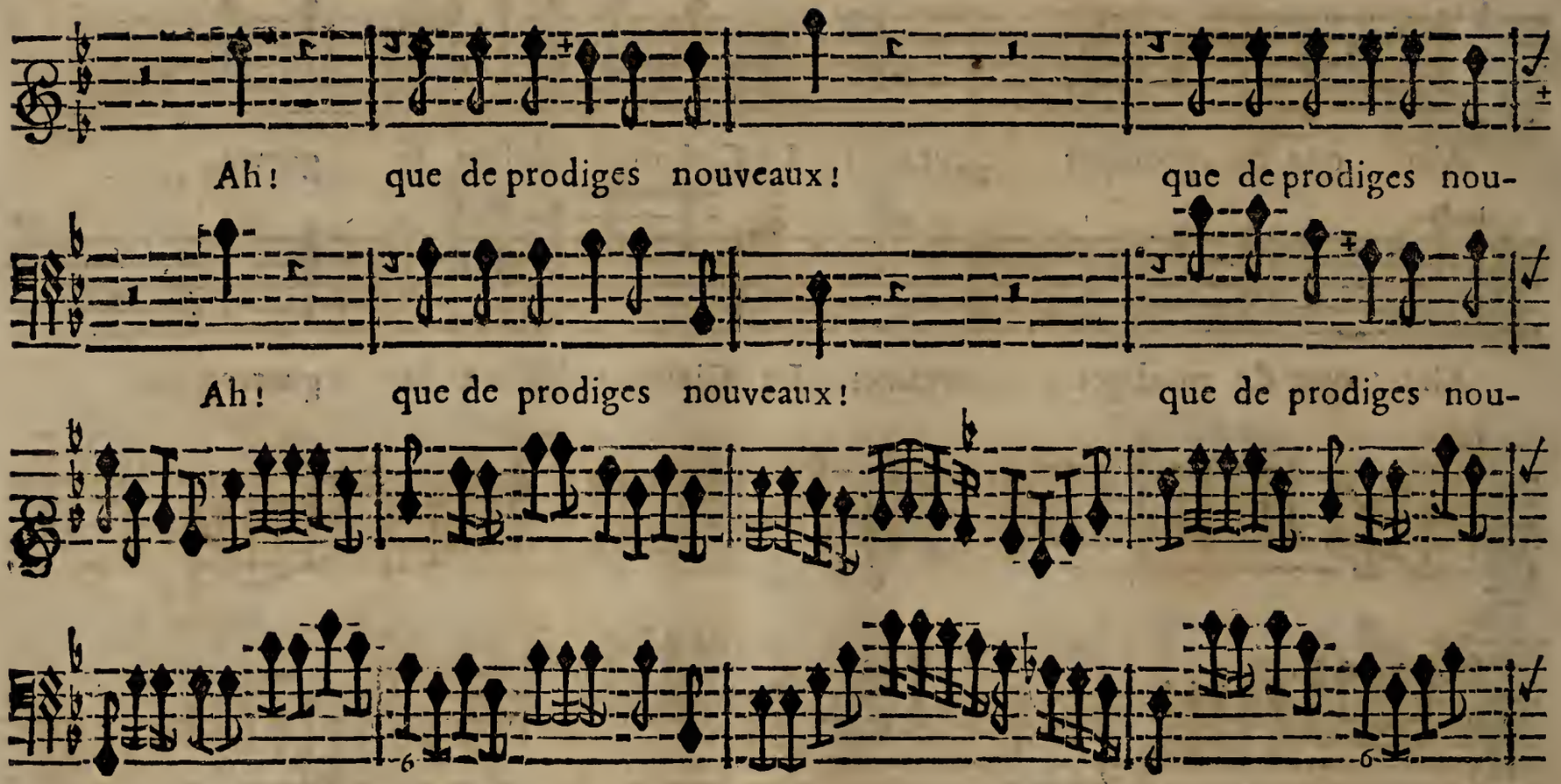


BASSE-CONTINUE.

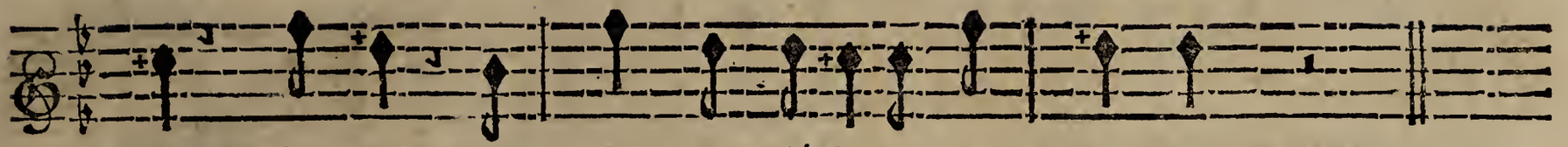




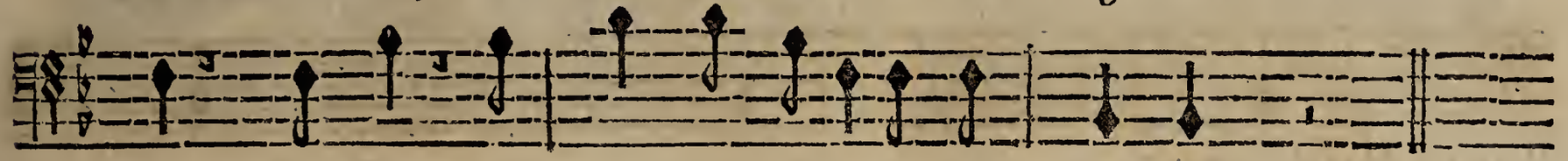
BASSE-CONTINUE.



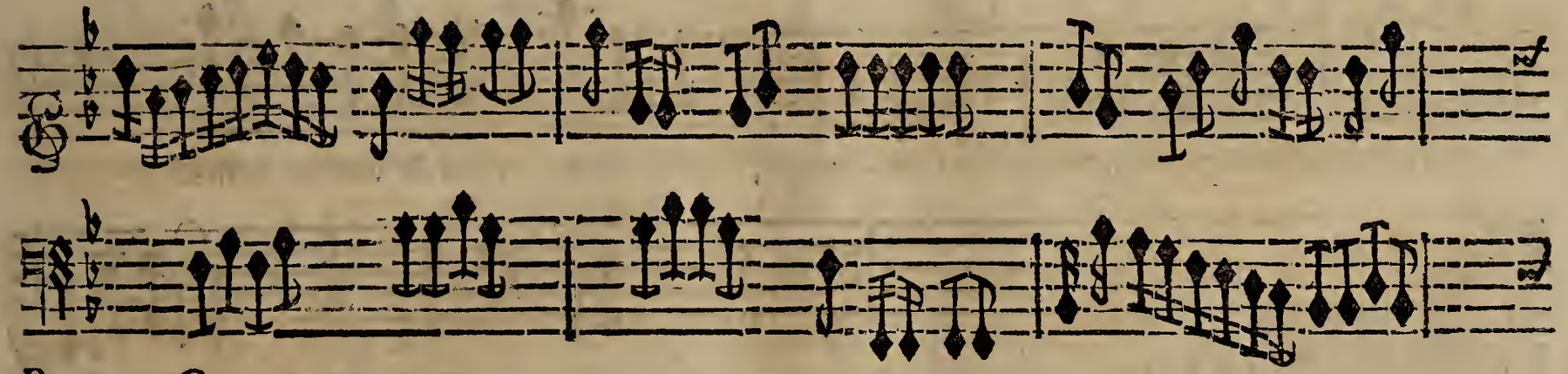
BASSE-CONTINUE.



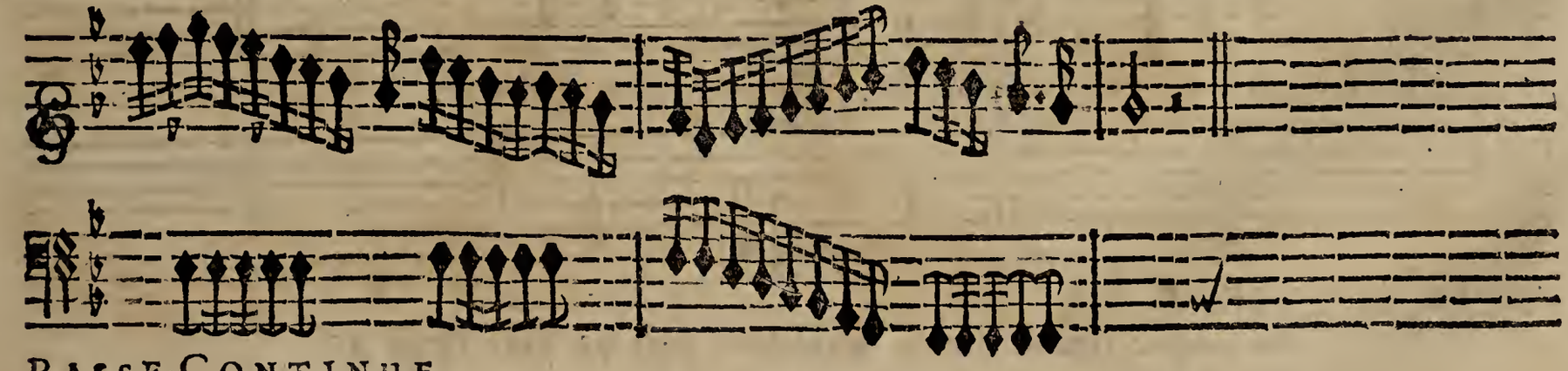
veaux! Le Ciel, Le Ciel nous déclare la guerre.



veaux! Le Ciel, Le Ciel nous déclare la guerre.

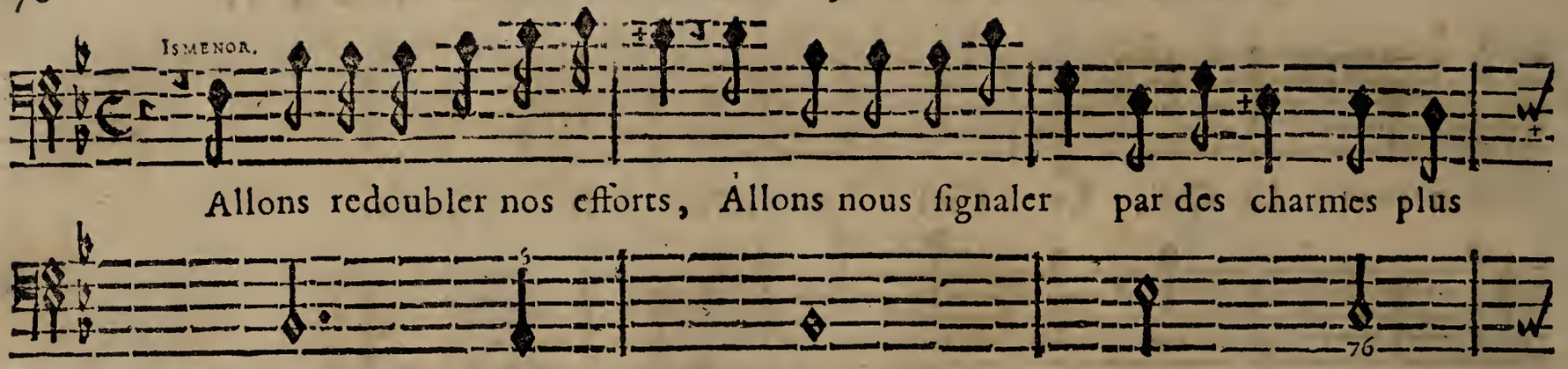


BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

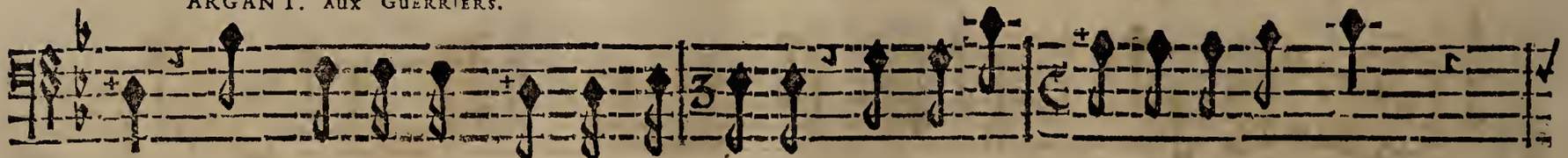
ISMENOR.



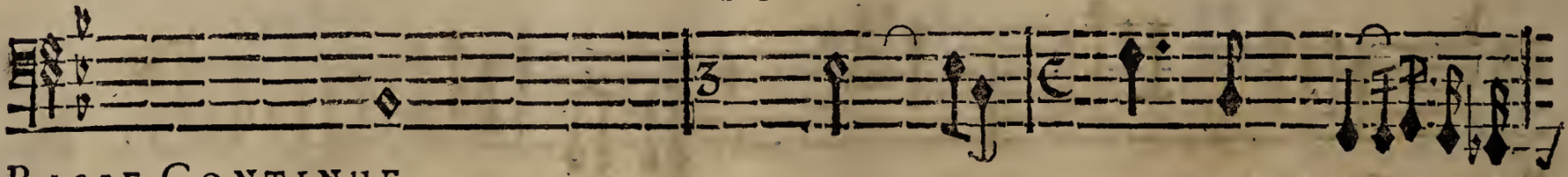
Allons redoubler nos efforts, Allons nous ſignaler par des charmes plus

BASSE-CONTINUE.

ARGANT. aux Guerriers.

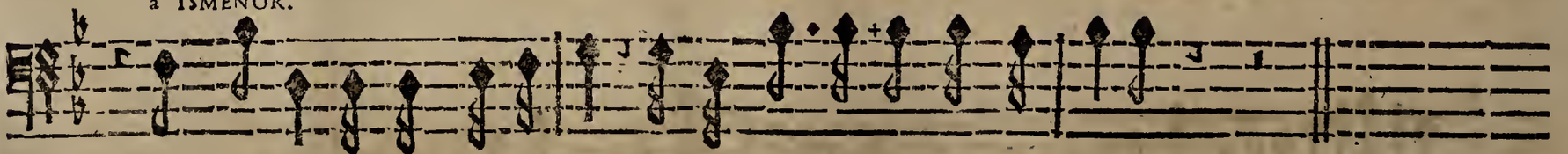


forts. Courons où l'honneur nous en- gage, Souvenez- vous de vos ſerments.

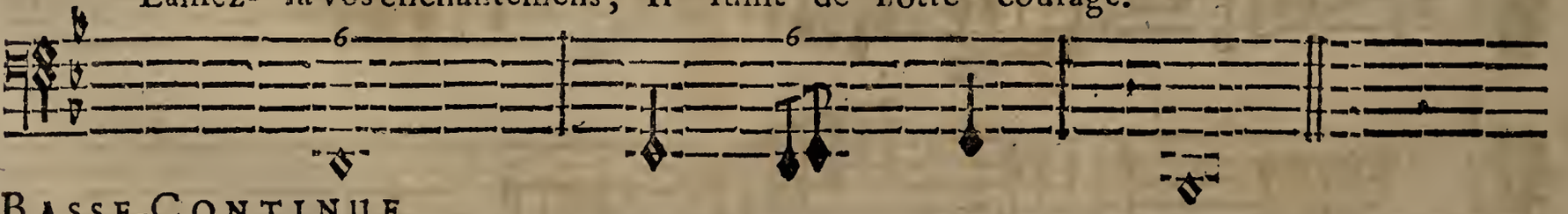


BASSE-CONTINUE.

à ISMENOR.



Laiſſez- là vos enchantemens, Il ſuffit de nôtre courage.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

On joüe le ſecond Air des Magiciens, page 48. pour l'Entr'Acte.

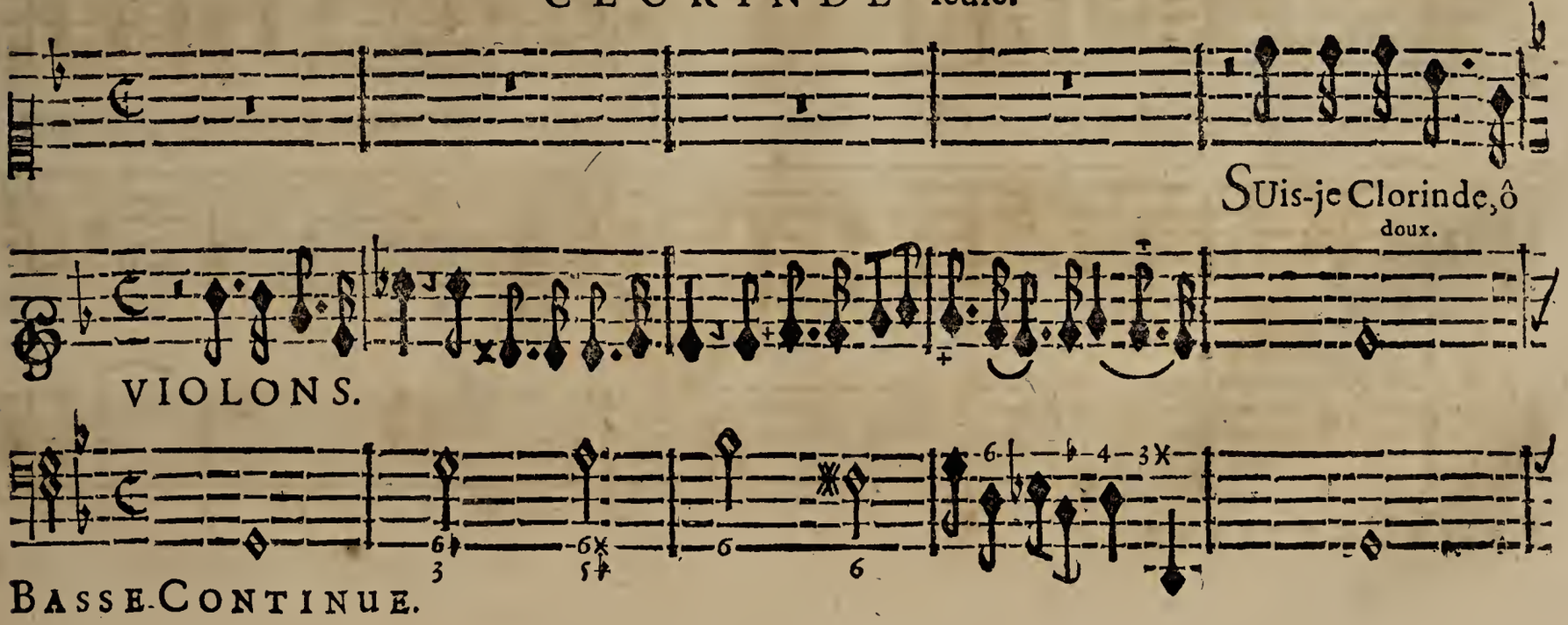
FIN DU PREMIER ACTE.

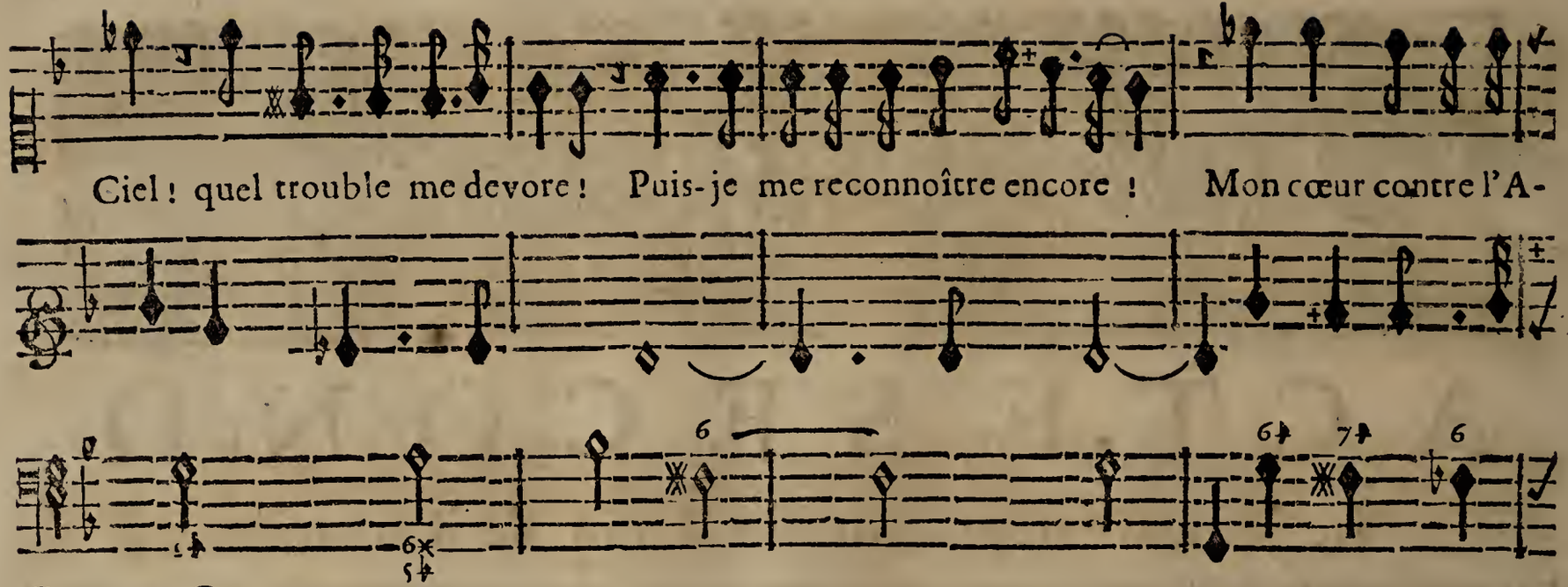
ACTE SECOND.

Le Theatre repreſente le Camp de Tancrede.

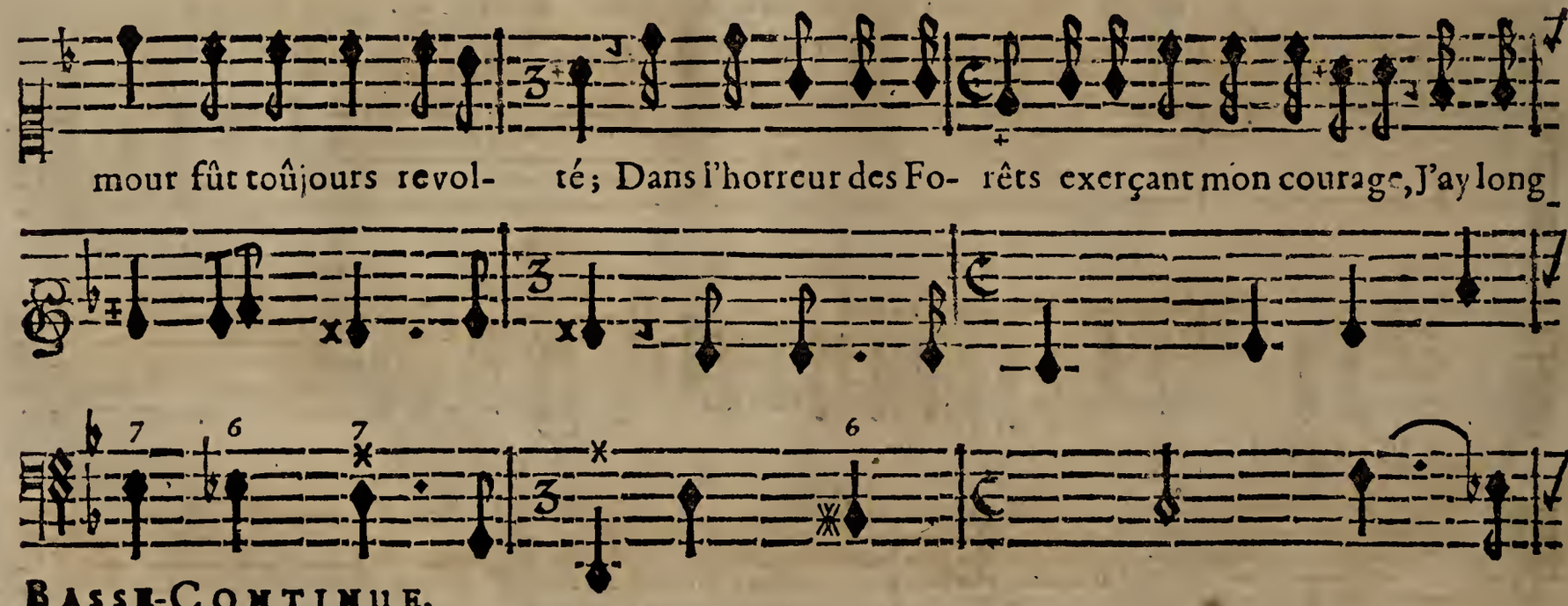
SCENE PREMIERE.

CLORINDE ſeule.

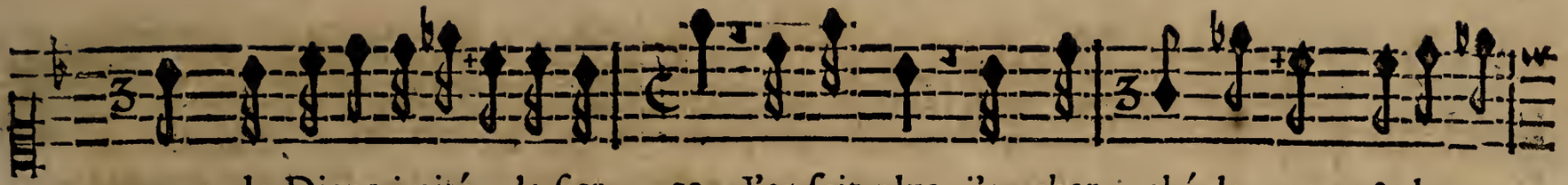




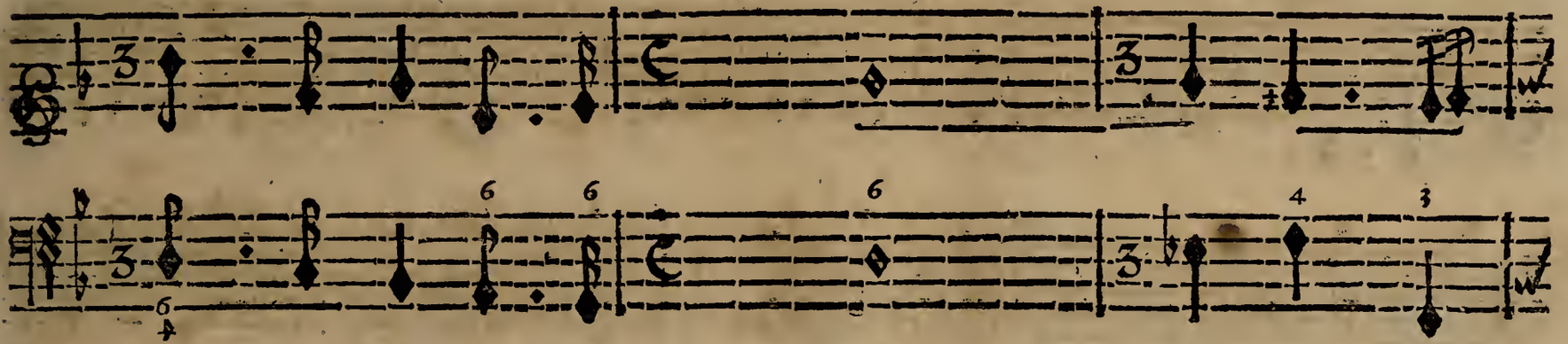
BASSE-CONTINUE.



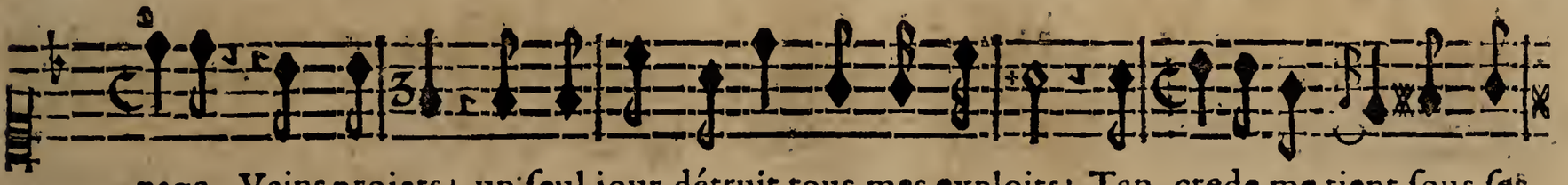
BASSE-CONTINUE.



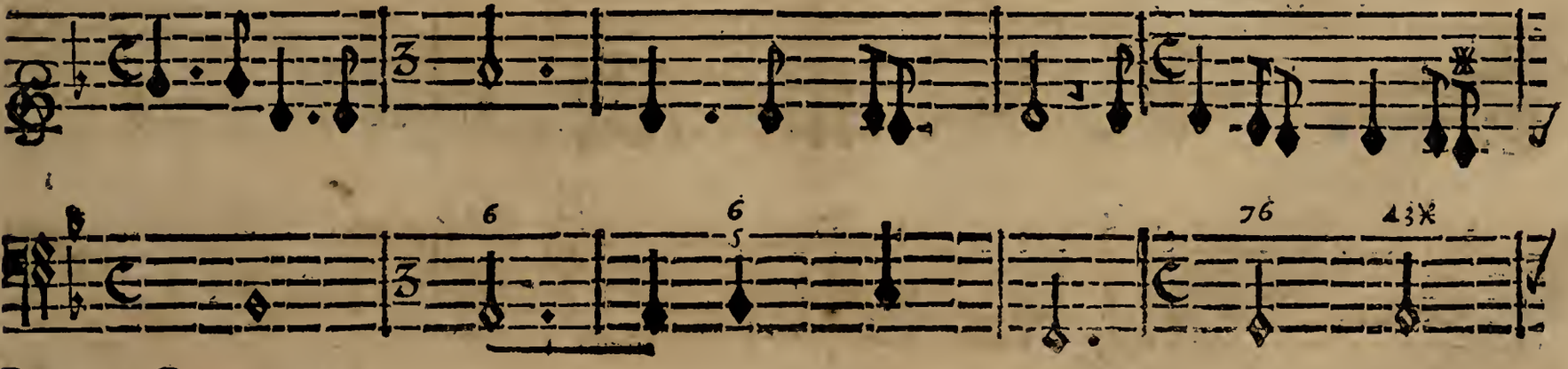
temps de Diane imité la fier- te, J'ay fait plus, j'ay cher- ché la guerre & le car-



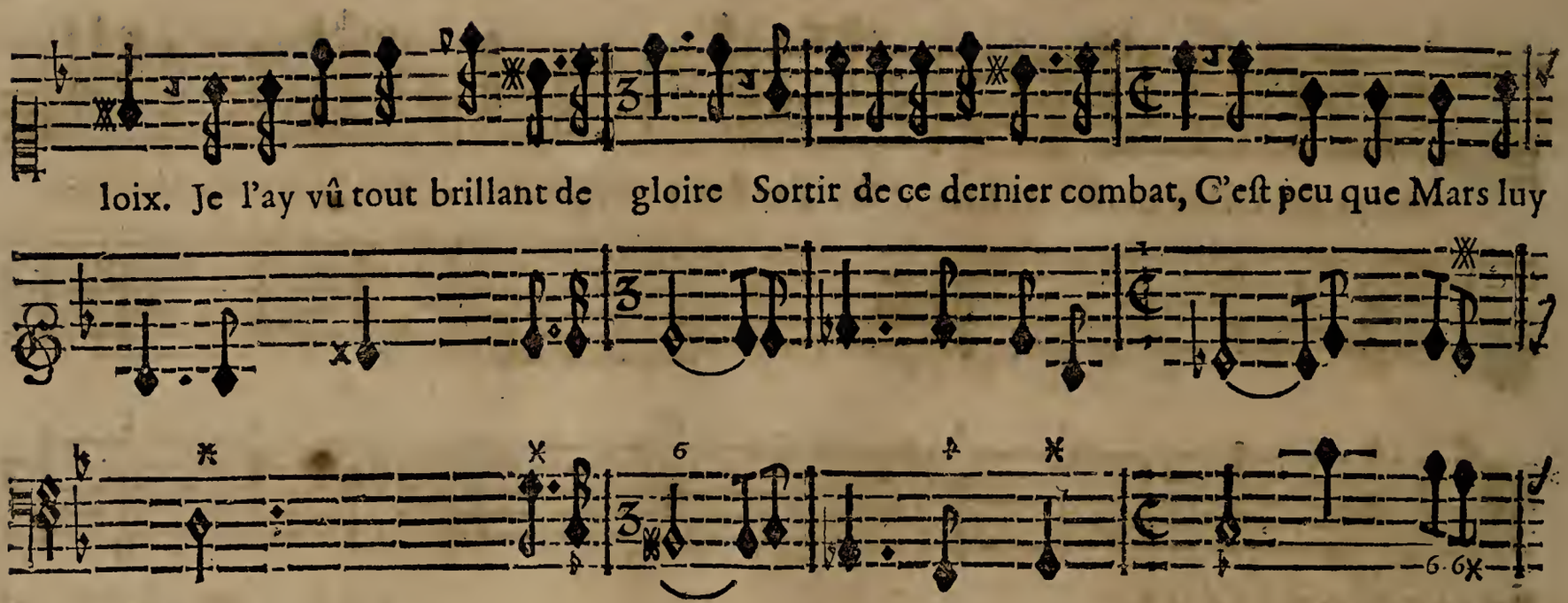
BASSE-CONTINUE.



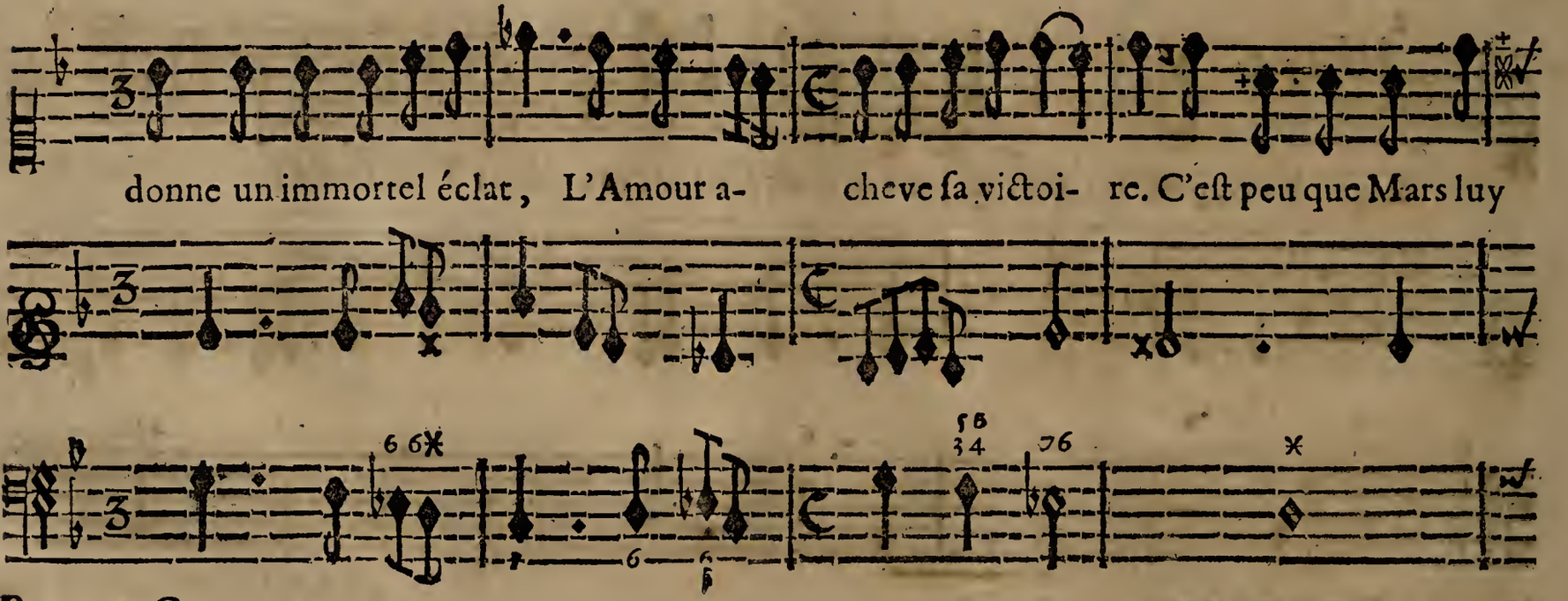
nage. Vains projets! un ſeul jour détruit tous mes exploits! Tan- crede me tient ſous ſes



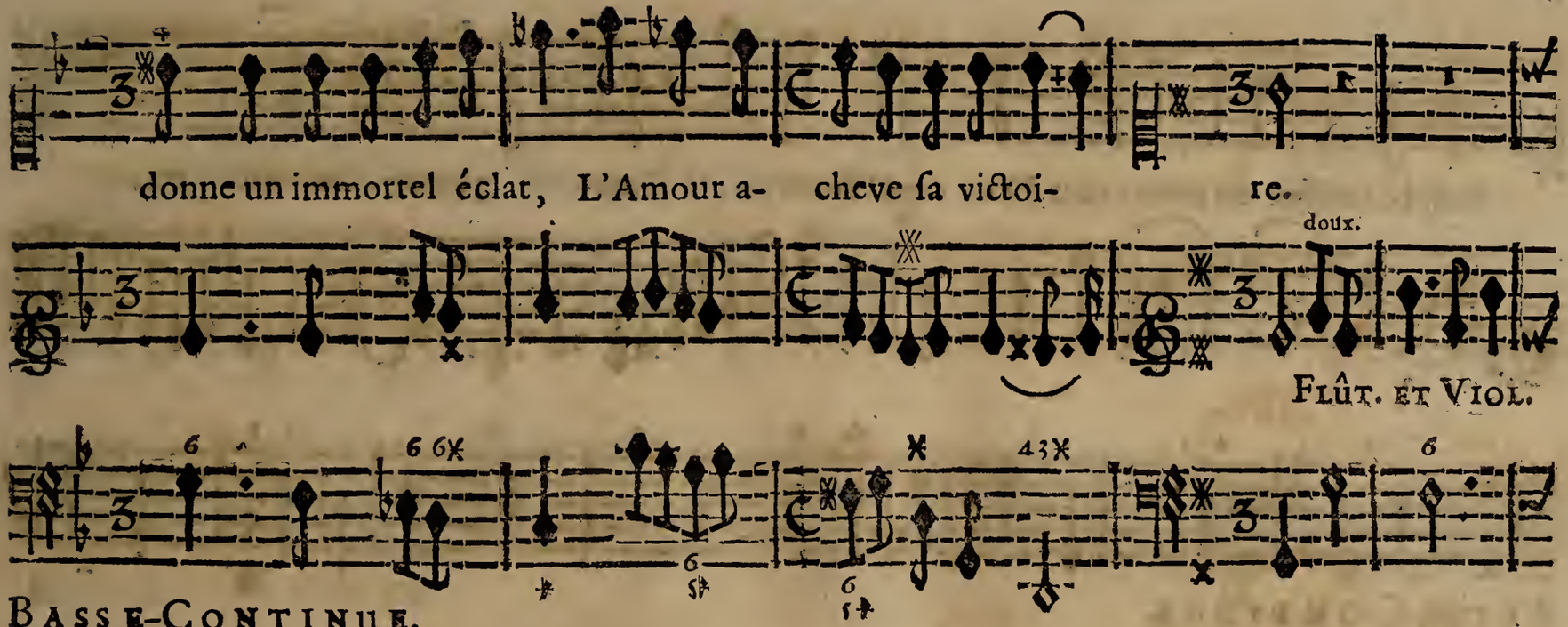
BASSE-CONTINUE.

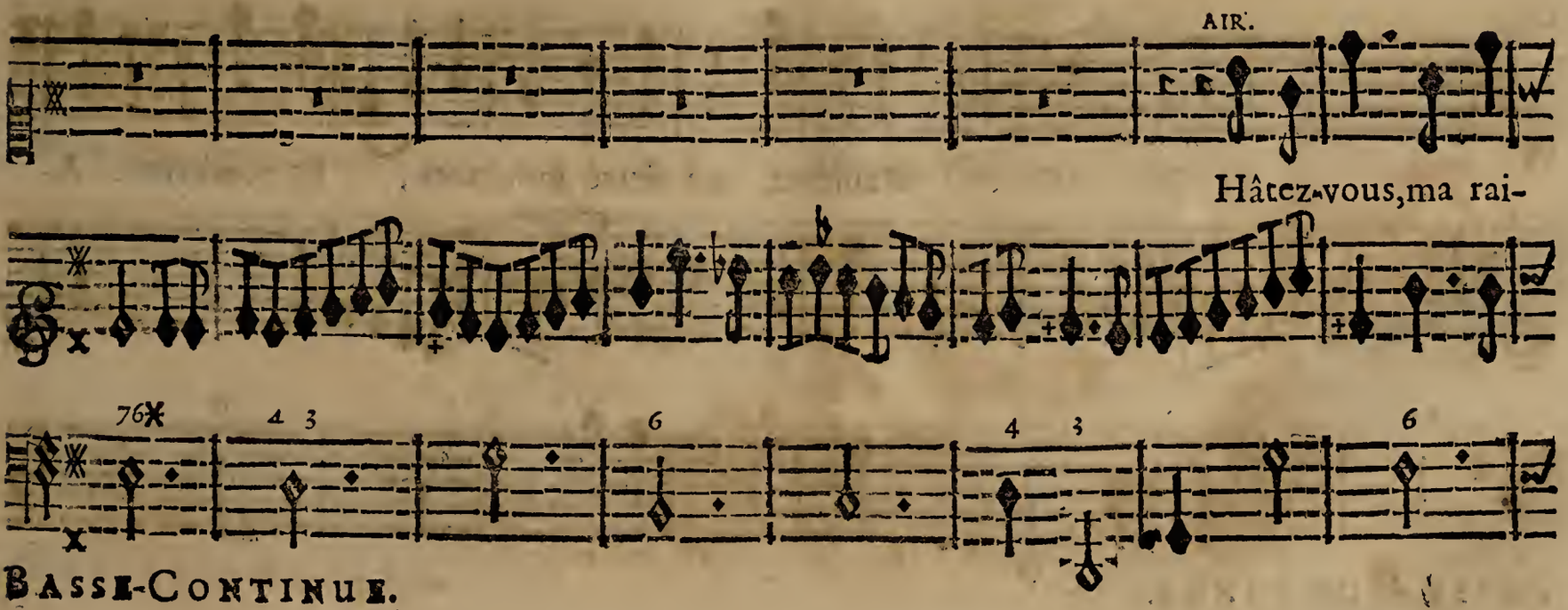


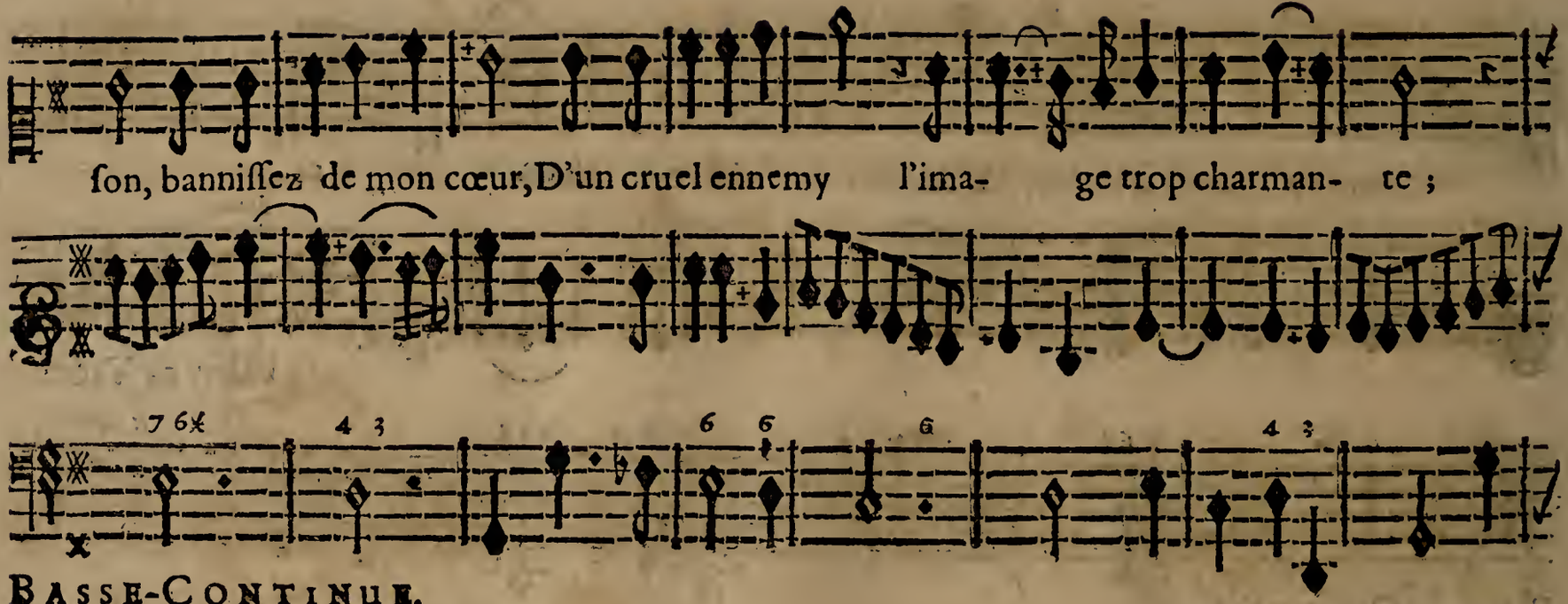
BASSE-CONTINUE.

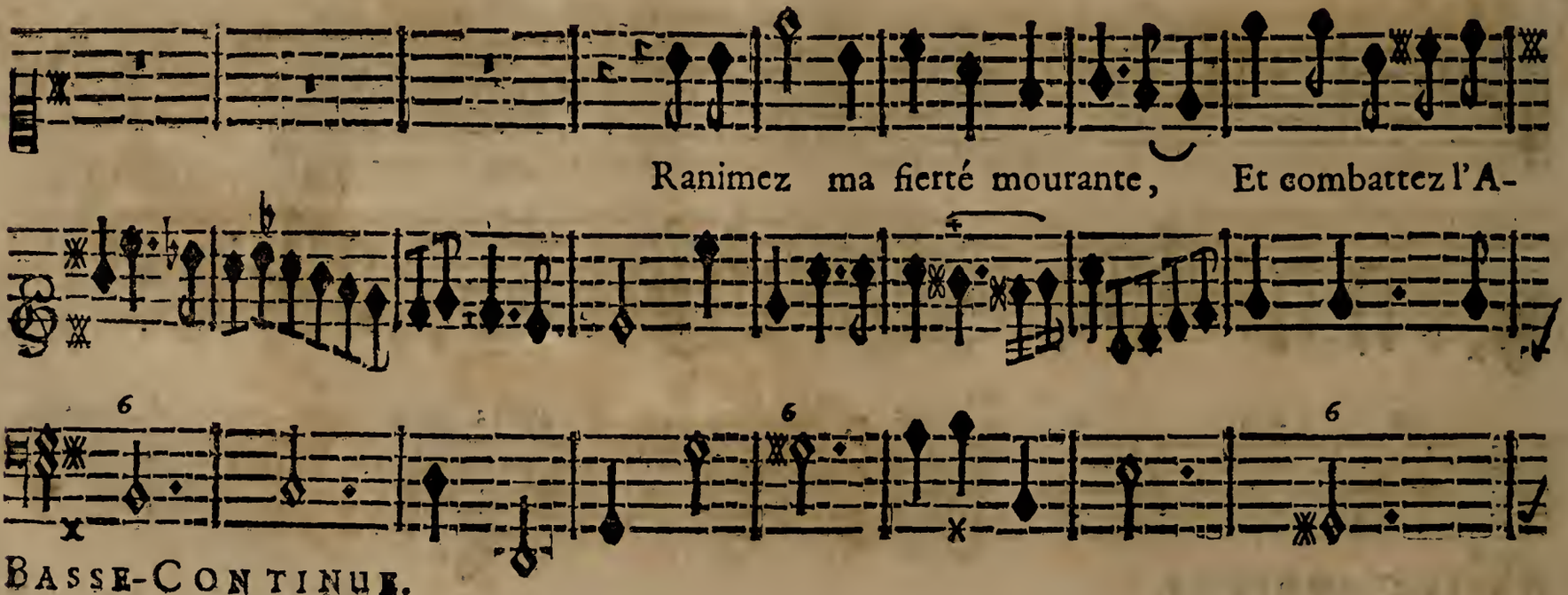


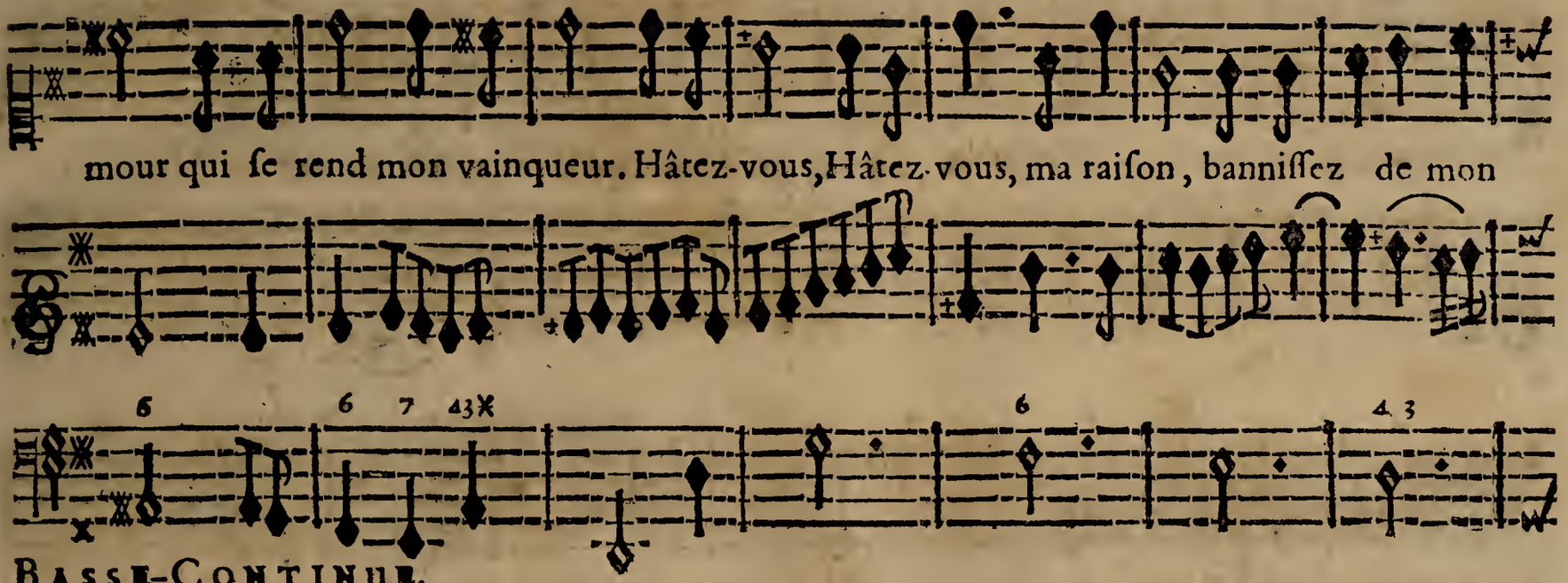
BASSE-CONTINUE.

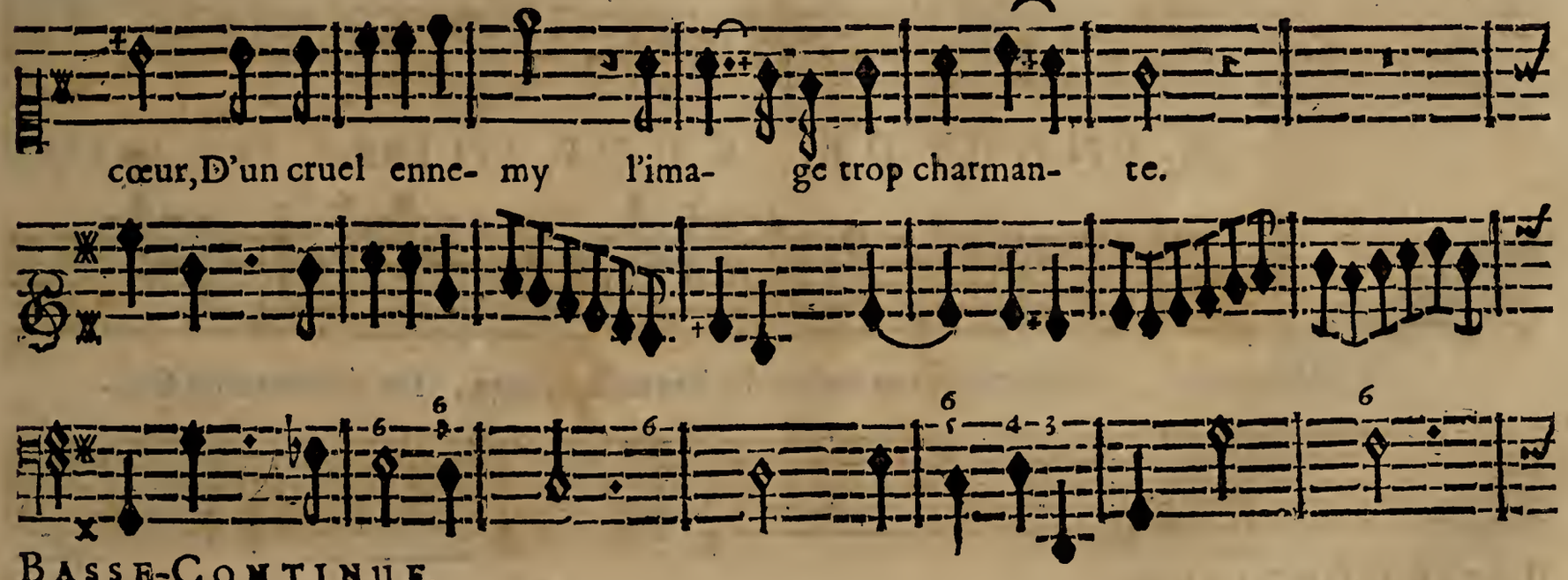

donne un immortel éclat, L'Amour a- cheve ſa victoi- re.
doux.
FLÛT. ET VIOL.
BASSE-CONTINUE.

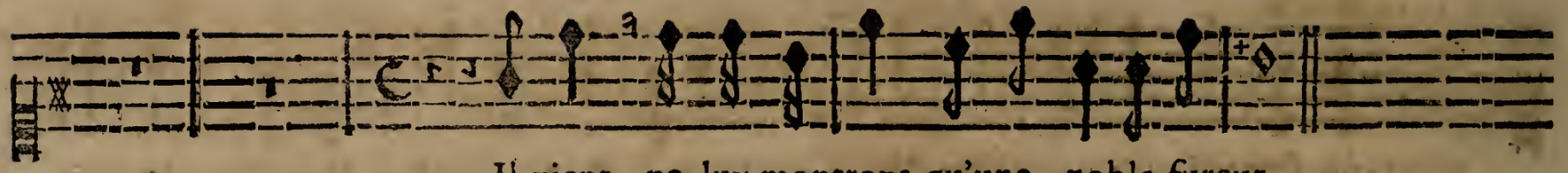

AIR.
Hâtez-vous, ma rai-
BASSE-CONTINUE.


ſon, banniſſez de mon cœur, D'un cruel ennemy l'ima- ge trop charman- te ;
BASSE-CONTINUE.

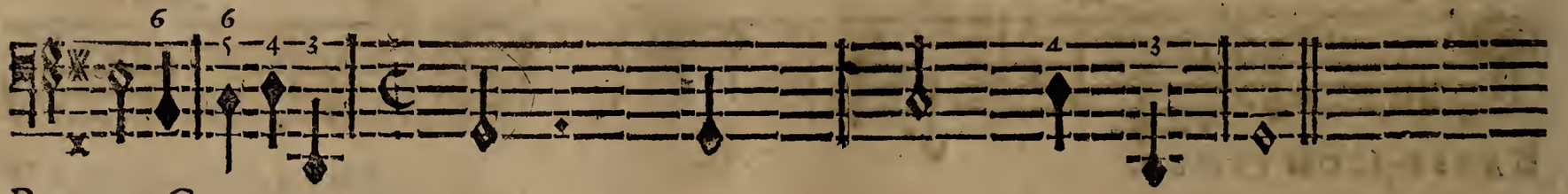

Ranimez ma fierté mourante, Et combattez l'A-
BASSE-CONTINUE.


mour qui se rend mon vainqueur. Hâtez-vous, Hâtez-vous, ma raison, banniſſez de mon
6 6 7 4 3
6 4 3
BASSE-CONTINUE.


cœur, D'un cruel enne- my l'ima- ge trop charman- te.
6 6 6 6 5 4 3 6
BASSE-CONTINUE.



Il vient, ne luy montrons qu'une noble fureur.



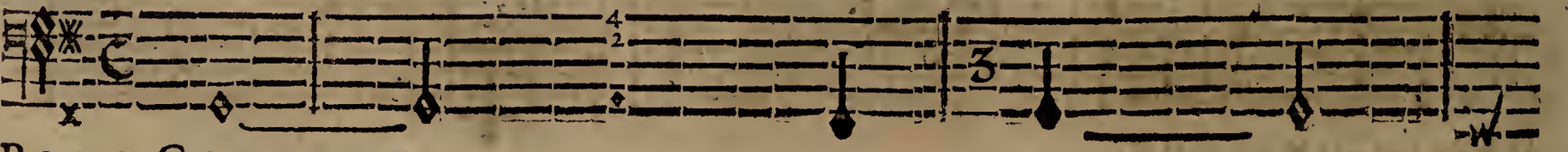
BASSE-CONTINUE.

SCENE II.

TANCREDE, CLORINDE.

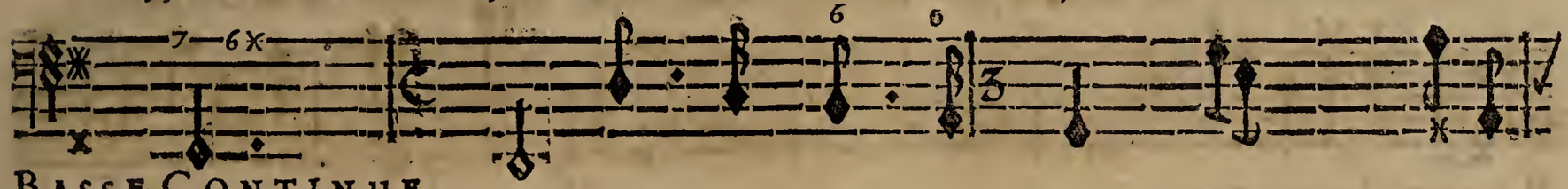
TANCREDE.

PRinceſſe, vos Guerriers m'ont cedé l'avan- tage, Ils étoient mes Cap-

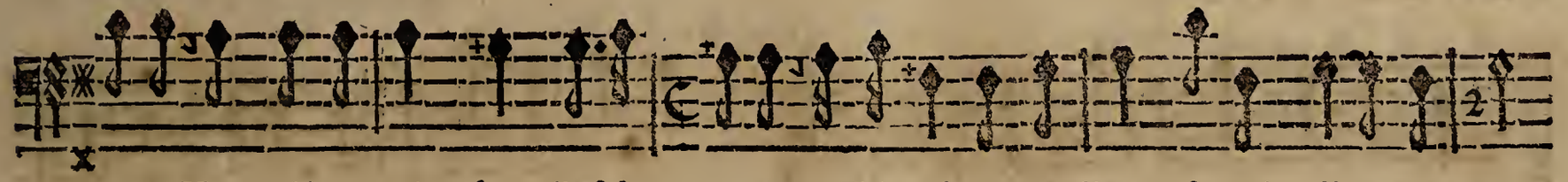


BASSE-CONTINUE.

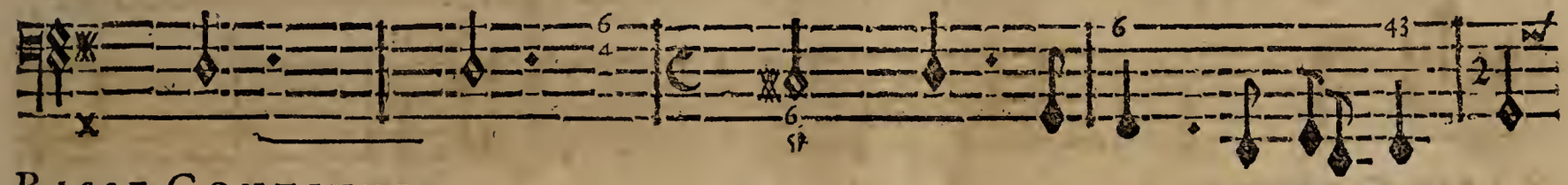
tifs, je les délivre tous, Bien-tôt ils viendront avec nous, Vous rendre un éclatant hom-



BASSE-CONTINUE.

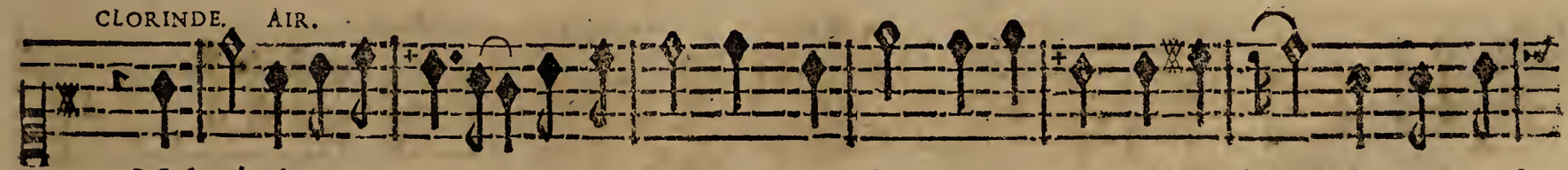


mage; Vous n'êtes point dans l'eſcla- vage, Et Tãcrede en ces lieux eſt moins libre que vous.

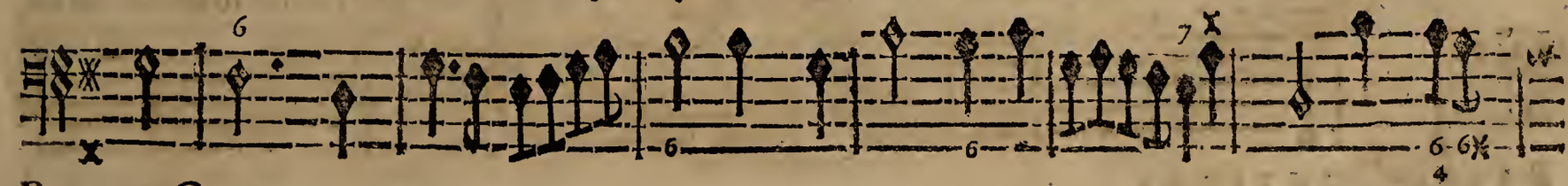


BASSE-CONTINUE.

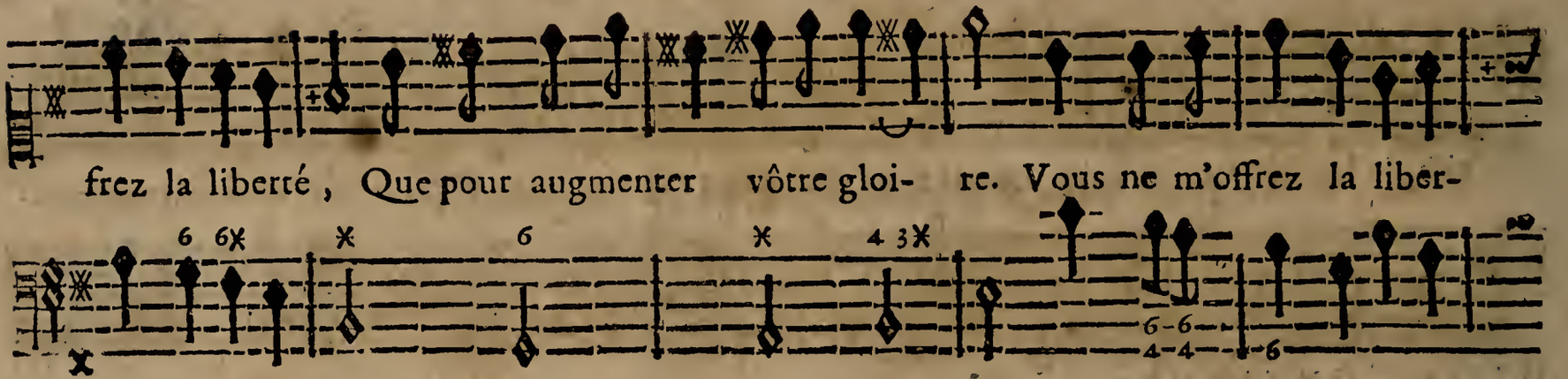
CLORINDE. AIR.



Malgré vôtre victoire, Je ſçauray dans mes fers conſerver ma fierté: Vous ne m'of-



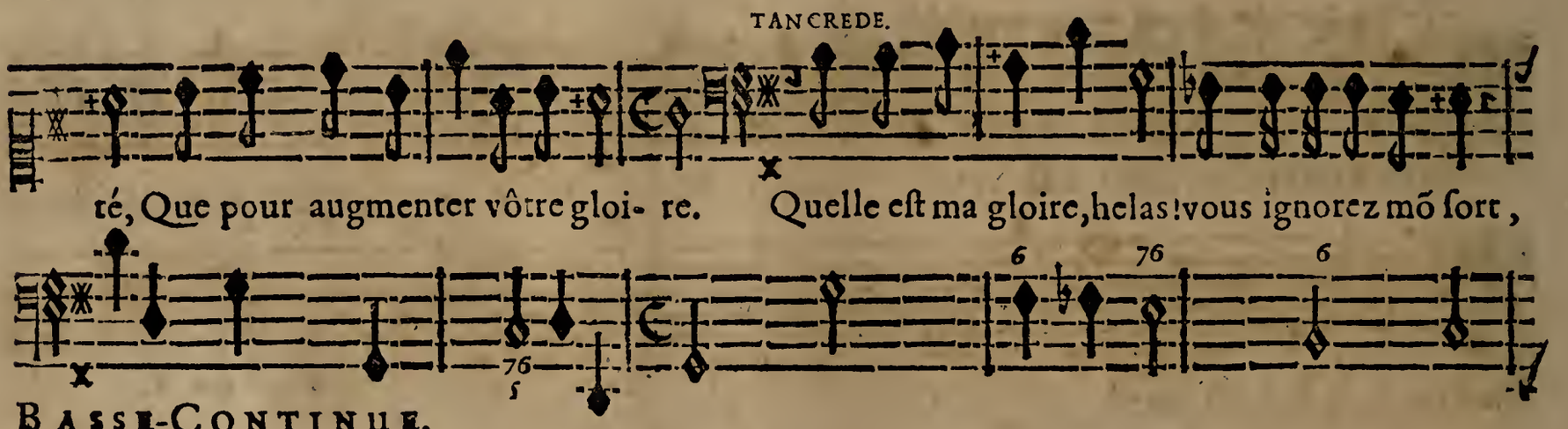
BASSE-CONTINUE.



frez la liberté, Que pour augmenter vôtre gloi- re. Vous ne m'offrez la liber-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

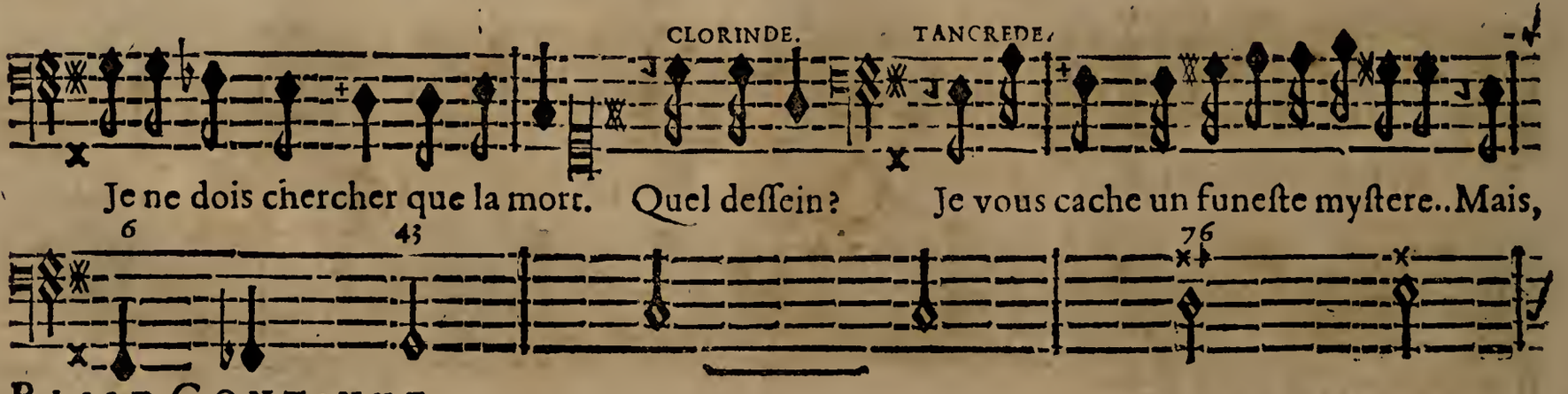
TANCREDE.



té, Que pour augmenter vôtre gloi- re. Quelle eſt ma gloire, helas! vous ignorez mõ ſort,

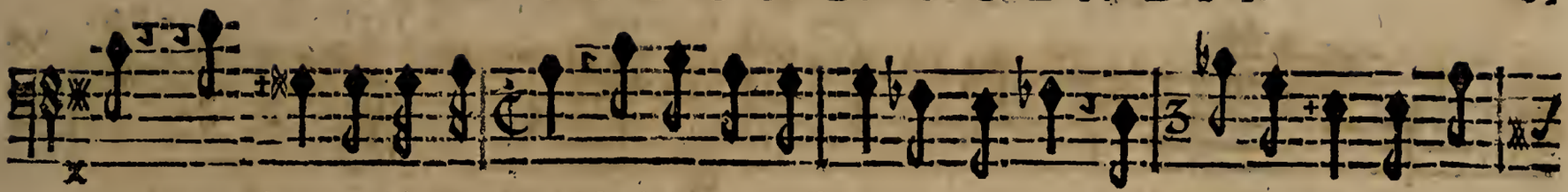
BASSE-CONTINUE.

CLORINDE. TANCREDE.

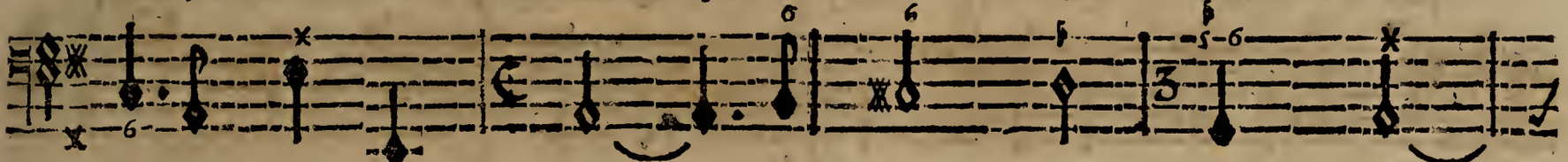


Je ne dois chercher que la mort. Quel deſſein? Je vous cache un funeſte myſtere.. Mais,

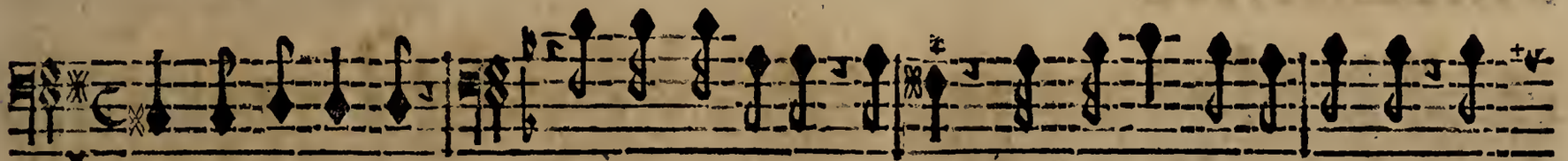
BASSE-CONTINUE.



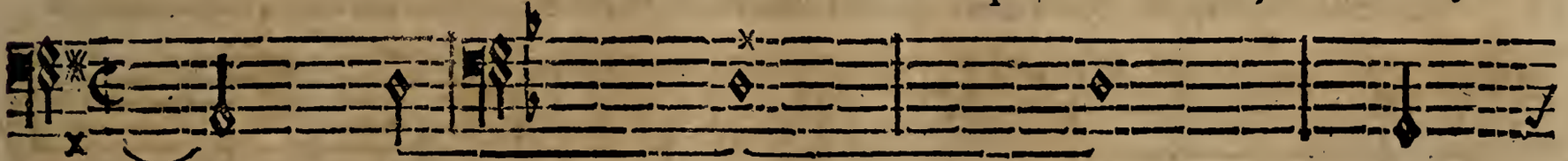
Non, je dois le découvrir, N'est ce pas assez de mourir, Faut-il encor me con-



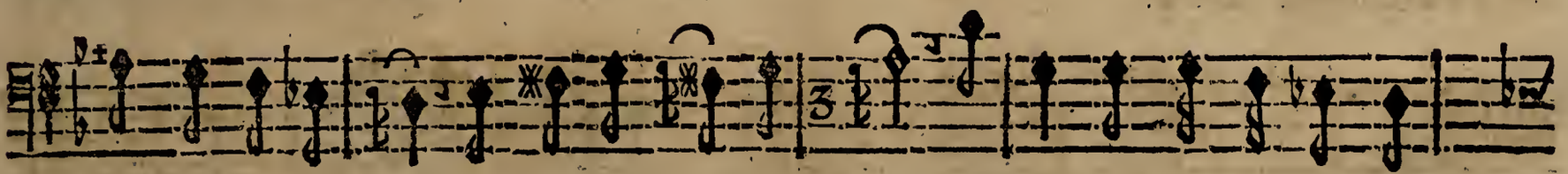
BASSE-CONTINUE.



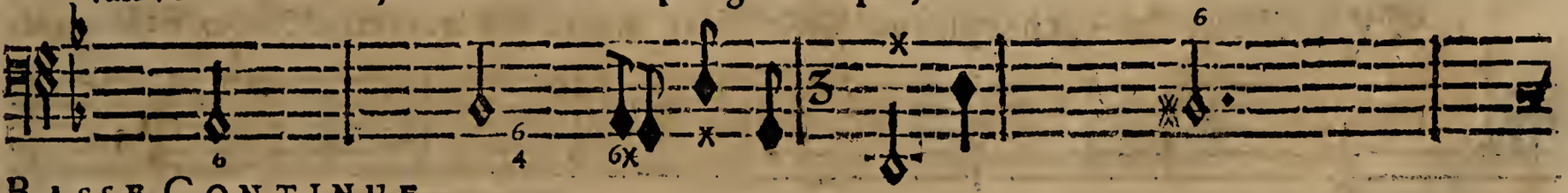
traindre à me taire? Belle Clorinde.... Helas! quel aveu viens-je faire? Je



BASSE-CONTINUE.

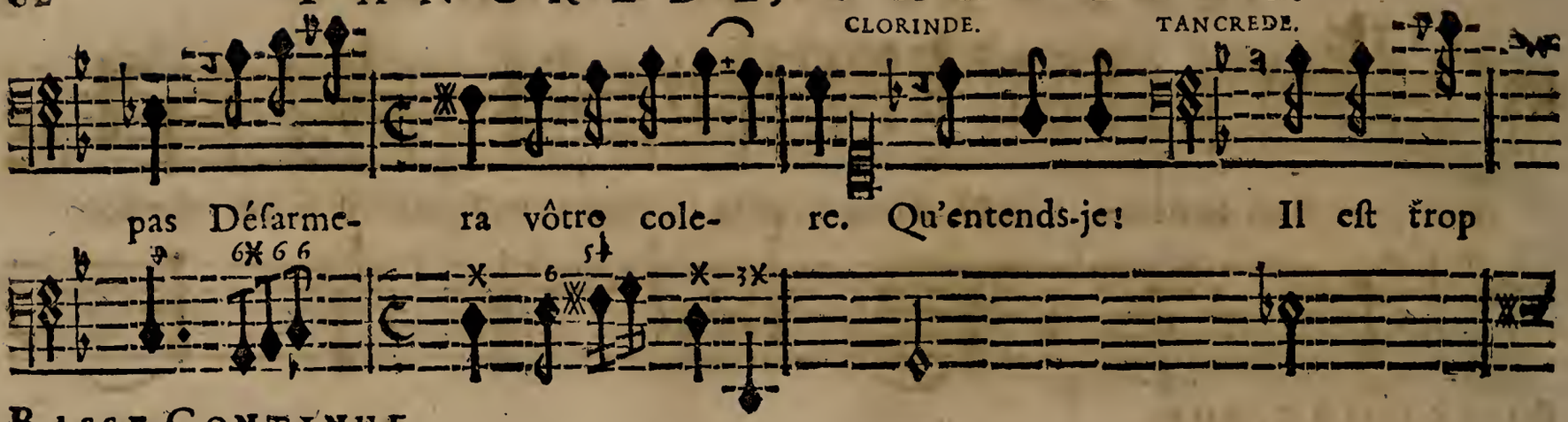


vais vous offenser, ne vous en plaignez pas, Bien-tost mon malheureux tre-



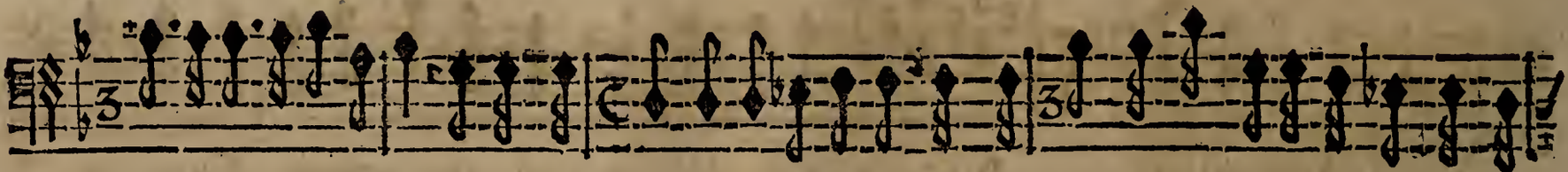
BASSE-CONTINUE.

CLORINDE. TANCREDE.



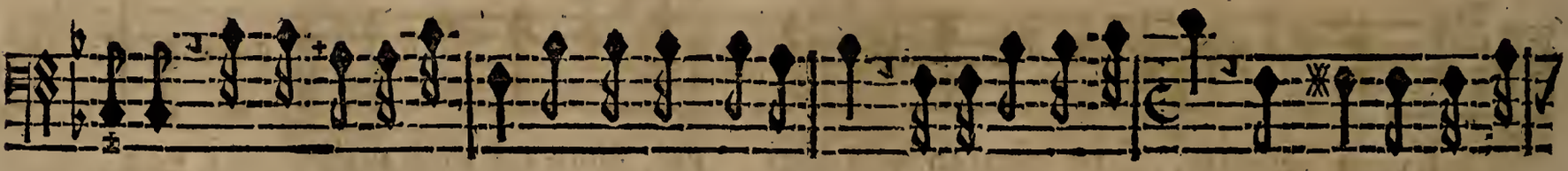
pas Déſarme- ra vôtre cole- re. Qu'entends-je! Il eſt trop

BASSE-CONTINUE.



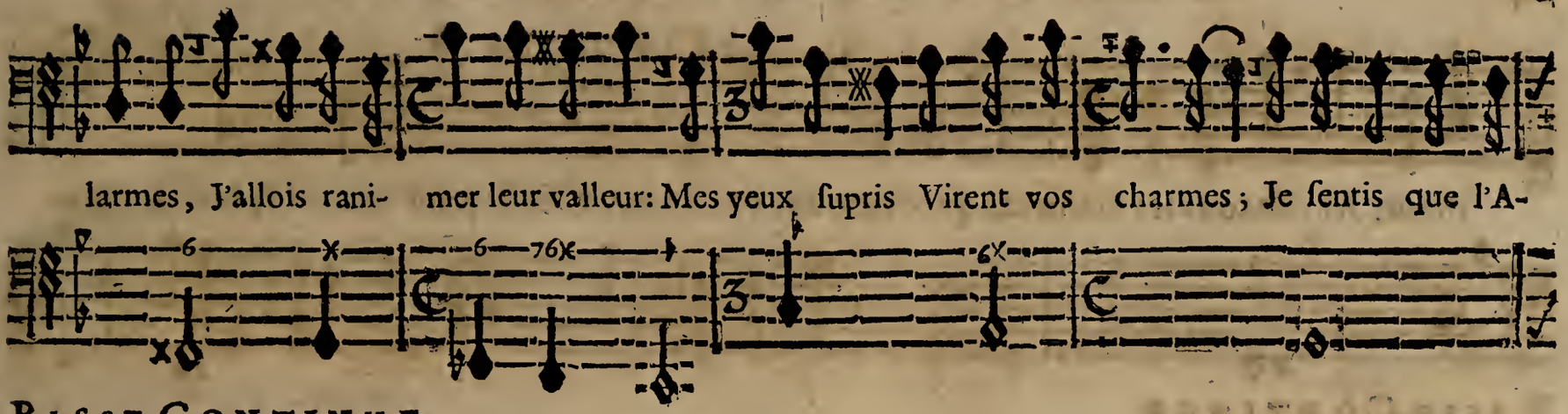
vray, j'adore vos appas: Prête à tom- ber dãs l'eſclavage, Vo⁹ cherchiez dãs nos rãgs à vo⁹ faire un paſ-

BASSE-CONTINUE.



ſage, Vos efforts étõnoient nos plus vaillãs Soldats; Attiré par leurs cris, Hõteux de leurs al-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

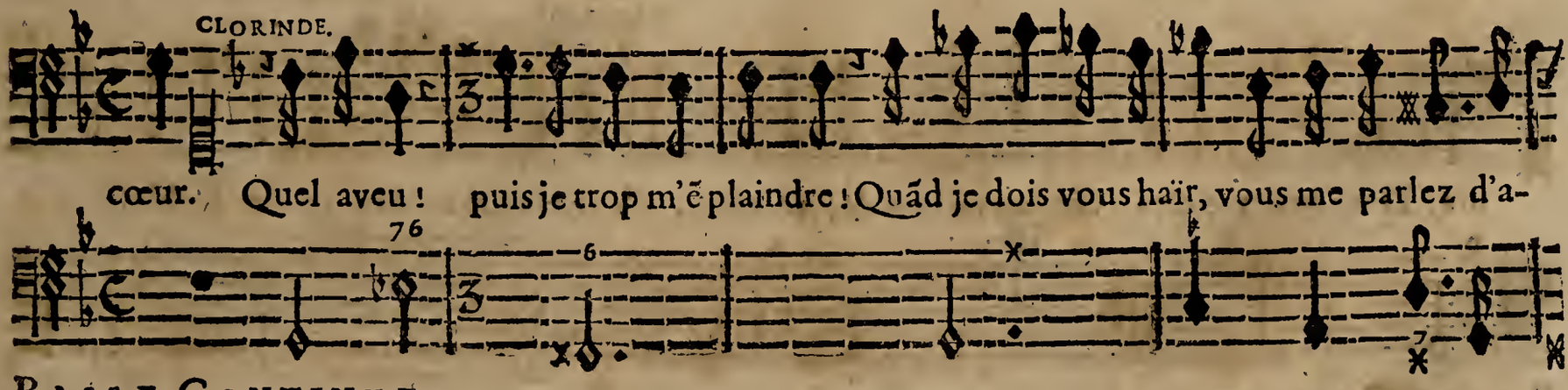


larmes, J'allois rani- mer leur valleur: Mes yeux ſupris Virent vos charmes; Je ſentis que l'A-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

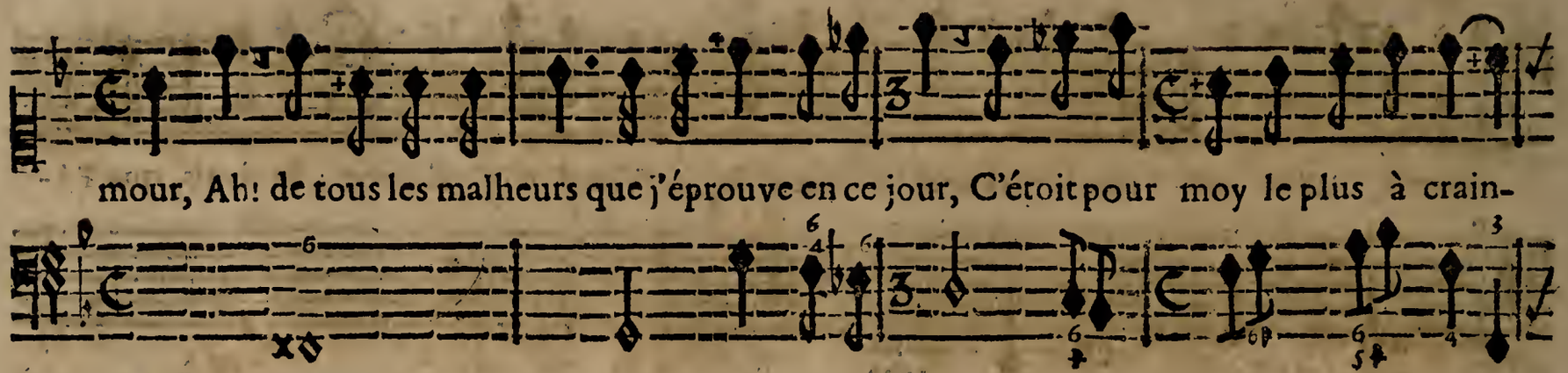
mour ſeroit ſeul le vainqueur; Lorſque vous me rendiez vos armes, Ce Dieu vo⁹ ſoumettoit mon

BASSE-CONTINUE.



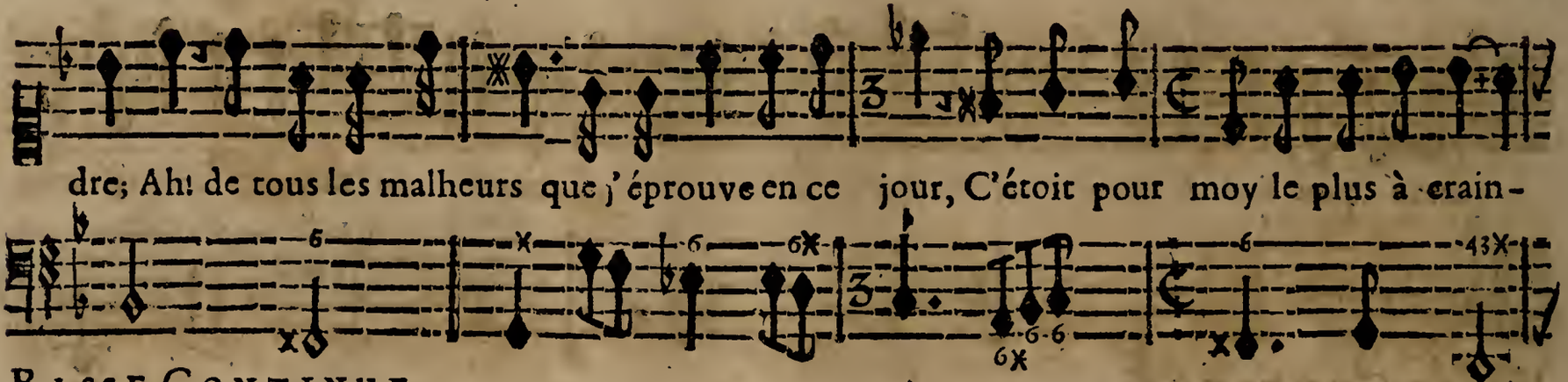
cœur. Quel aveu! puis je trop m'ẽ plaindre! Quãd je dois vous haïr, vous me parlez d'a-

BASSE-CONTINUE.



mour, Ah! de tous les malheurs que j'éprouve en ce jour, C'étoit pour moy le plus à crain-

BASSE-CONTINUE.



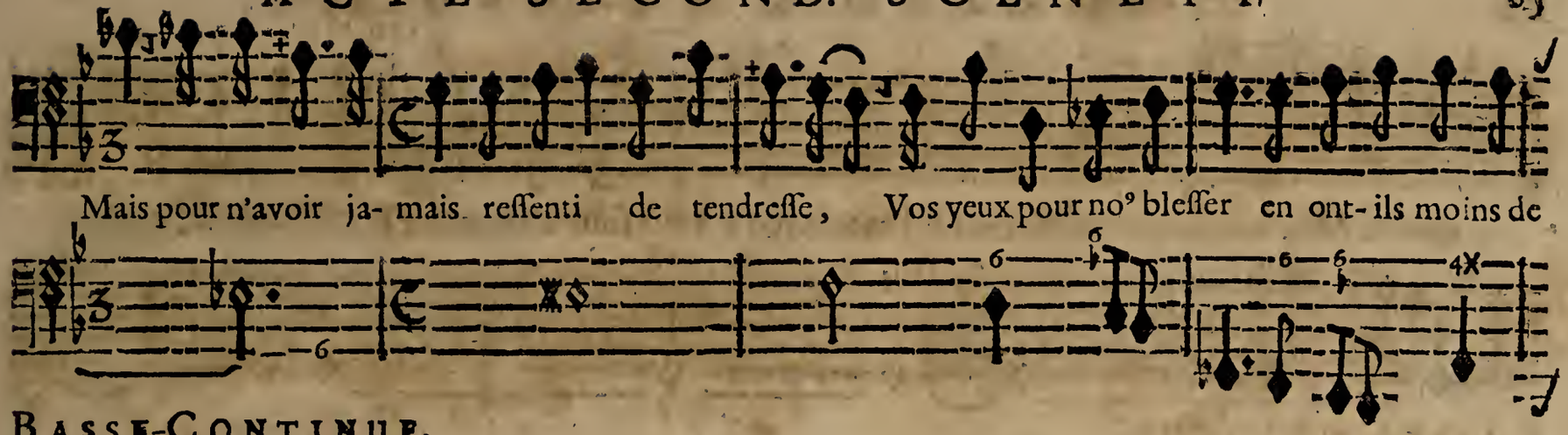
dre; Ah! de tous les malheurs que j'éprouve en ce jour, C'étoit pour moy le plus à crain-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

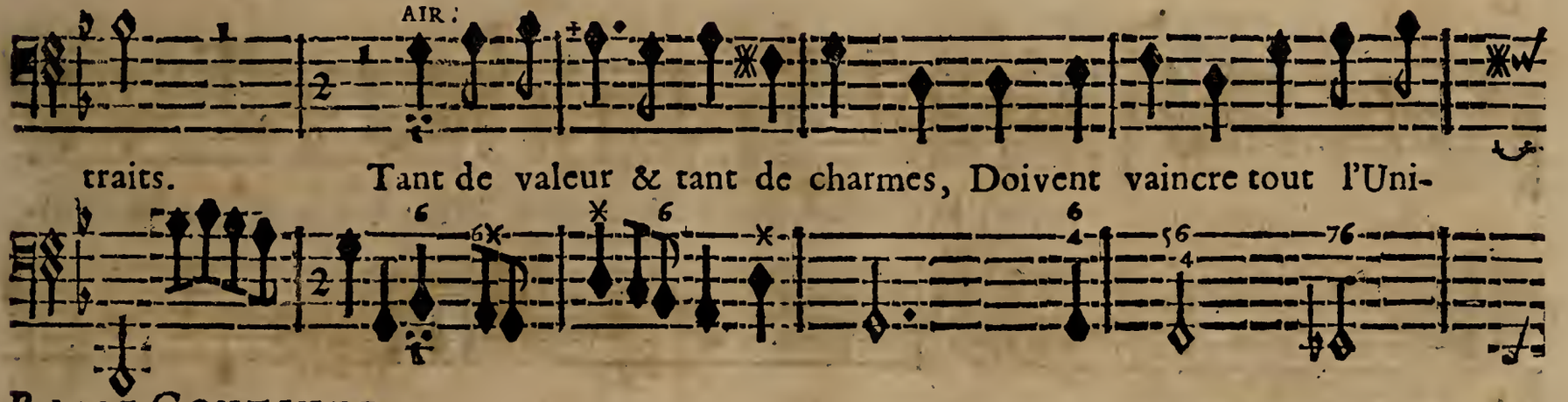
TANCREDE.

dre; Des l'enfance éle- vée au milieu des foreſts... Vous traitez l'Amour de foibleſſe,

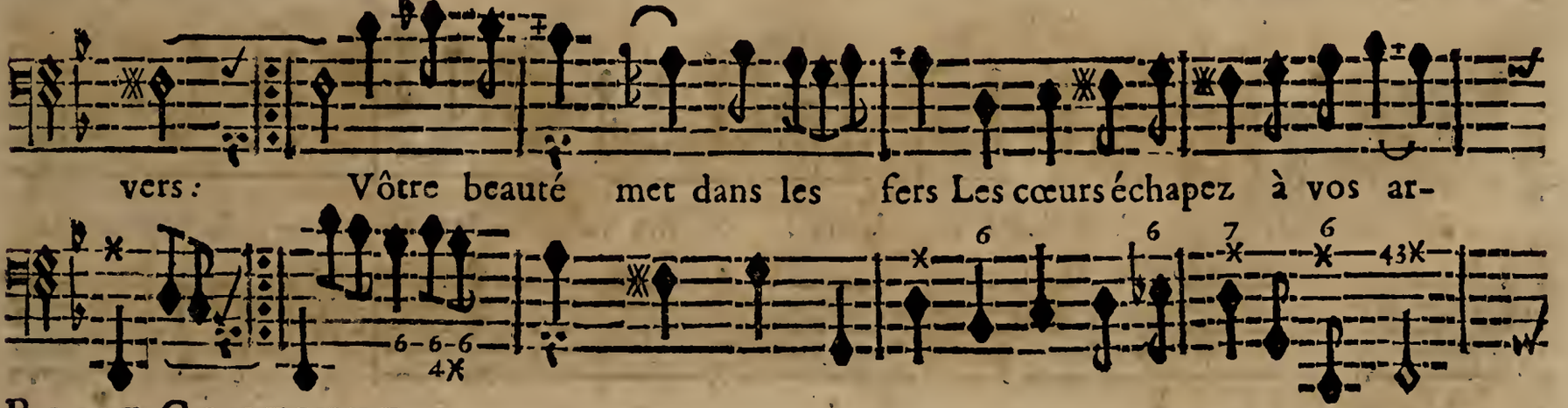
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

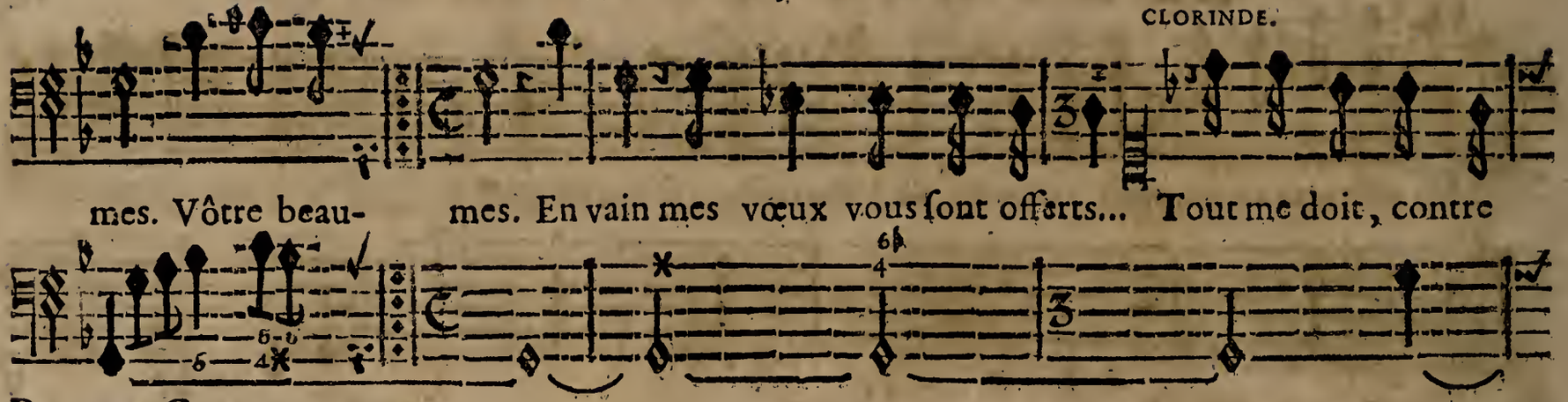


BASSE-CONTINUE.



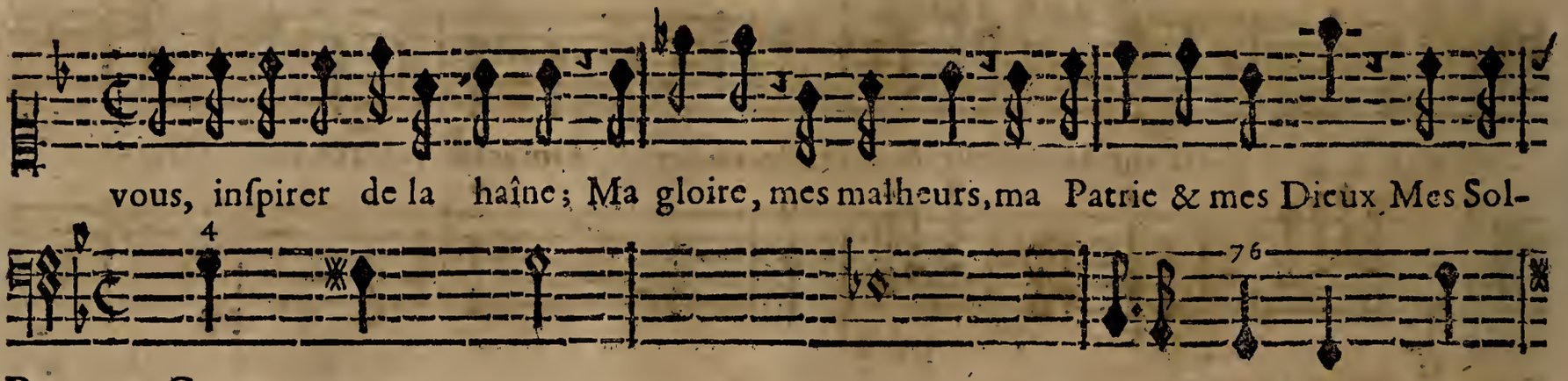
BASSE-CONTINUE.

CLORINDE.



mes. Vôtre beau- mes. En vain mes vœux vous ſont offerts... Tout me doit, contre

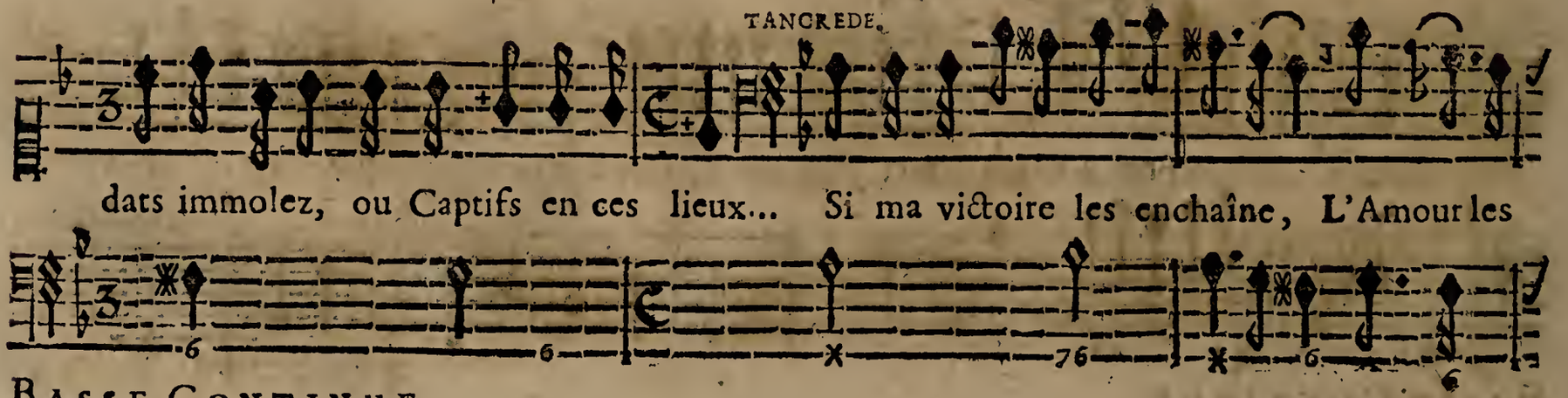
BASSE-CONTINUE.



vous, inſpirer de la haîne; Ma gloire, mes malheurs, ma Patrie & mes Dieux Mes Sol-

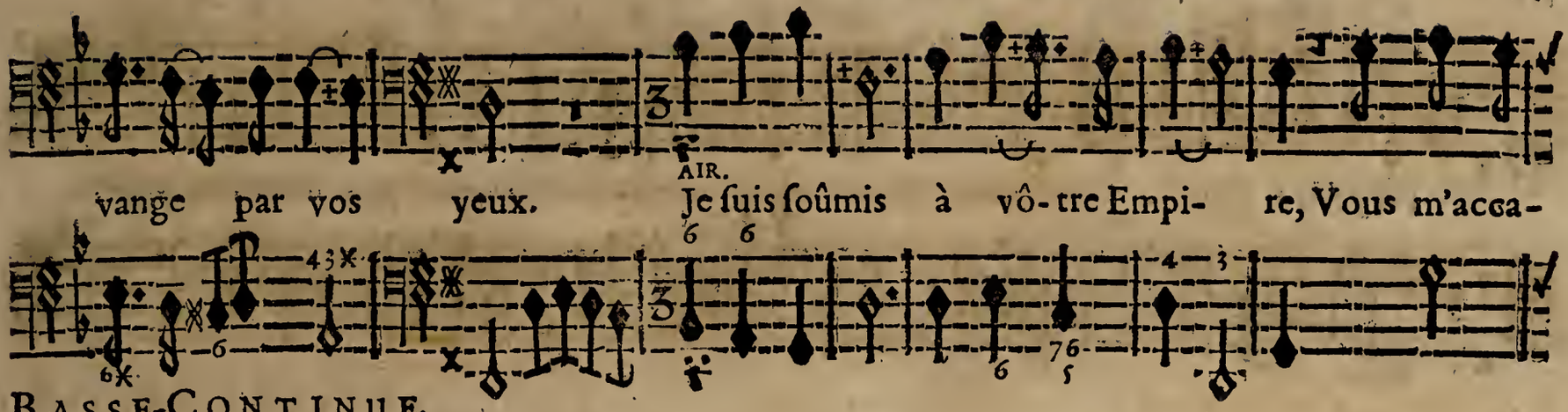
BASSE-CONTINUE.

TANCREDE.

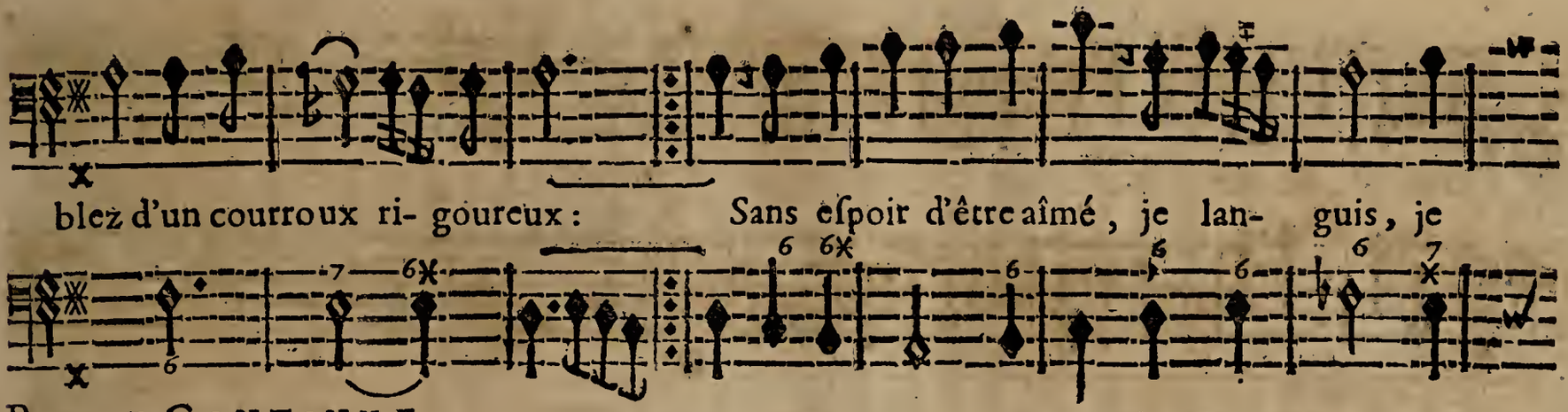


dats immolez, ou Captifs en ces lieux... Si ma victoire les enchaîne, L'Amour les

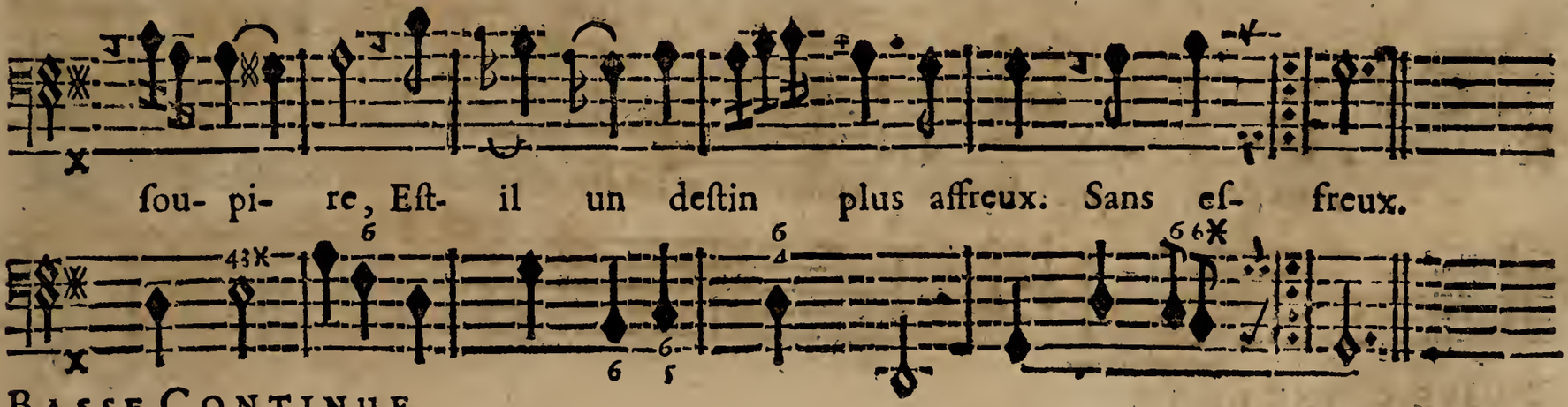
BASSE-CONTINUE.



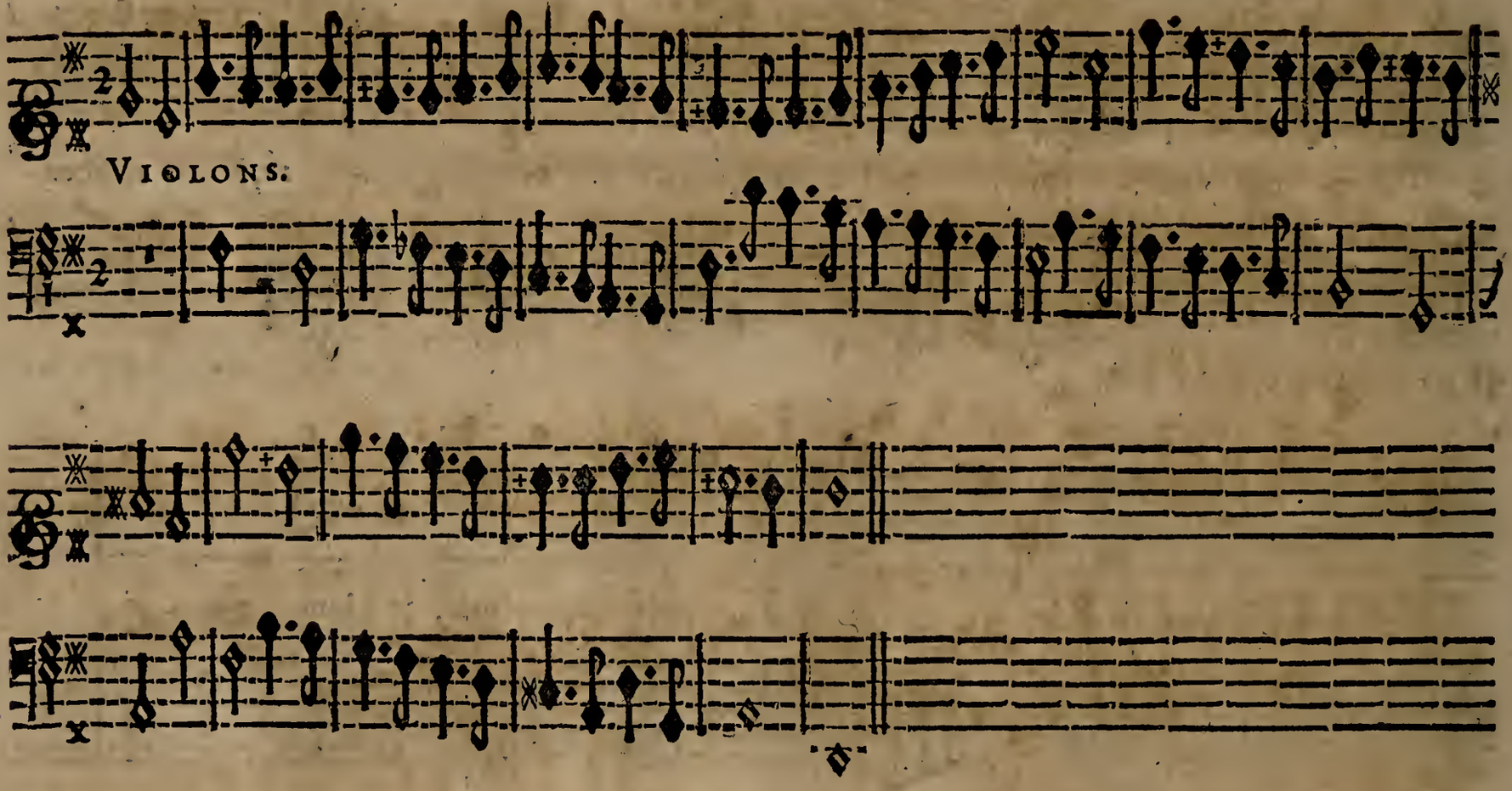
BASSE-CONTINUE.

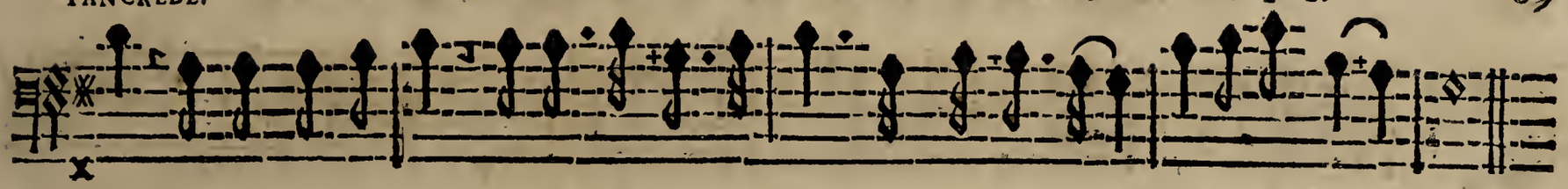


BASSE-CONTINUE.

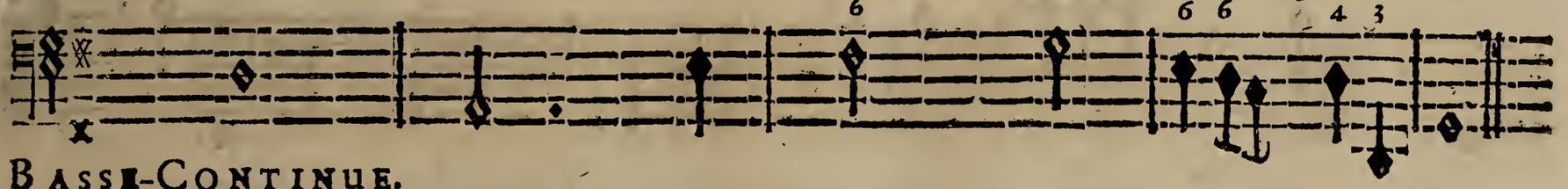


BASSE-CONTINUE.


VIOLONS.
CLORINDE.
Aux yeux de vos Captifs ſongez à vous con- traindre, Cachez un trouble ſi honteux.
BASSE-CONTINUE.



Non, je n'en rougis point, il eſt ſouvent des feux, Dont la Gloire n'oſe ſe plain- dre.

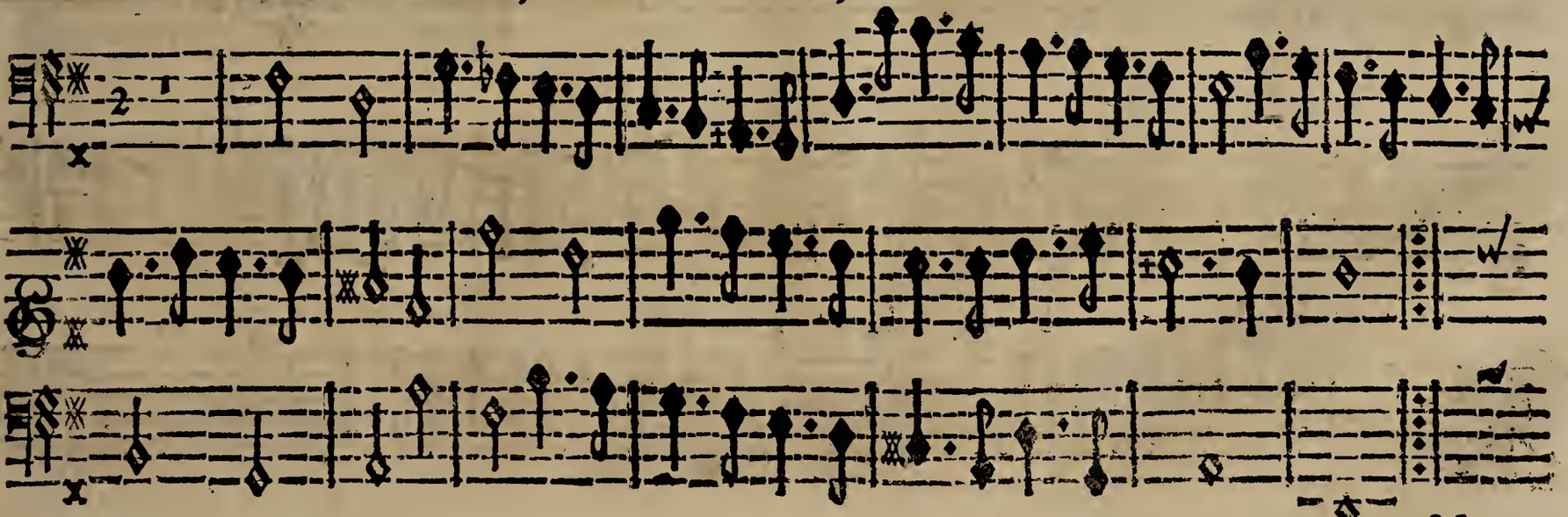


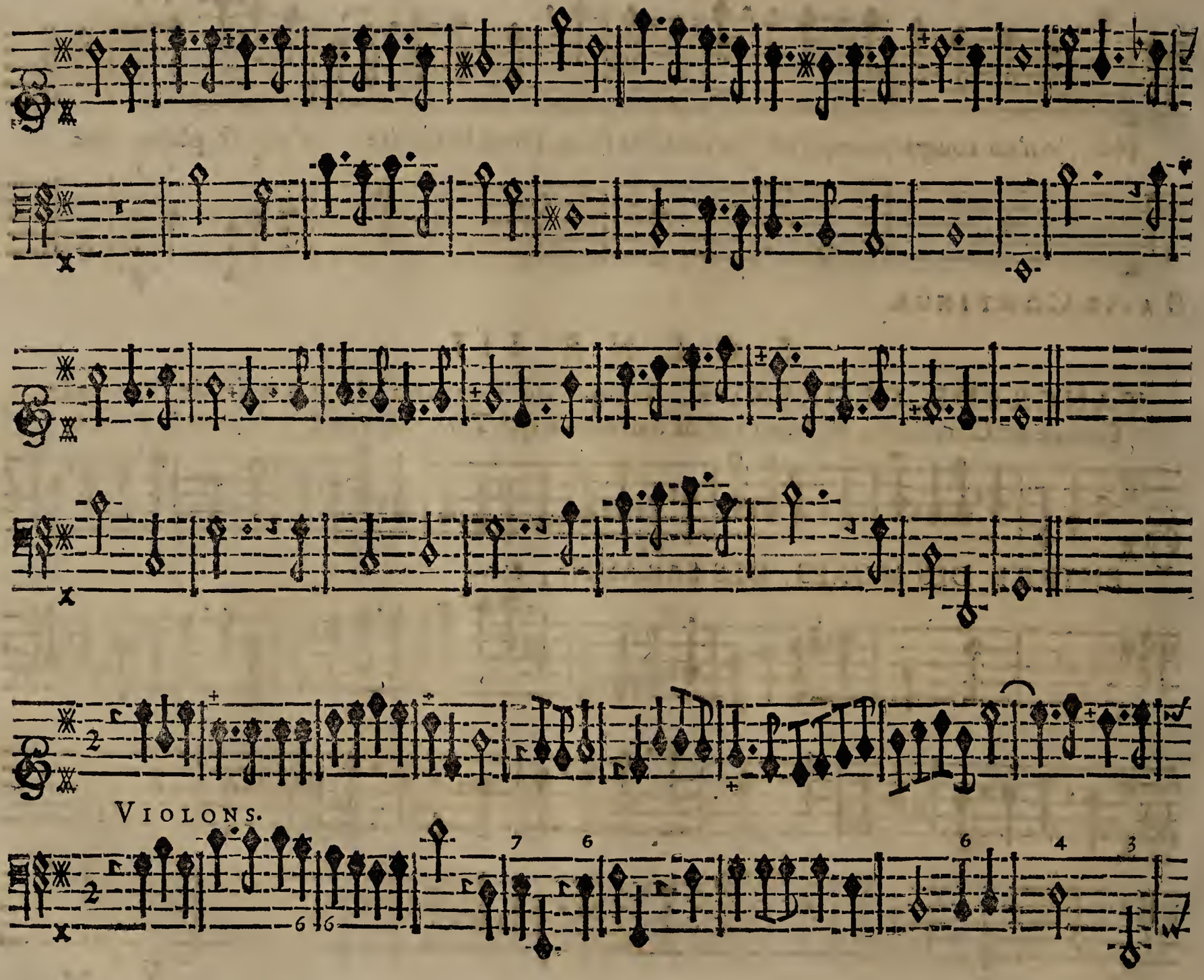
BASSE-CONTINUE.

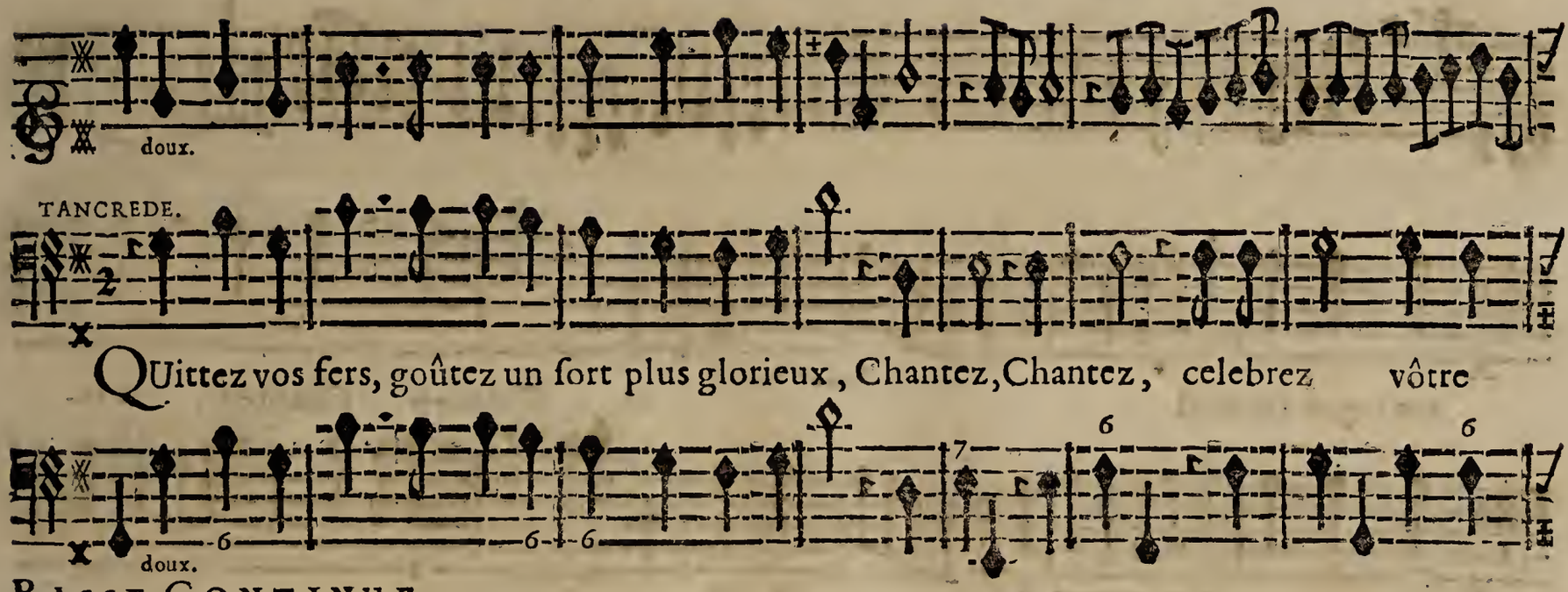
SCENE III.

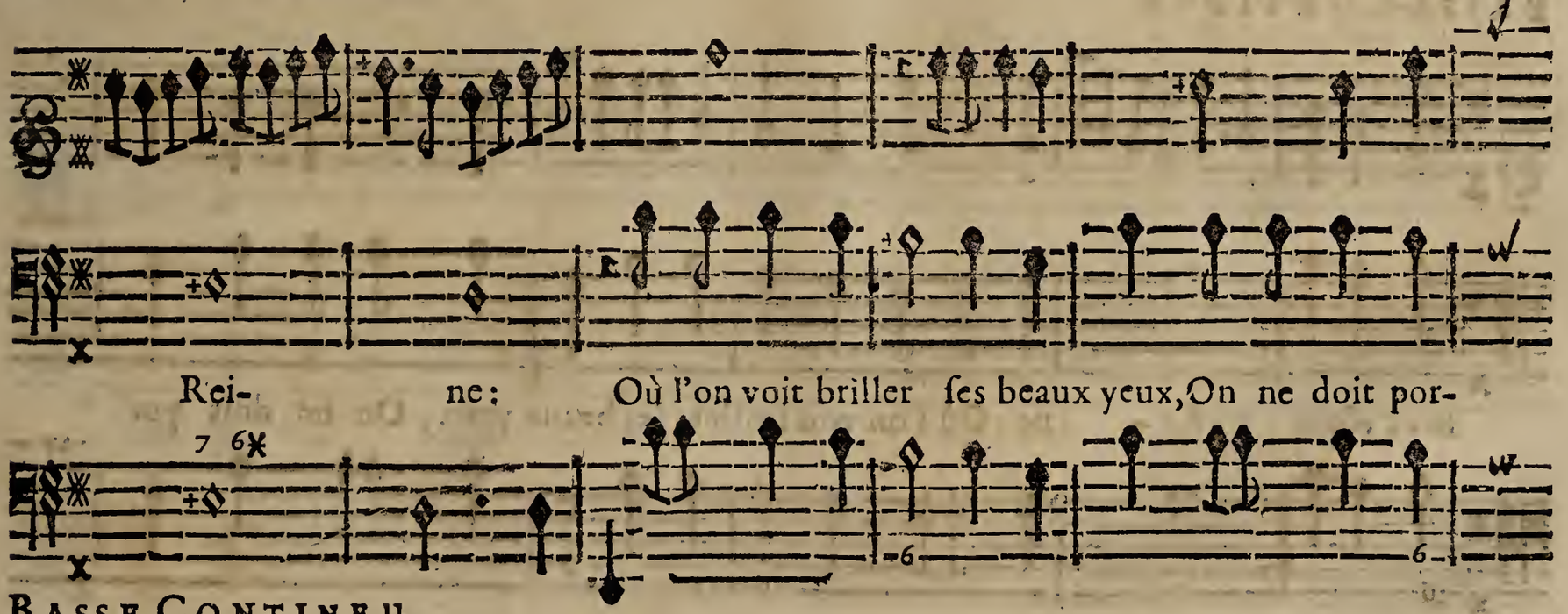
TANCREDE, CLORINDE, Troupe de Guerriers de l'Armée de Tancrede. Troupe de Guerrieres, de Mores & de Sarraſins à qui Tancrede vient de donner la liberté.

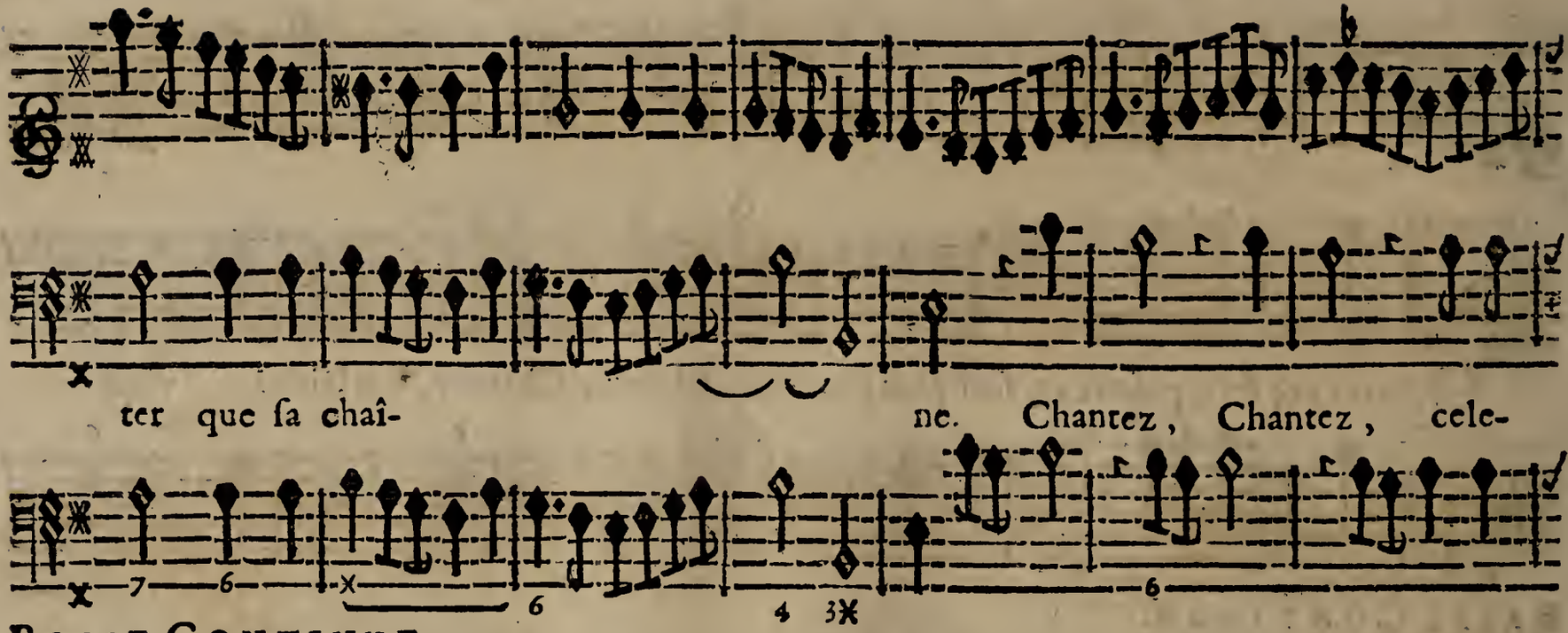
ENTRE'E DES MORES, DES SARASINS, &c.



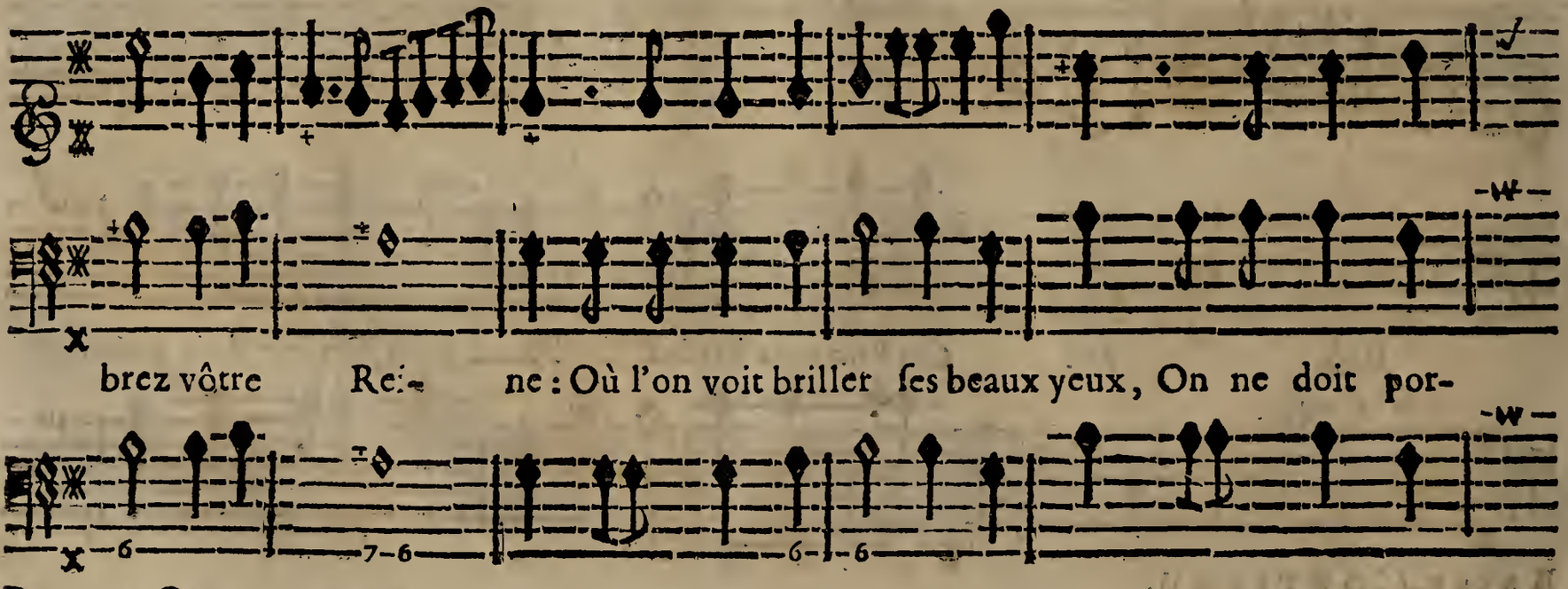

VIOLONS.


doux.
TANCREDE.
QUittez vos fers, goûtez un sort plus glorieux, Chantez, Chantez, celebrez vôtre
doux.
BASSE-CONTINUE.

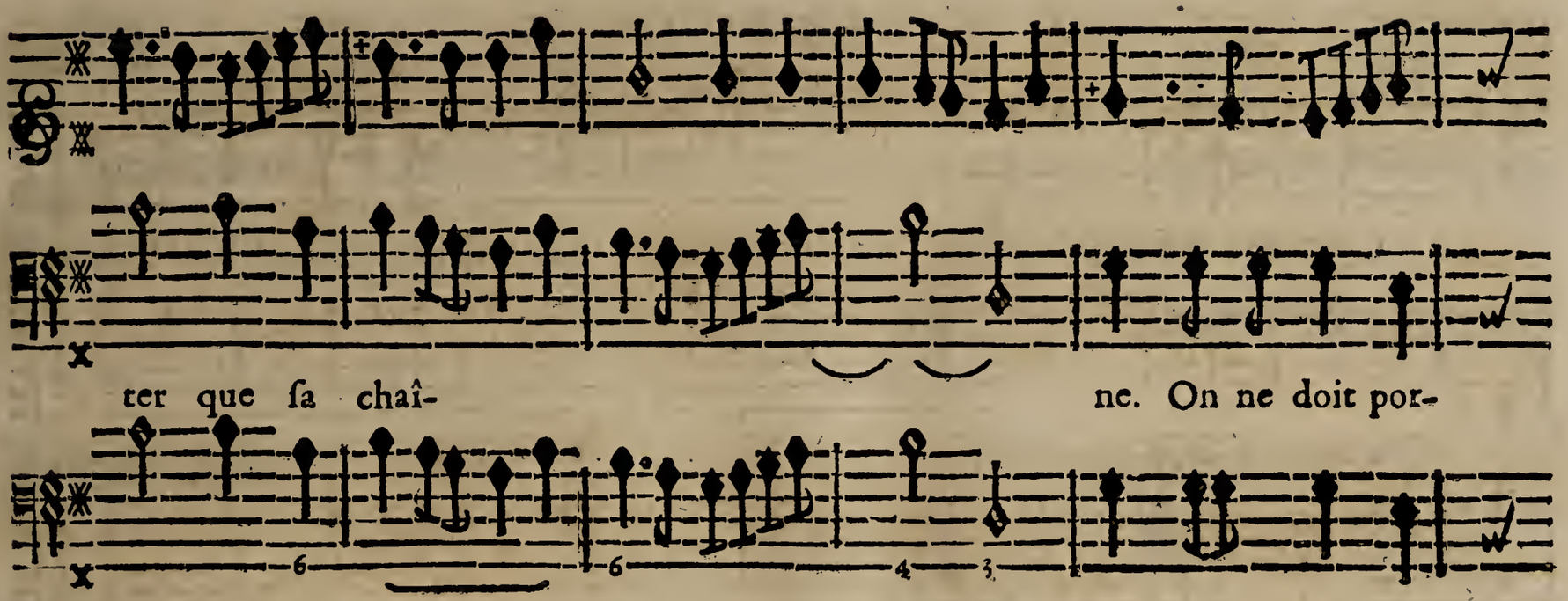

Rei- ne: Où l'on voit briller ses beaux yeux, On ne doit por-
BASSE-CONTINEU.



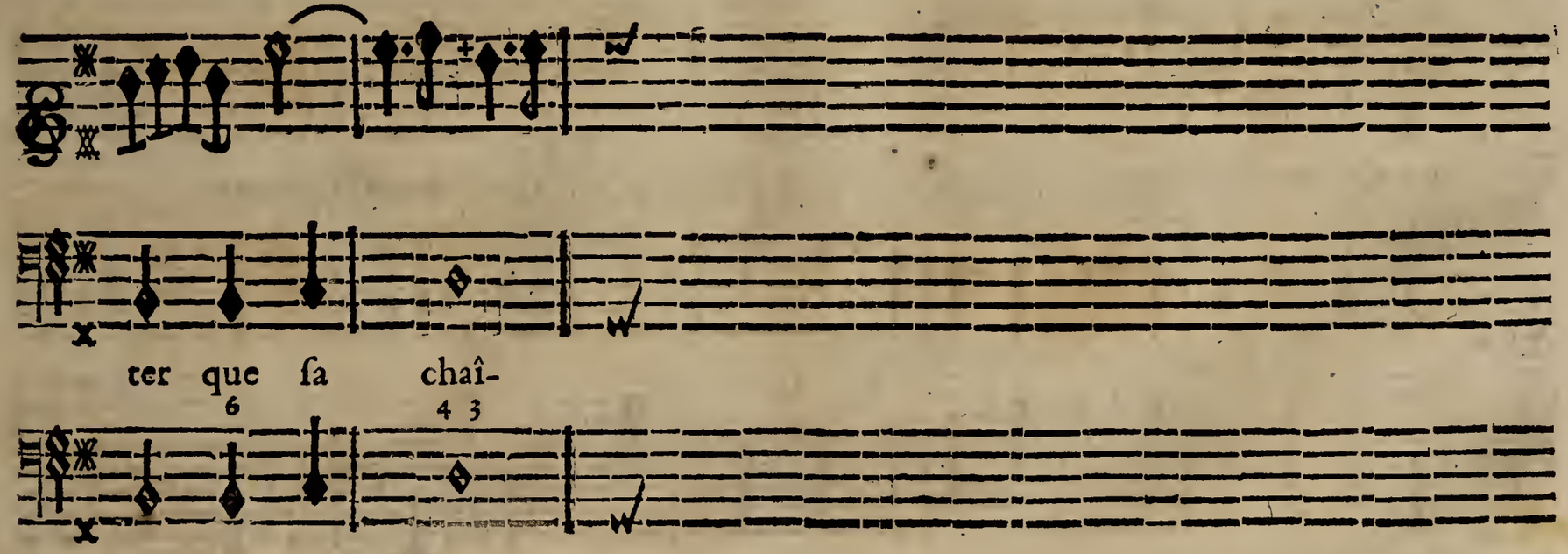
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

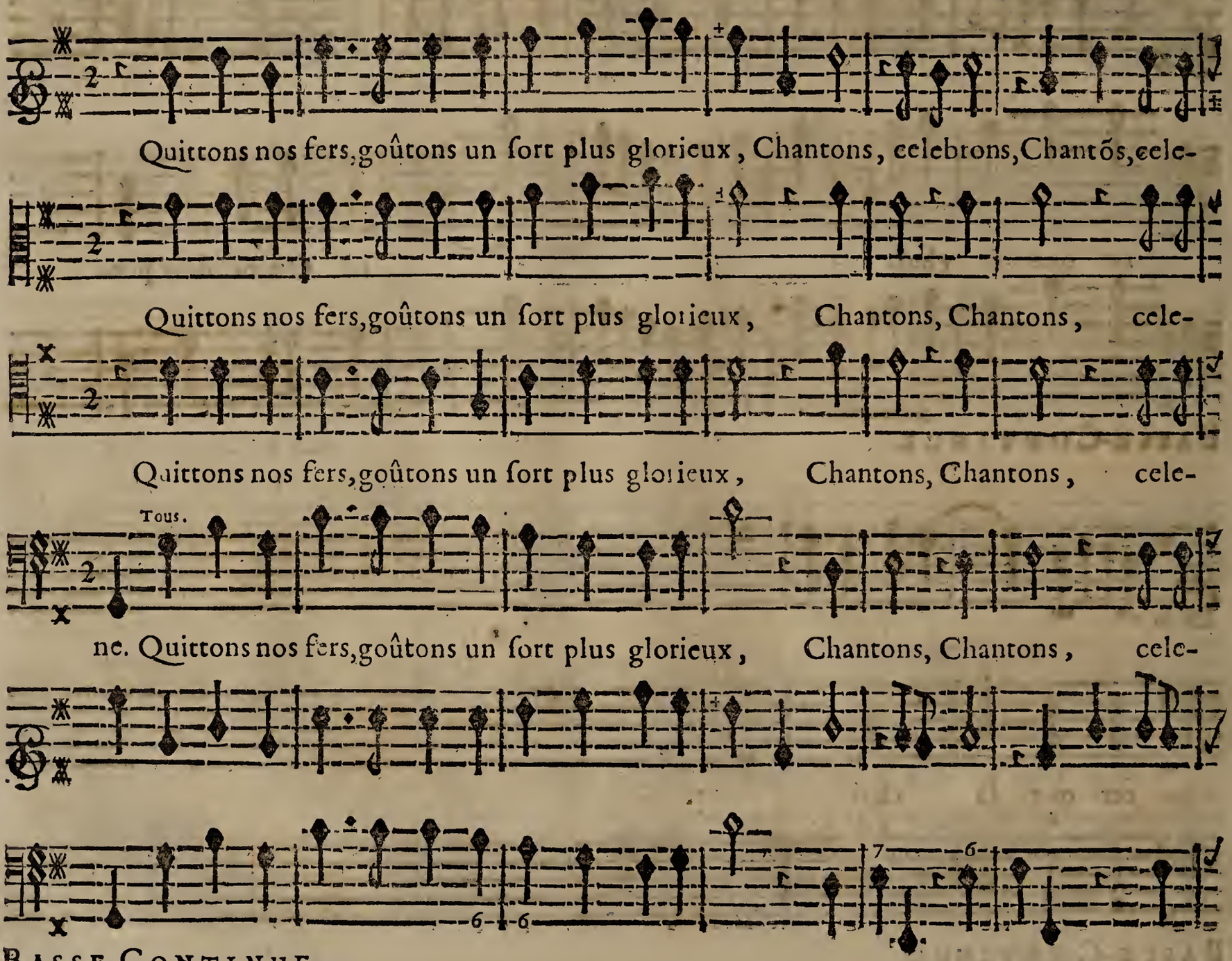


BASSE-CONTINUE.

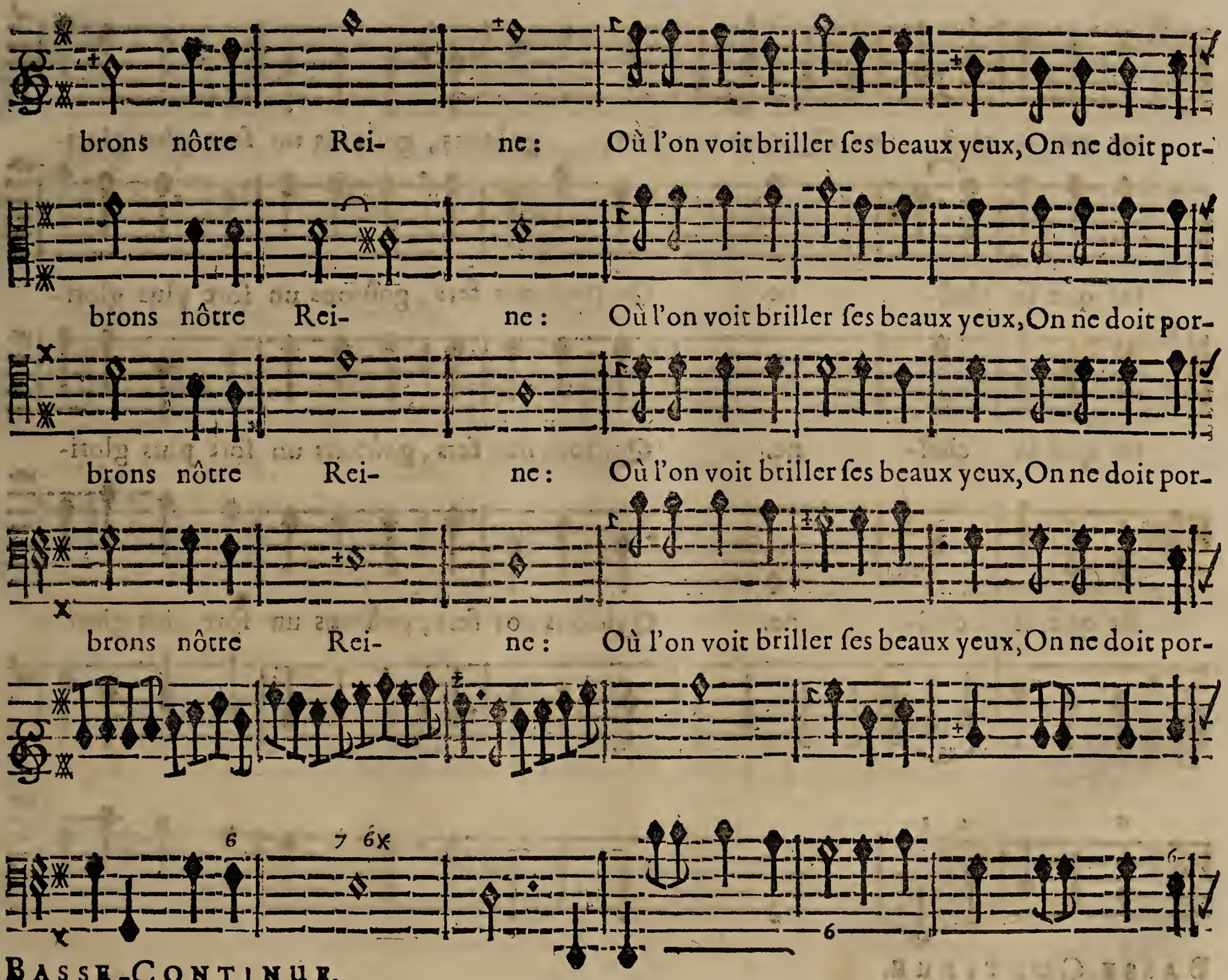


BASSE-CONTINUE.

CHOEUR.



BASSE-CONTINUE.


brons nôtre Rei- ne : Où l'on voit briller ſes beaux yeux, On ne doit por-
brons nôtre Rei- ne : Où l'on voit briller ſes beaux yeux, On ne doit por-
brons nôtre Rei- ne : Où l'on voit briller ſes beaux yeux, On ne doit por-
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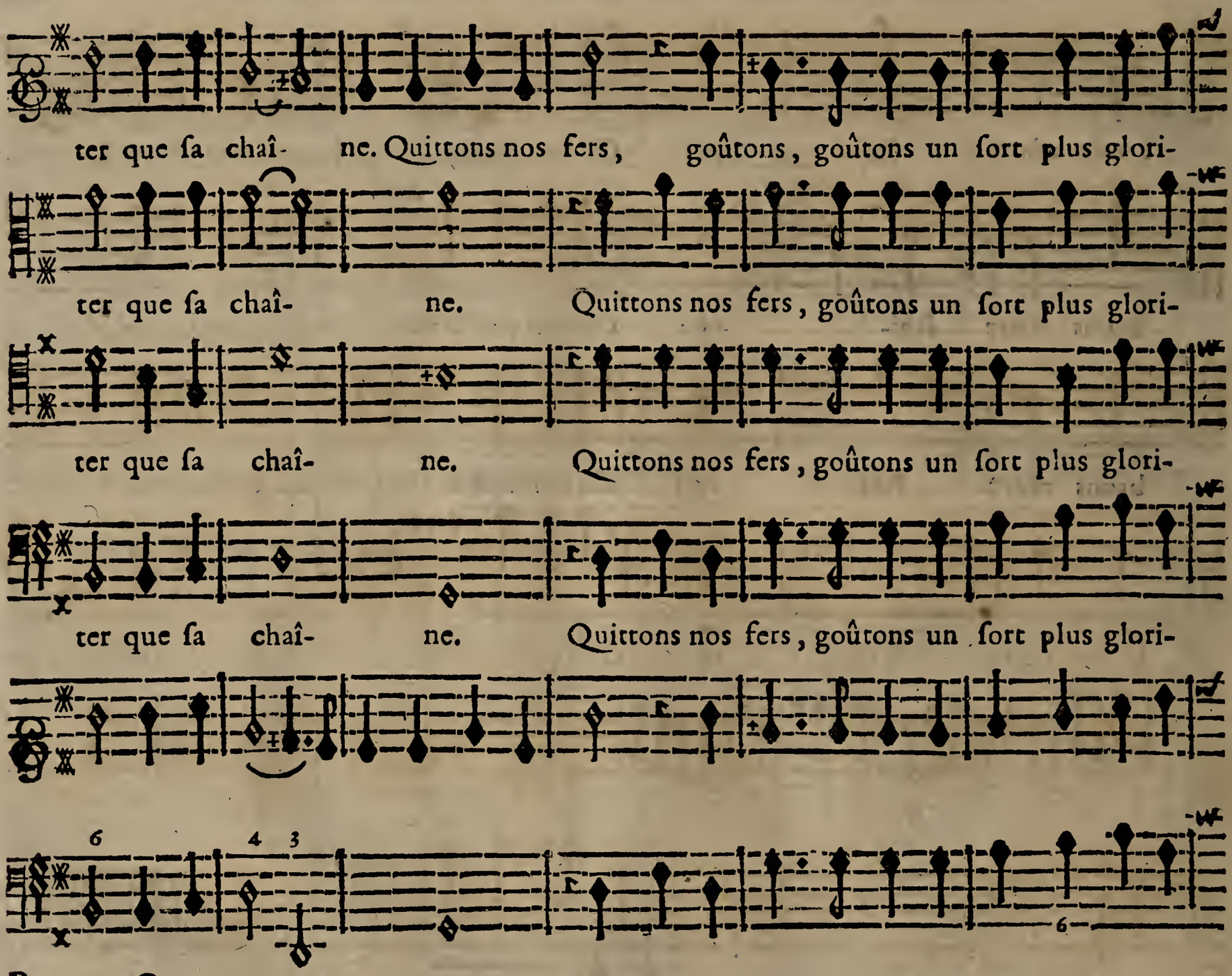
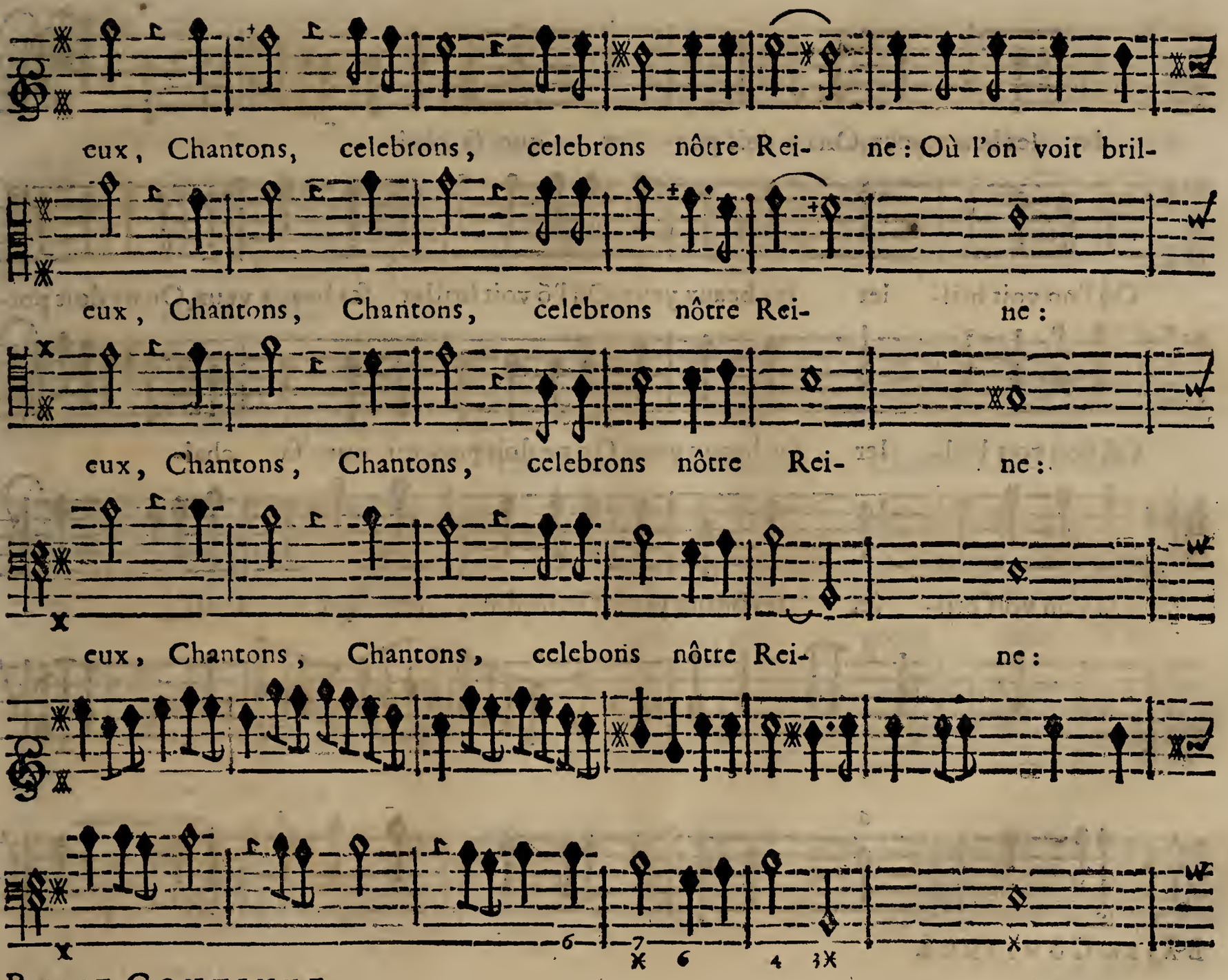
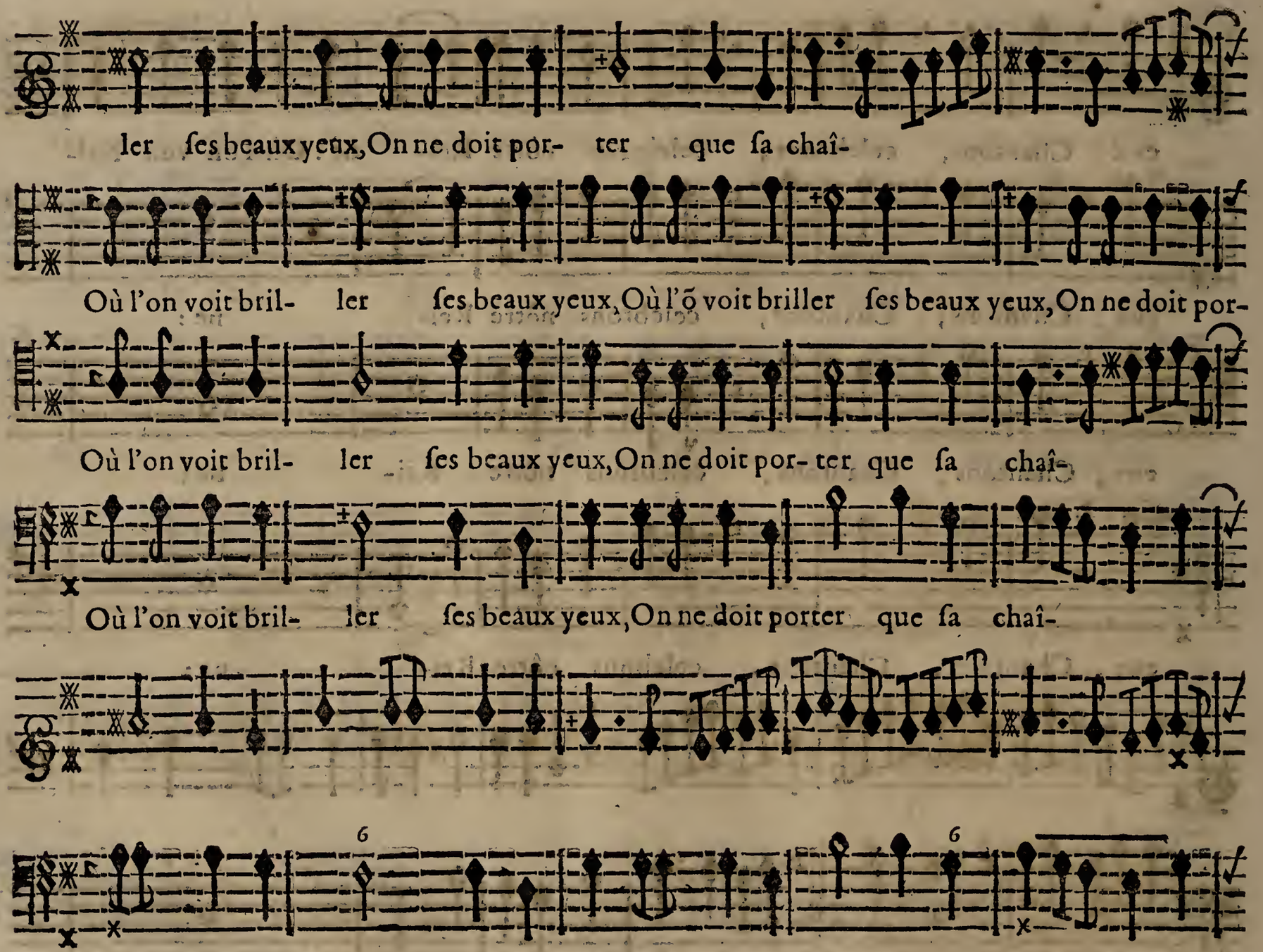
brons nôtre Rei- ne : Où l'on voit briller ſes beaux yeux, On ne doit por-
6 7 6
6
BASSE-CONTINUE.



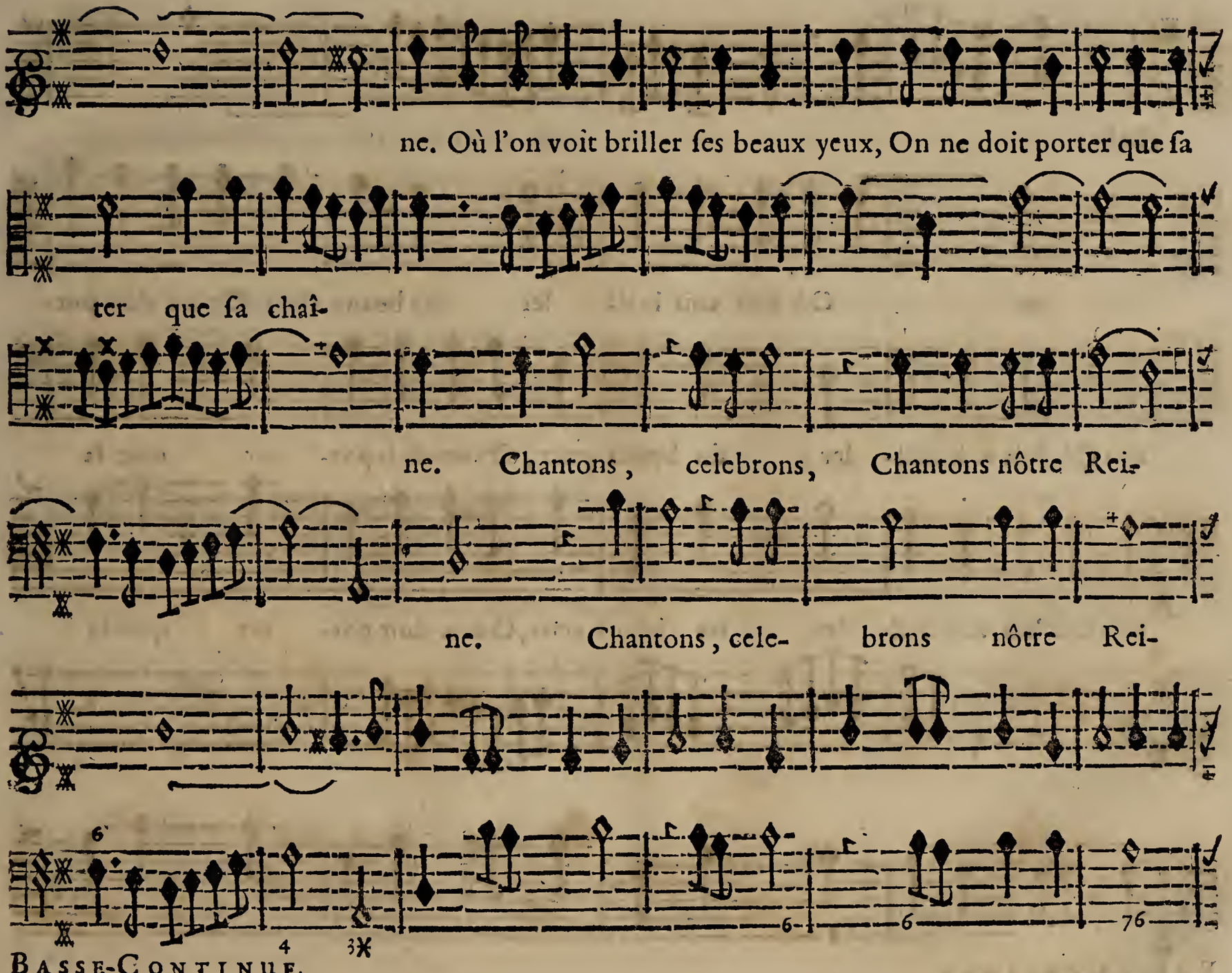
BASSE-CONTINUE.



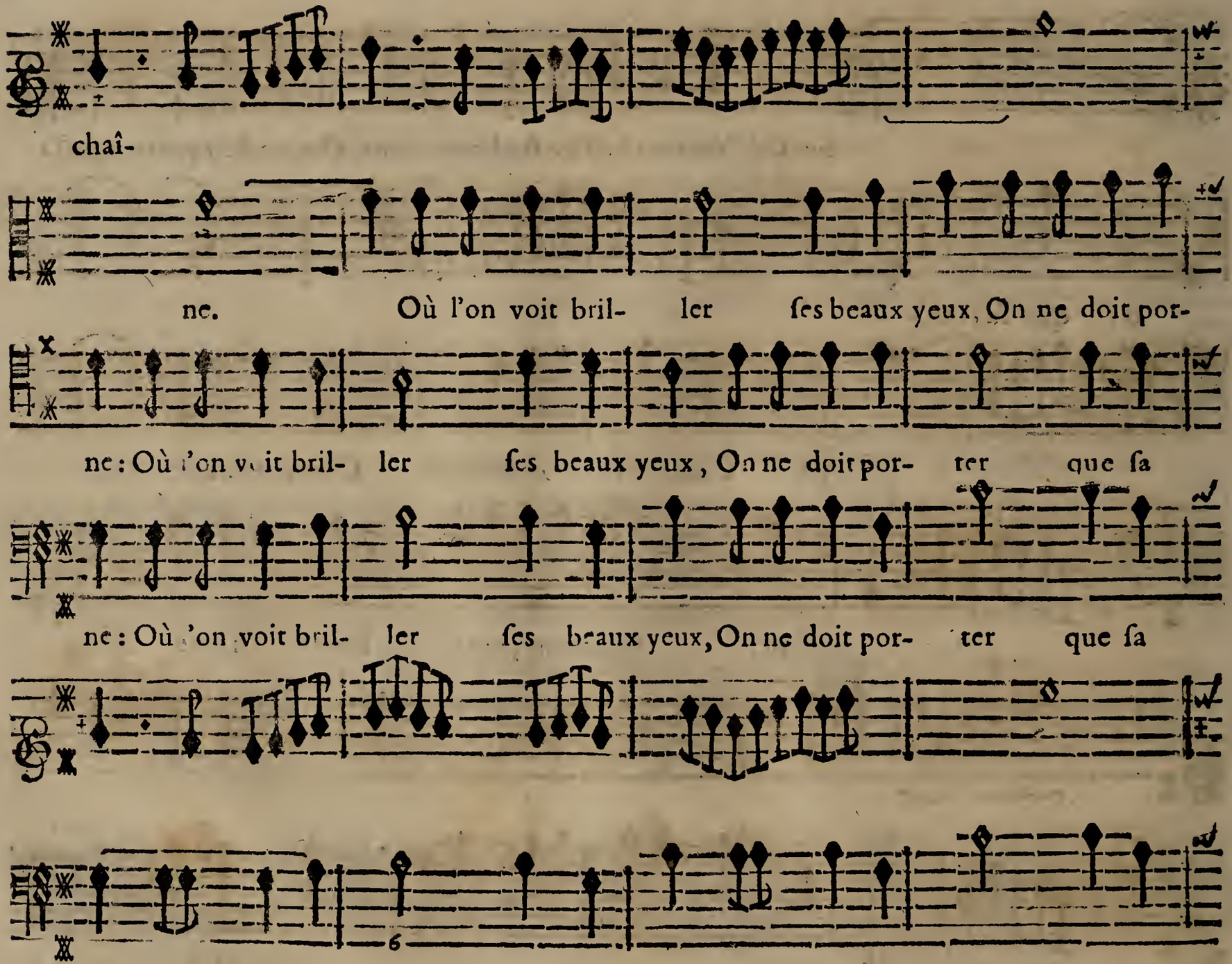
BASSE-CONTINUE.



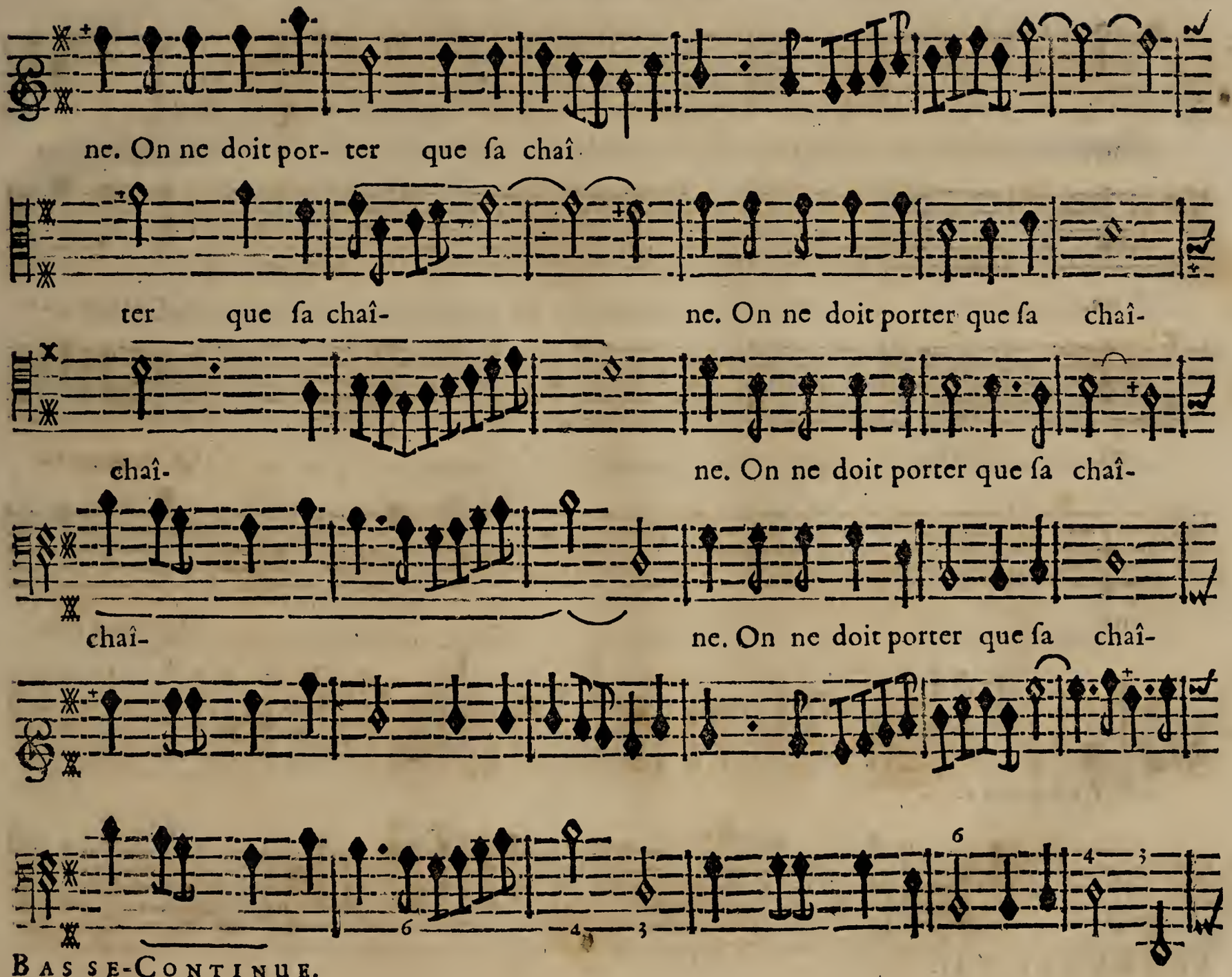
BASSE-CONTINUE.

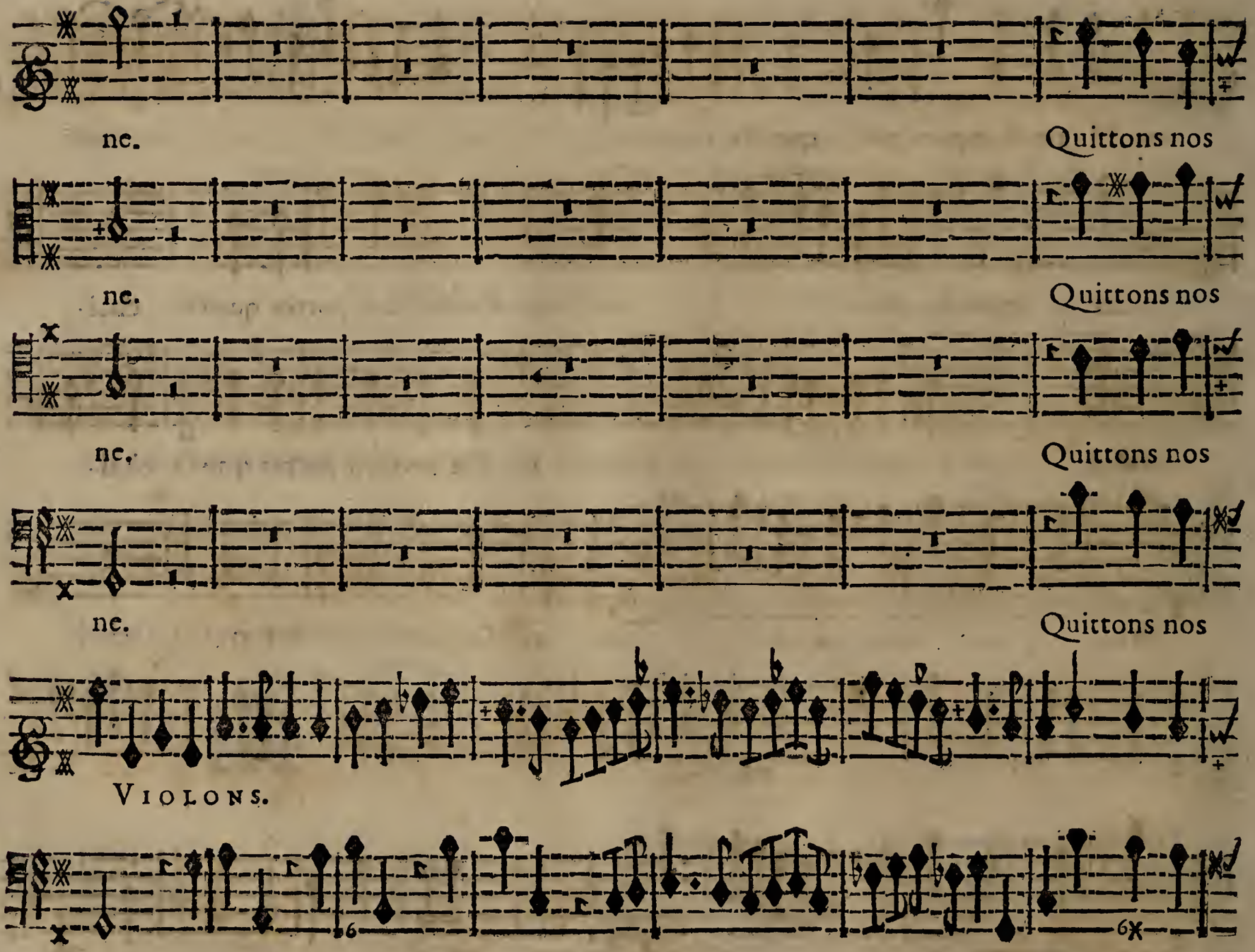


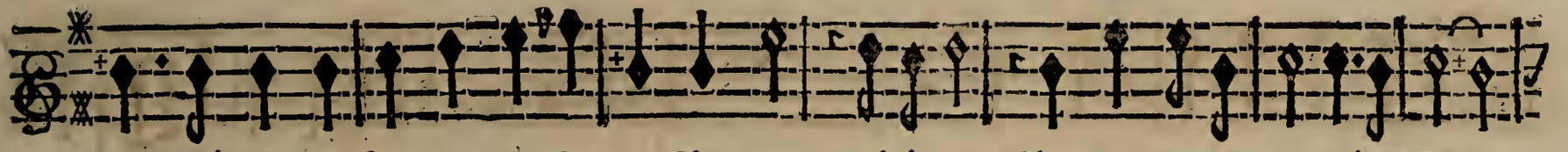
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.


ne. On ne doit por- ter que ſa chaî
ter que ſa chaî- ne. On ne doit porter que ſa chaî-
chaî- ne. On ne doit porter que ſa chaî-
chaî- ne. On ne doit porter que ſa chaî-
6 6 4 3 6 4 3
Basse-Continue.

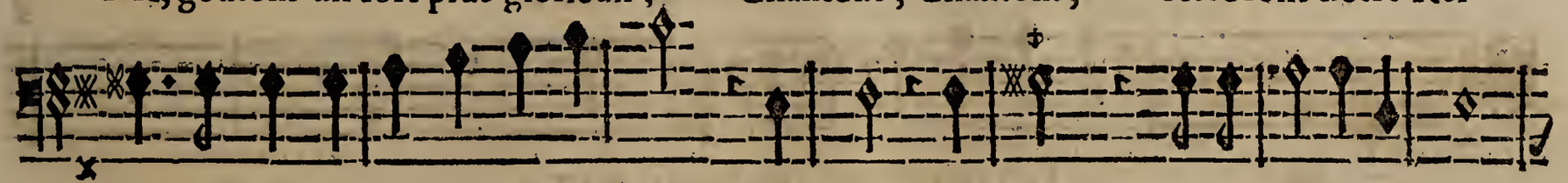

ne.
Quittons nos
ne.
Quittons nos
ne.
Quittons nos
ne.
Quittons nos
VIOLONS.
BASSE-CONTINUE.



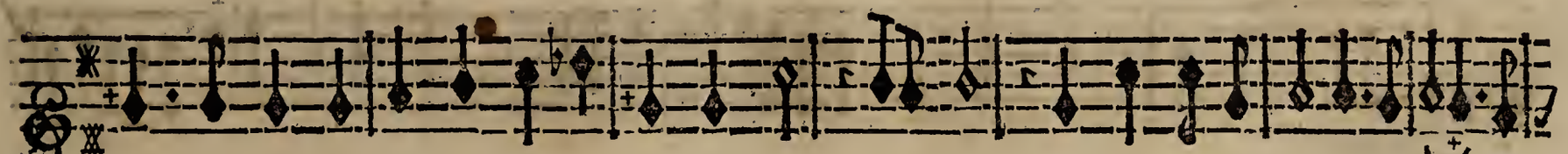
fers, goûtons un ſort plus glorieux, Chantons, celebrons, Chantons, celebrons nôtre Rei-

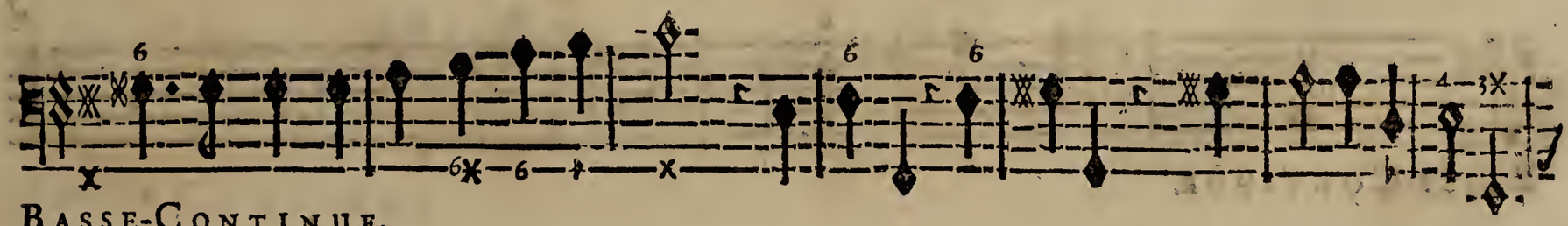
fers, goûtons un ſort plus glorieux, Chantons, Chantons, celebrons nôtre Rei-

fers, goûtons un ſort plus glorieux, Chantons, Chantons, celebrons nôtre Rei-

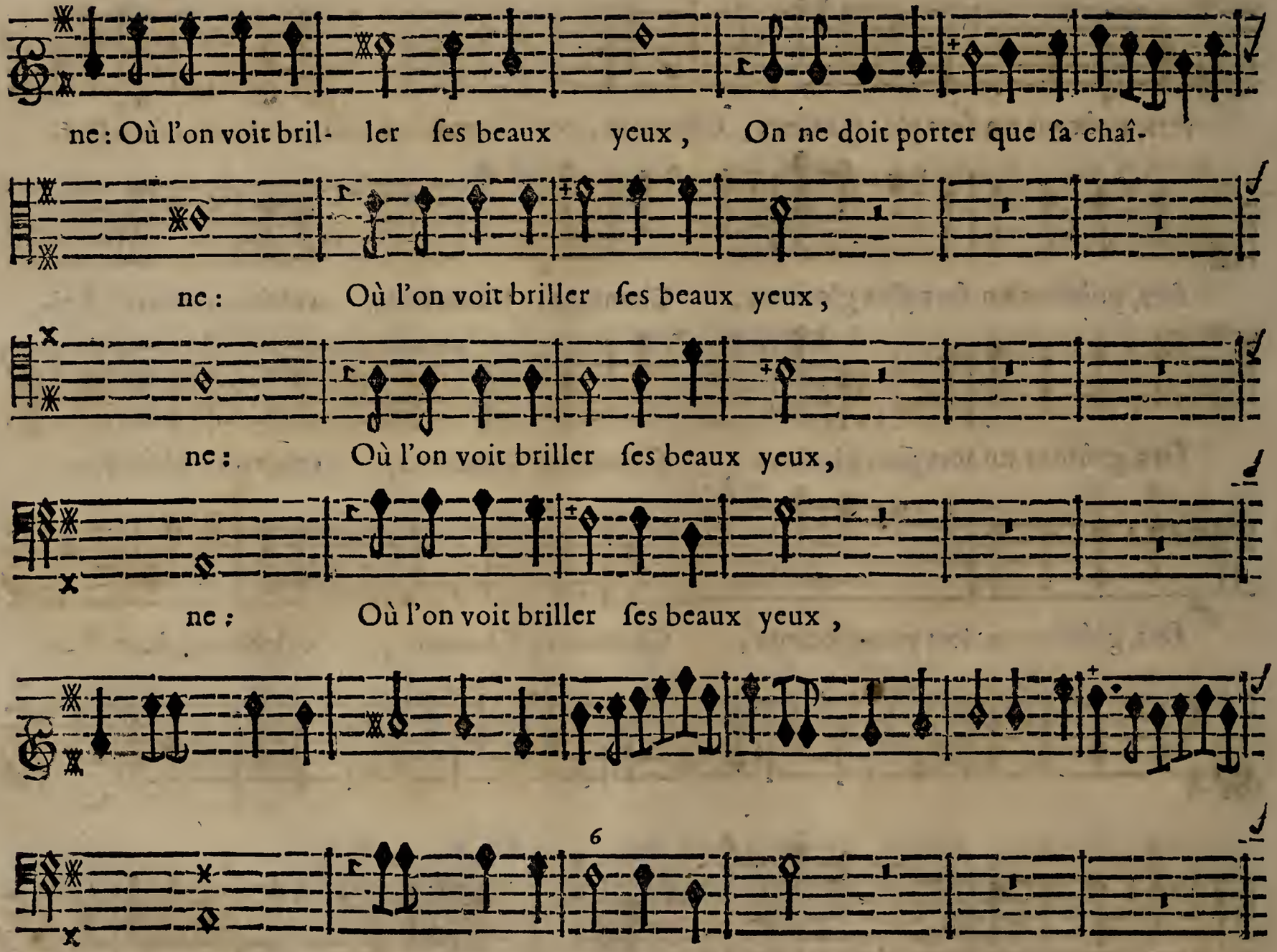


fers, goûtons un ſort plus glorieux, Chantons, Chantons, celebrons nôtre Rei-

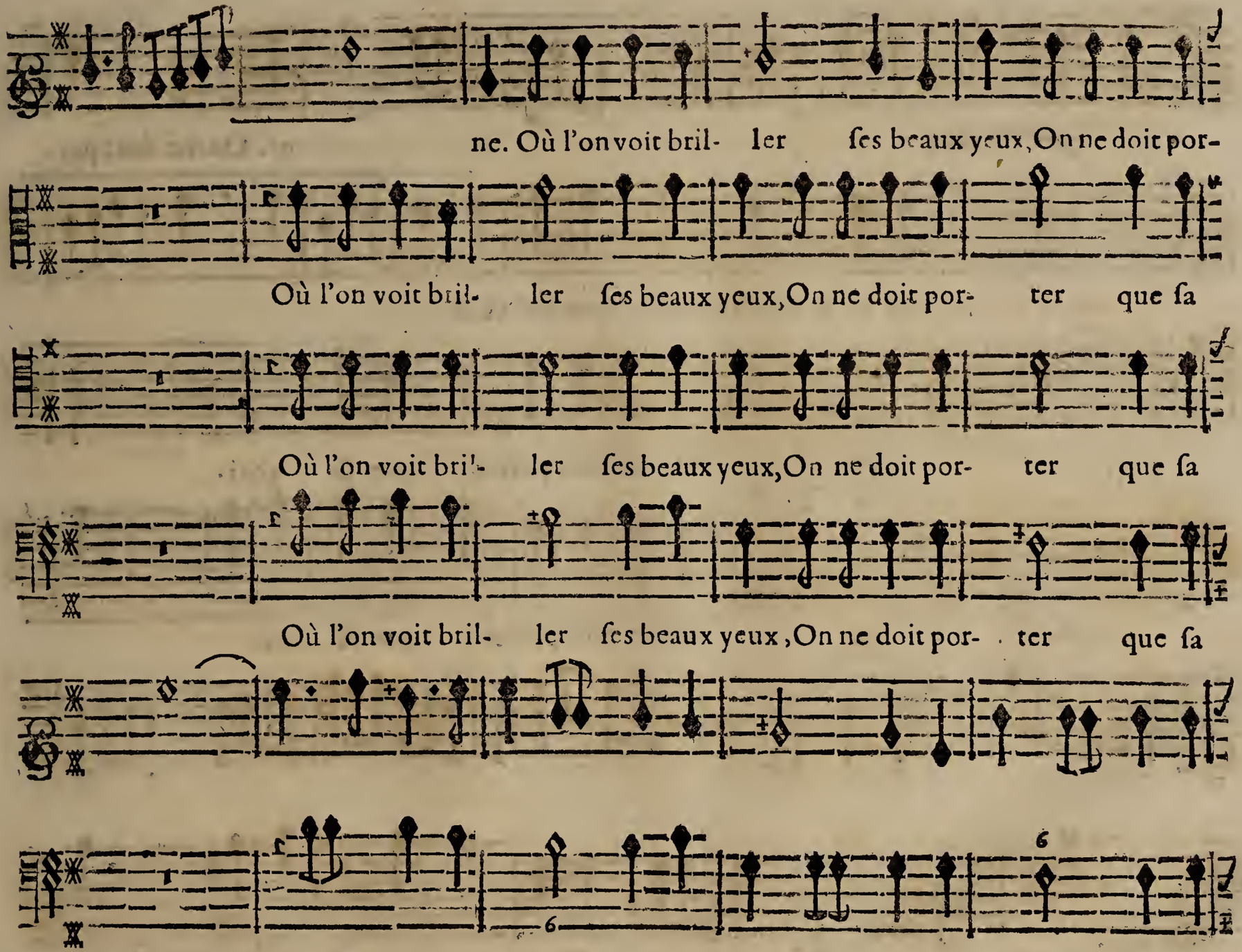




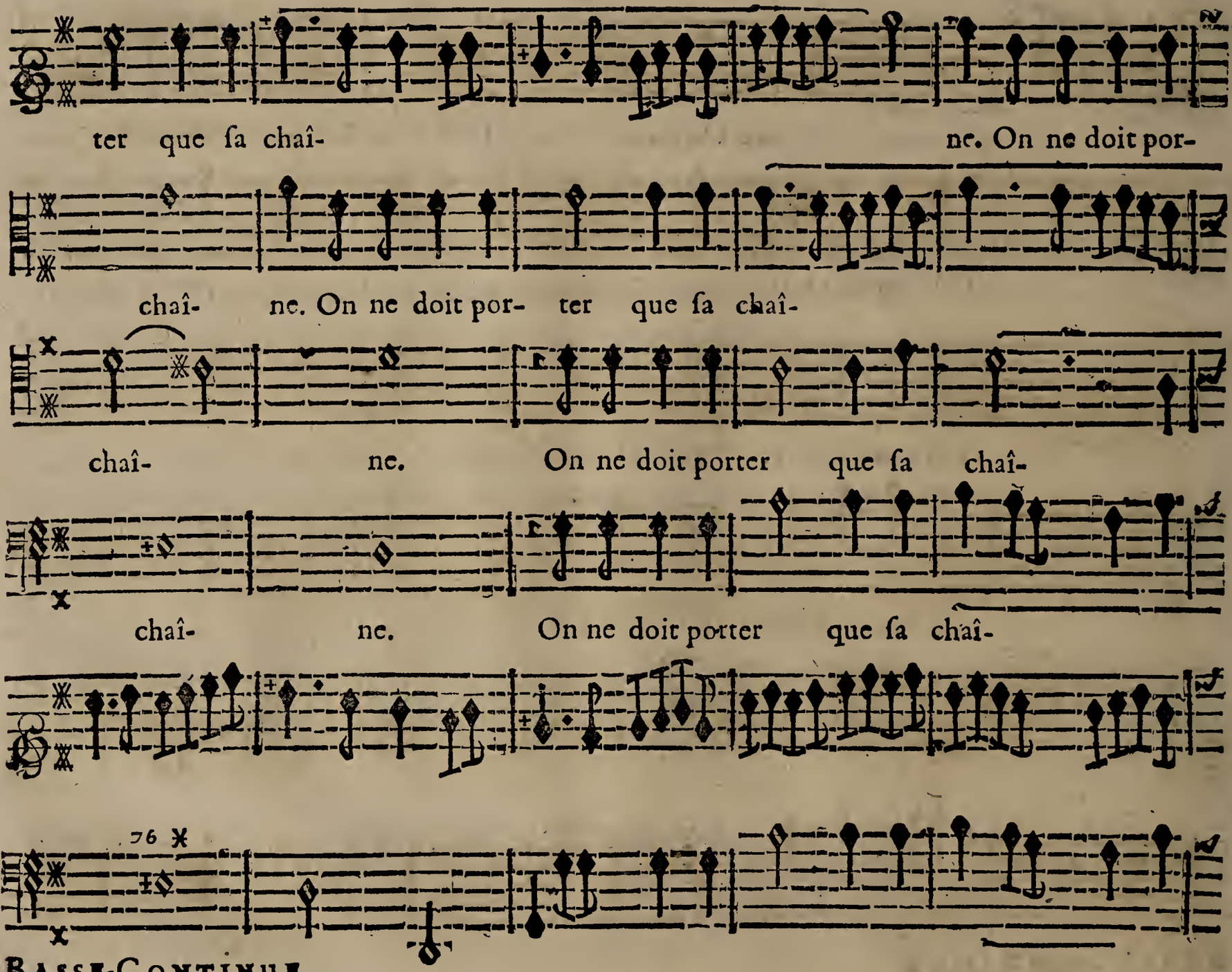
BASSE-CONTINUE.

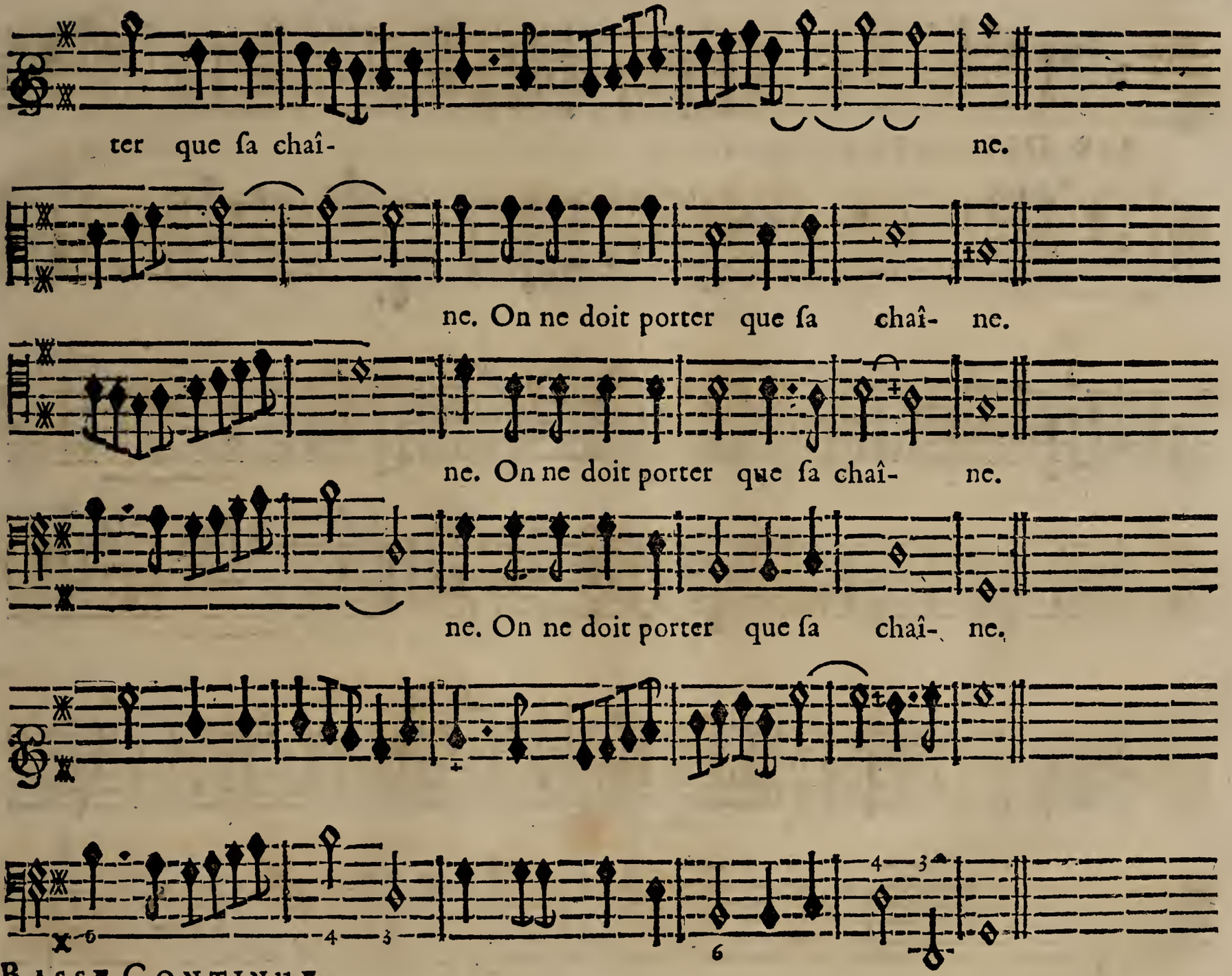


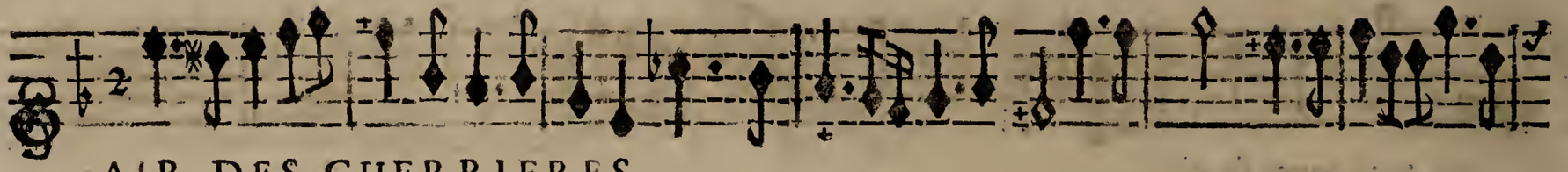
BASSE-CONTINUE.



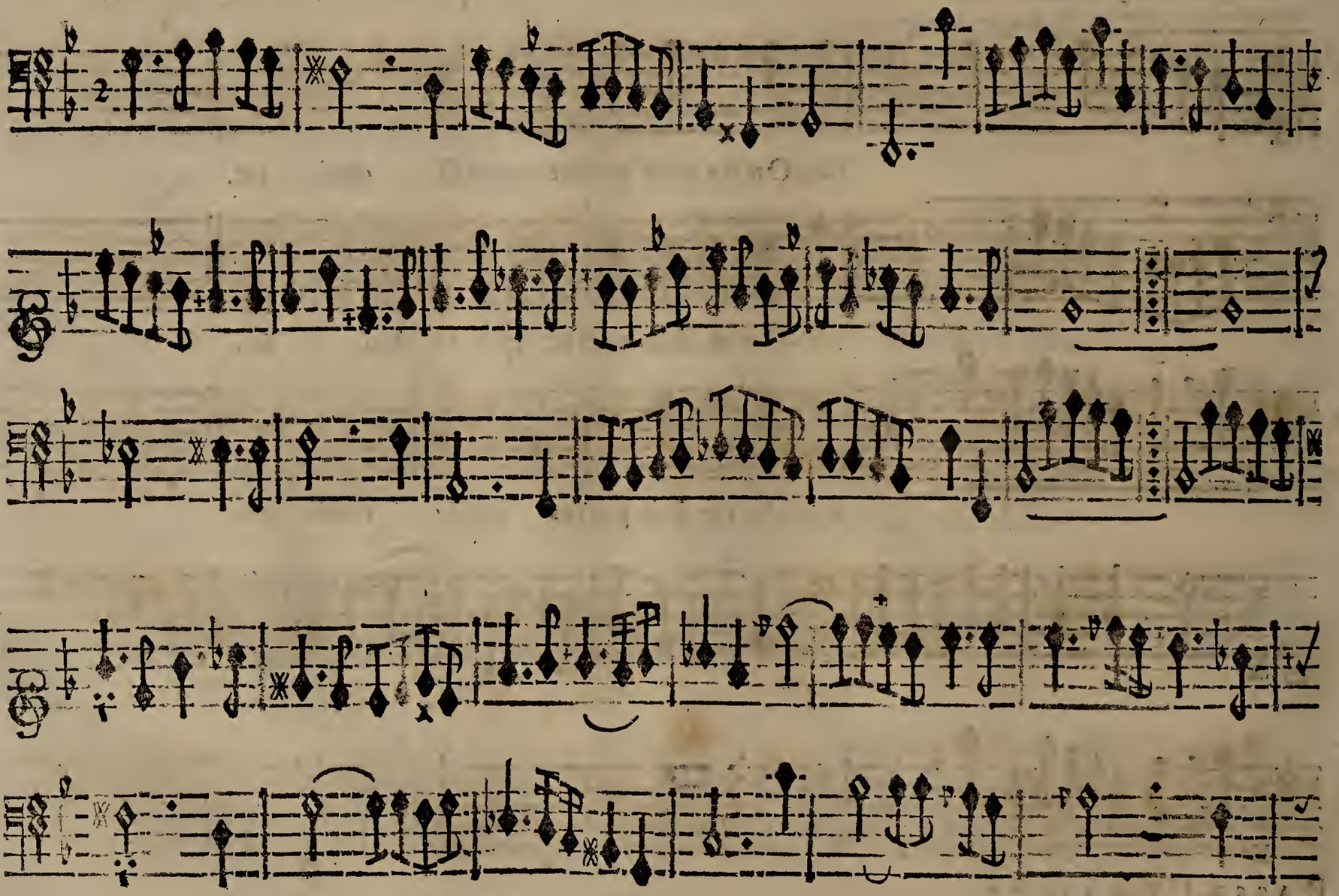
BASSE-CONTINUE.

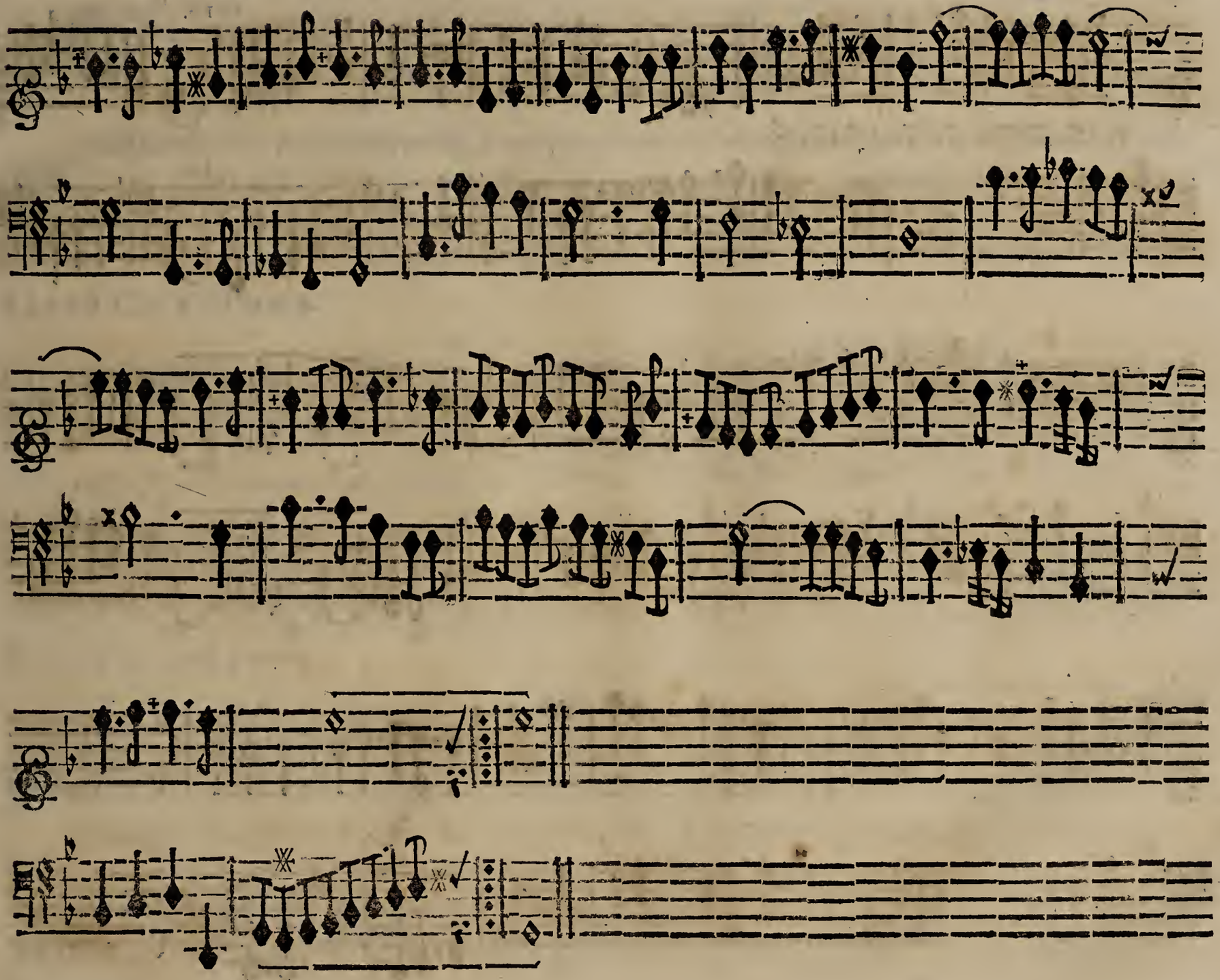

ter que ſa chaî-
ne. On ne doit por-
chaî- ne. On ne doit por- ter que ſa chaî-
chaî- ne. On ne doit porter que ſa chaî-
chaî- ne. On ne doit porter que ſa chaî-
76
Basse-Continue.


ter que ſa chaî- ne.
ne. On ne doit porter que ſa chaî- ne.
ne. On ne doit porter que ſa chaî- ne.
ne. On ne doit porter que ſa chaî- ne.
BASSE-CONTINUE.

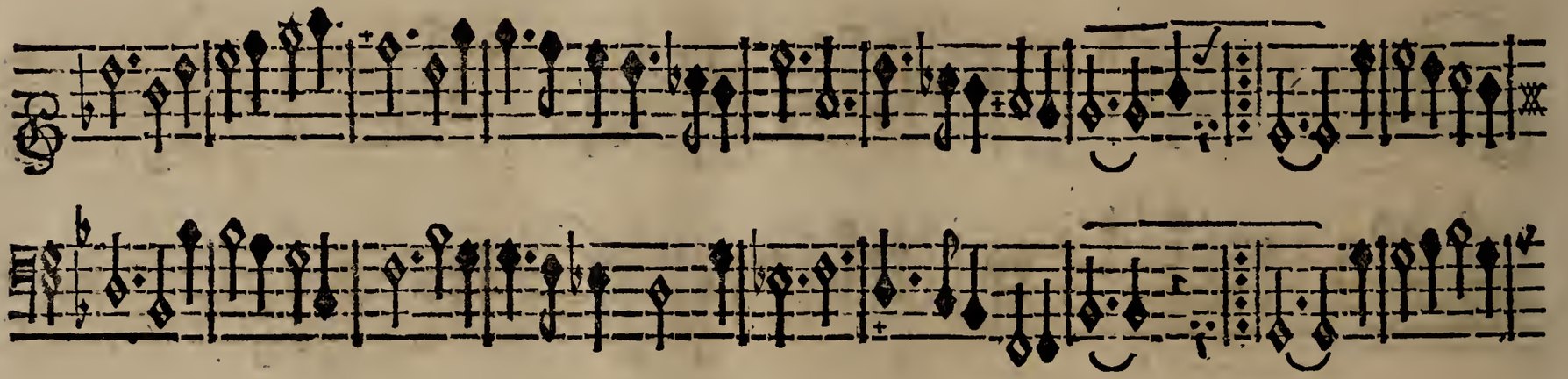


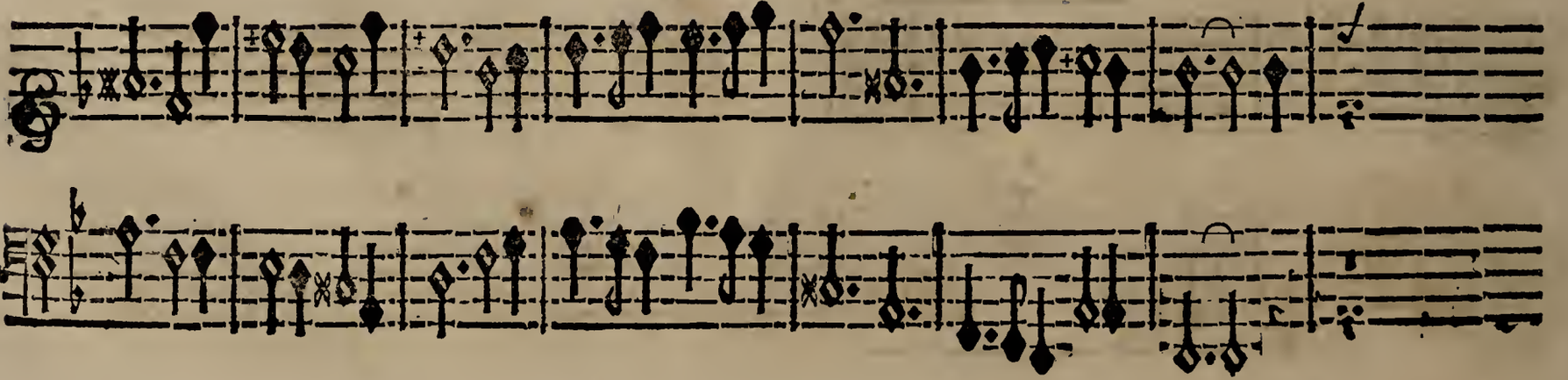
AIR DES GUERRIERES.



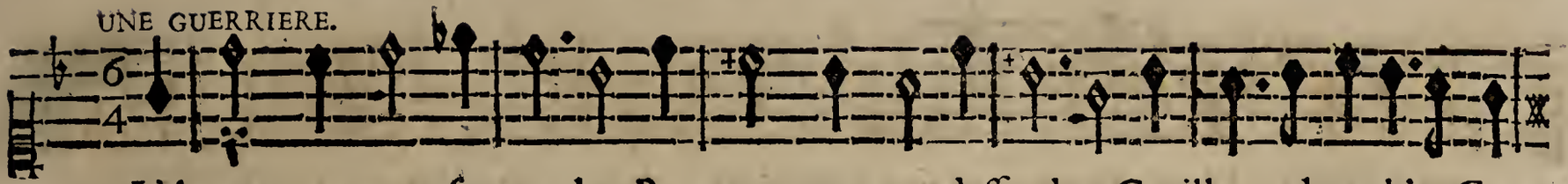


AIR DES SARASINS.

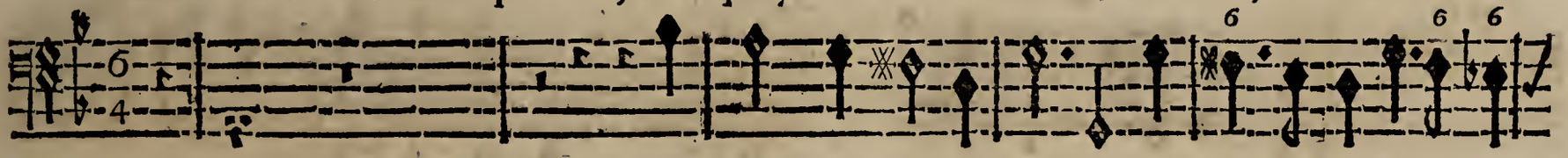




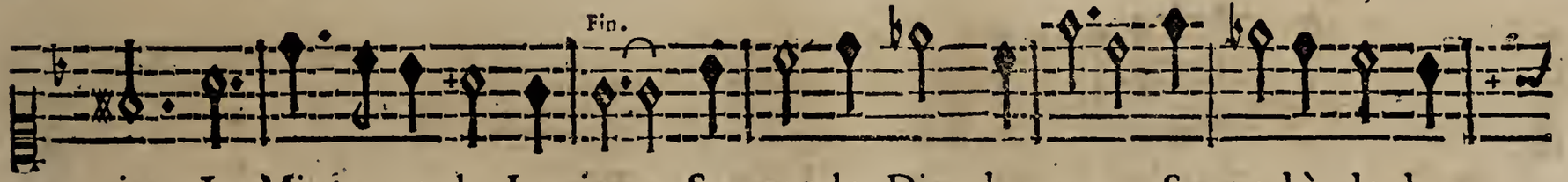
UNE GUERRIERE.



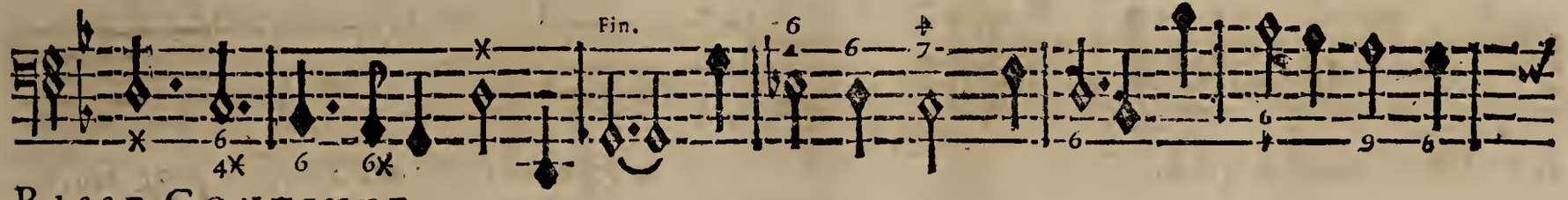
L'Amour veut vous ſurprendre, Pourquoy vous en deffendre ; Cueillez, redoutables Guer-



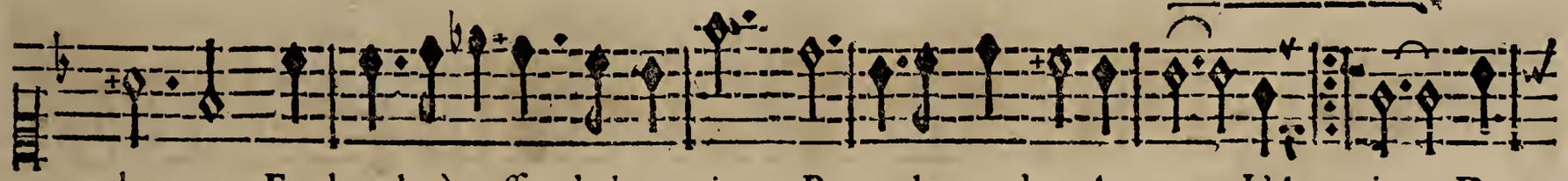
BASSE-CONTINUE.



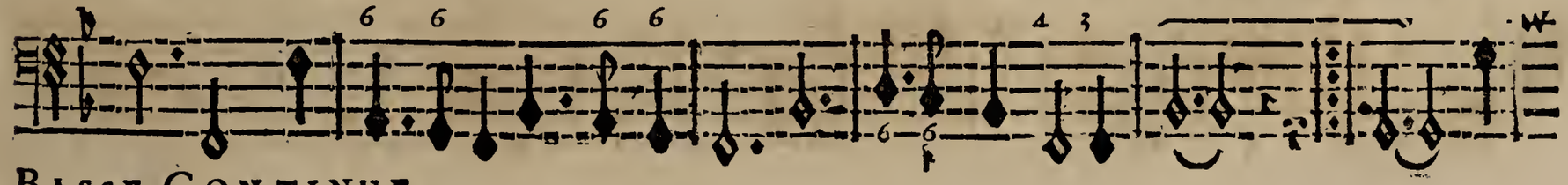
riers, Le Mirthe avec les Lauriers. Souvent le Dieu des armes Se rend à de doux



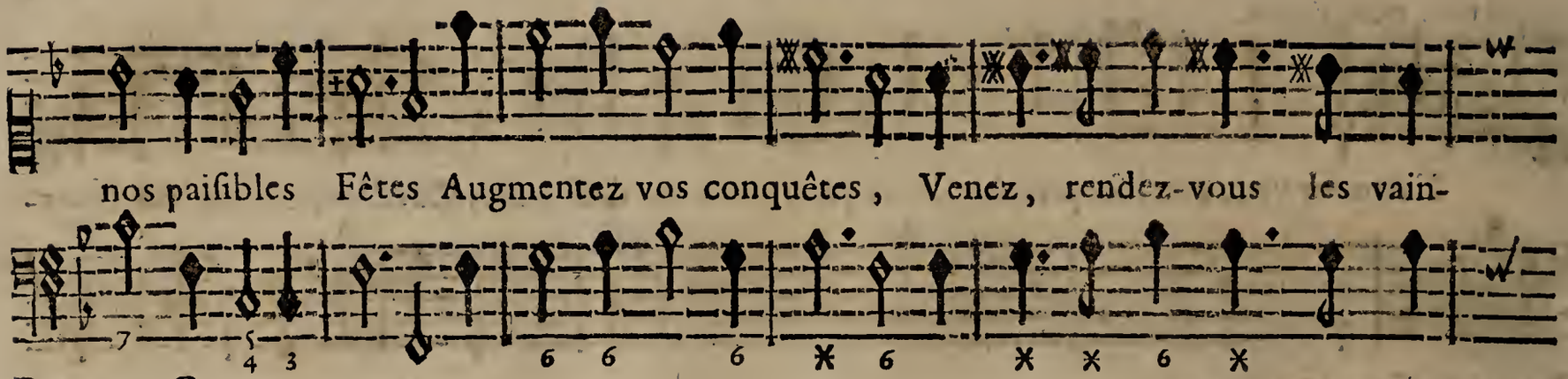
BASSE-CONTINUE.



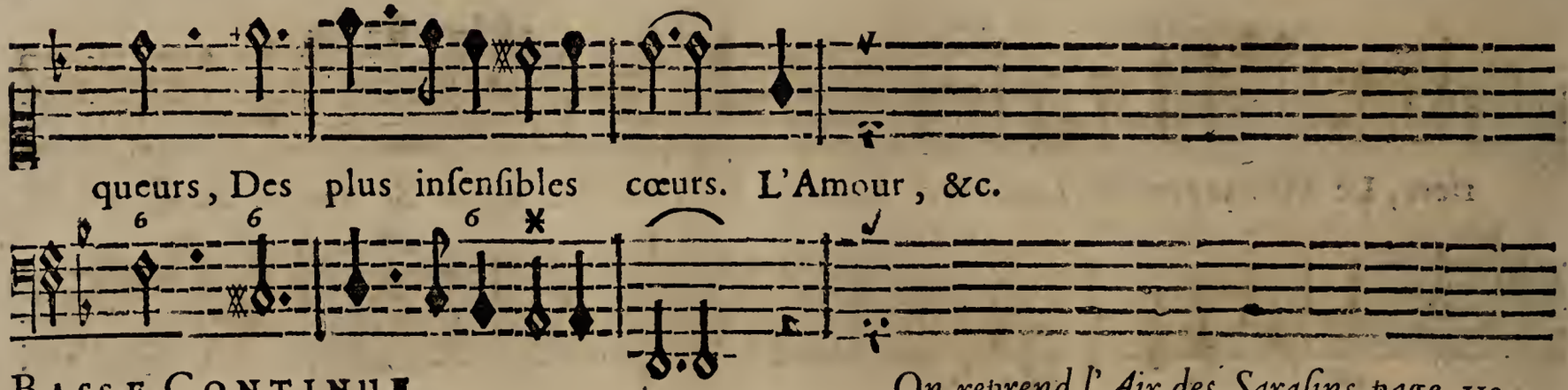
charmes, Et cherche à paſſer de beaux jours, Parmy les tendres Amours. L'A- riers. Dans



BASSE-CONTINUE.



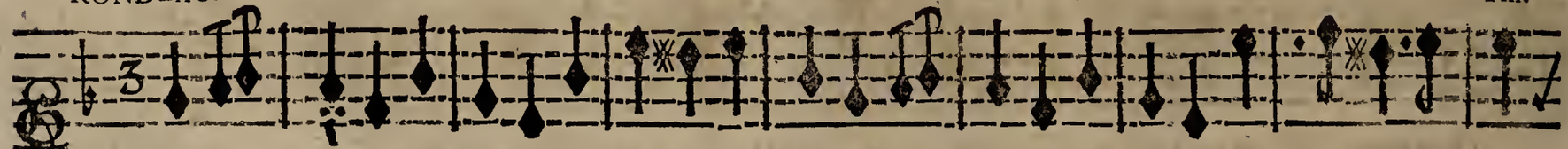
BASSE-CONTINUE.



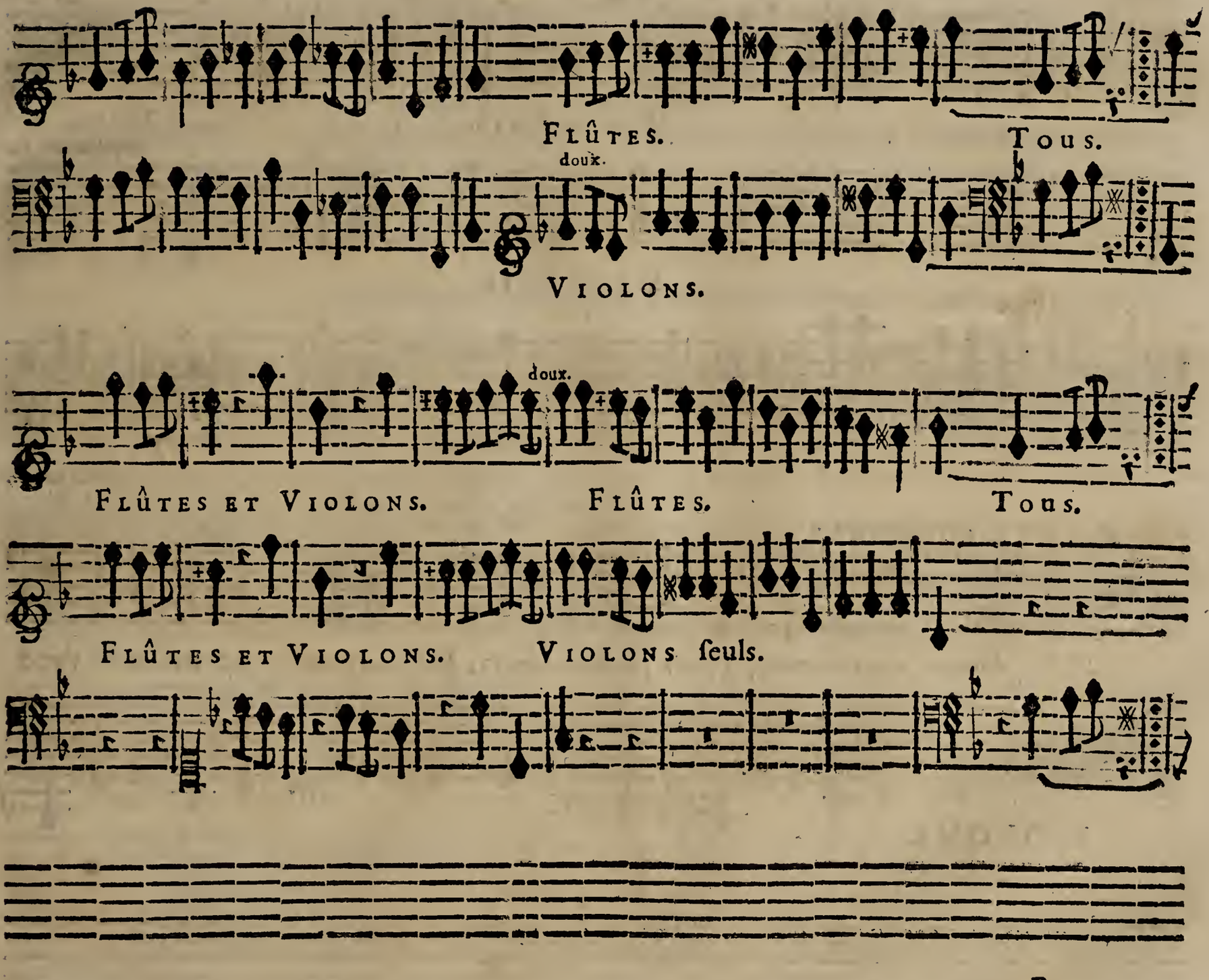
BASSE-CONTINUE.

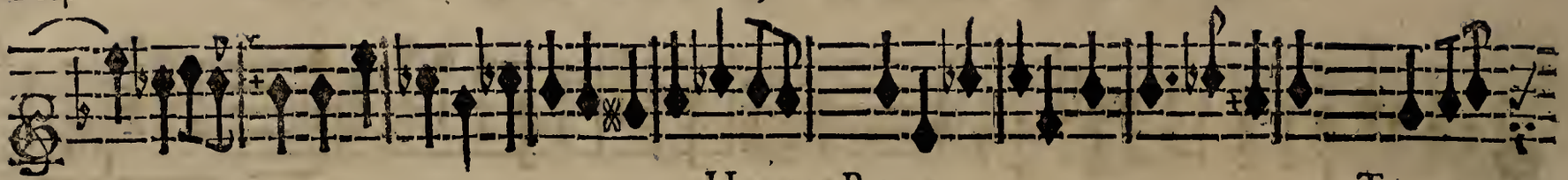
On reprend l'Air des Sarasins page 110.

RONDEAU. Fin.



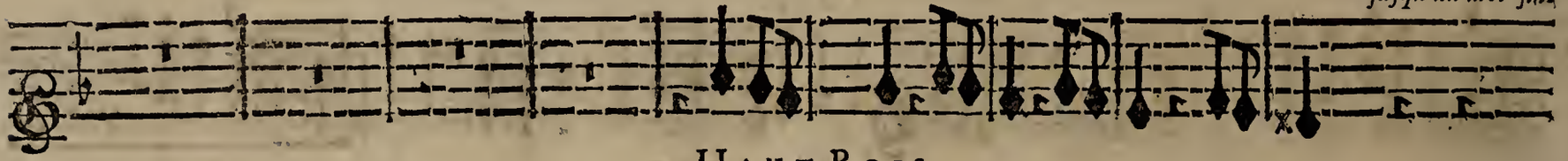
TROISIE'ME AIR.


Flûtes.
Tous.
doux.
Violons.
doux.
Flûtes et Violons.
Flûtes.
Tous.
Flûtes et Violons.
Violons seuls.

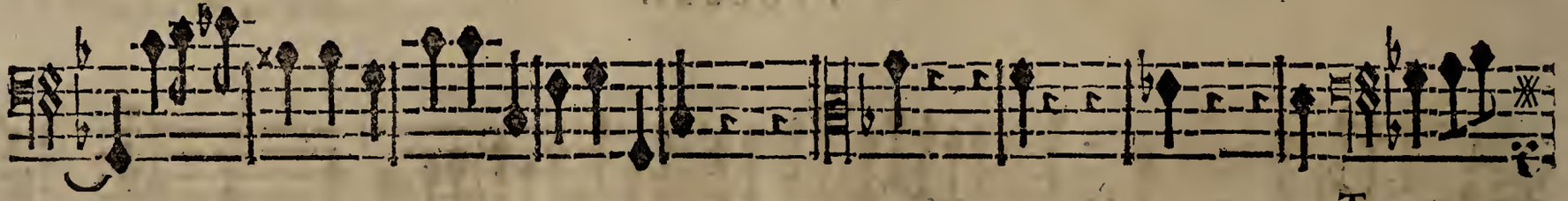


HAUT-BOIS. TOUS.

jusqu'au mot fin.



HAUT-BOIS.



TOUS.

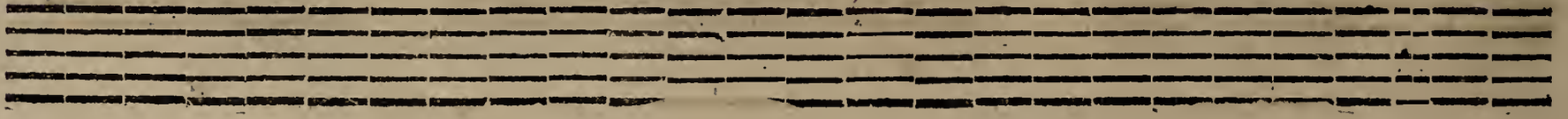
jusqu'au mot fin.

PREMIERE GUERRIERE.

Si le danger vous étonne, Fuyez, foibles cœurs; L'Amour ainſi que Bellonne Vend

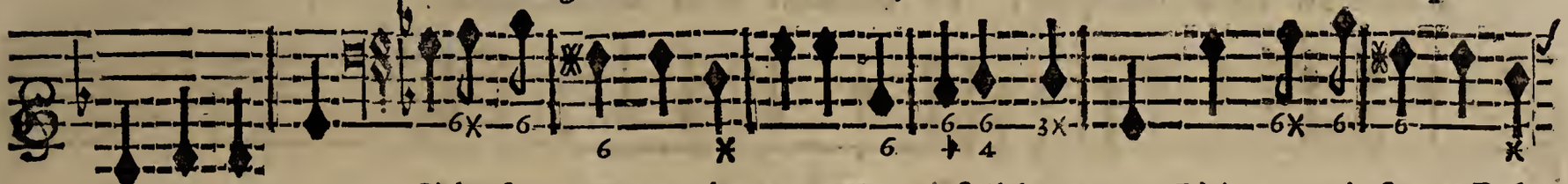
doux.

VIOLONS.



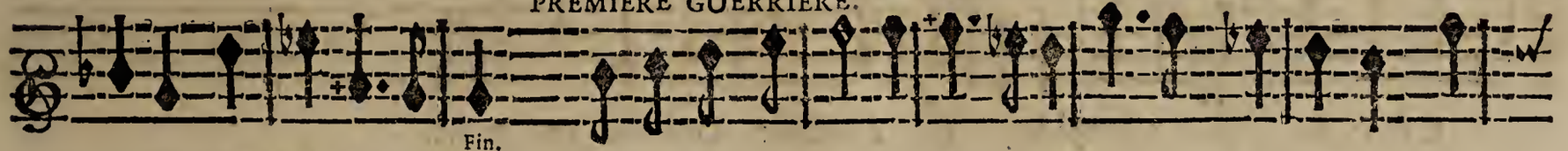
LE CHOEUR.

cher ſes faveurs. Si le danger vous étonne, Fuyez, foibles cœurs; L'Amour ainſi que Bel-



Si le danger vous étonne, Fuyez, foibles cœurs; L'Amour ainſi que Bel-

PREMIERE GUERRIERE.



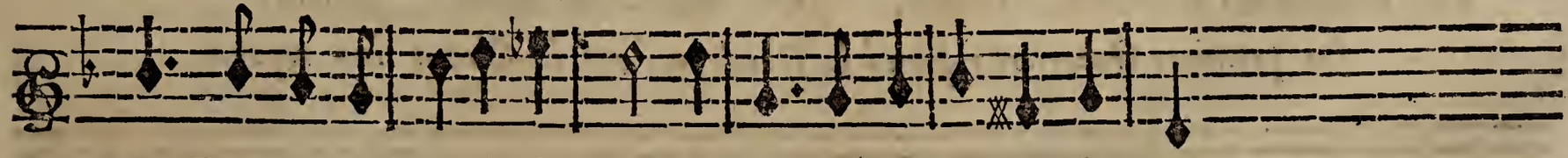
Fin.

lonne Vend cher ſes faveurs. Il eſt mille ſoins à rendre, Des travaux à ſurmon-

Fin. SECONDE GUERRIERE.

lonne Vend cher ſes douceurs. Il eſt mille ſoins à rendre, Des travaux à ſurmon-

ter, Des yeux jaloux à ſurprendre, Des cruelles à dompter.

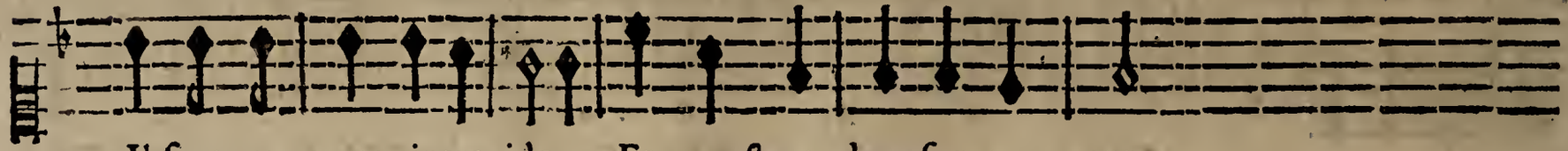


ter, Des yeux jaloux à ſurprendre, Des cruelles à dompter.

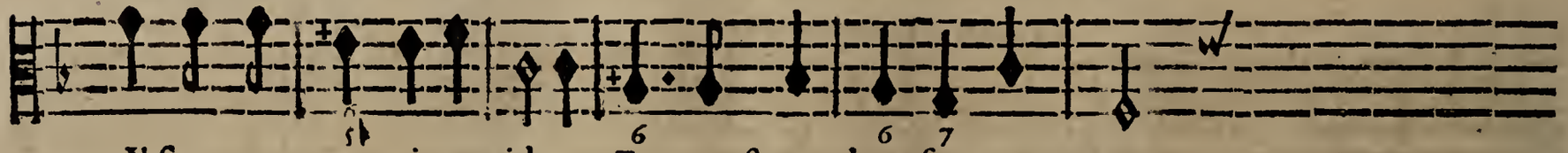
La ſeconde Guerriere reprend le Rondeau & le Chœur luy repond.

LE PETIT CHOEUR.

Il faut un cœur intrepide, Et conſtant dans ſon tourment.

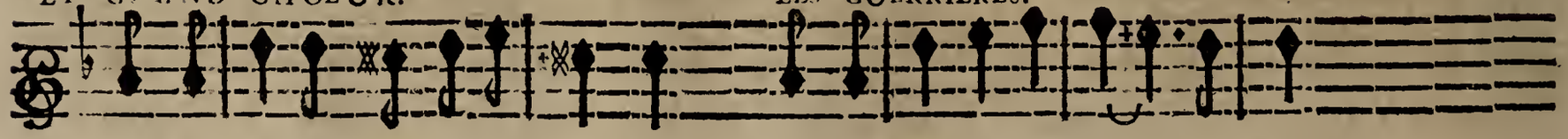


Il faut un cœur intrepide, Et conſtant dans ſon tourment.

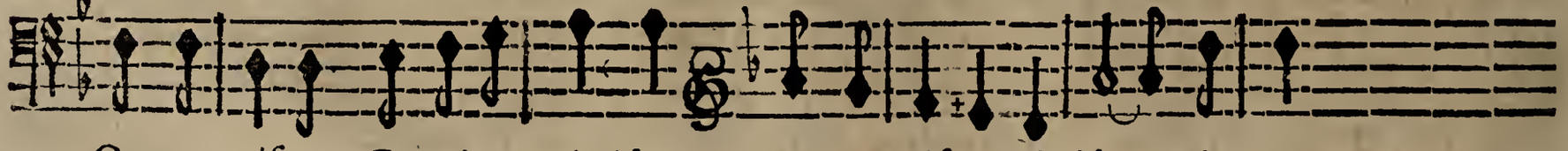


Il faut un cœur intrepide, Et conſtant dans ſon tourment.

LE GRAND CHOEUR. LES GUERRIERES.

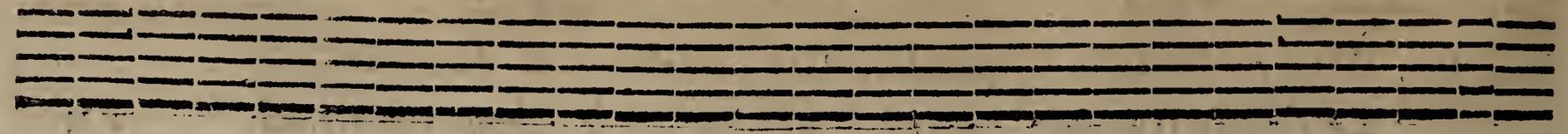


On mepriſe un Guerrier timide, On mepriſe un timide Amant.



On mepriſe un Guerrier timide, On mepriſe un timide Amant.

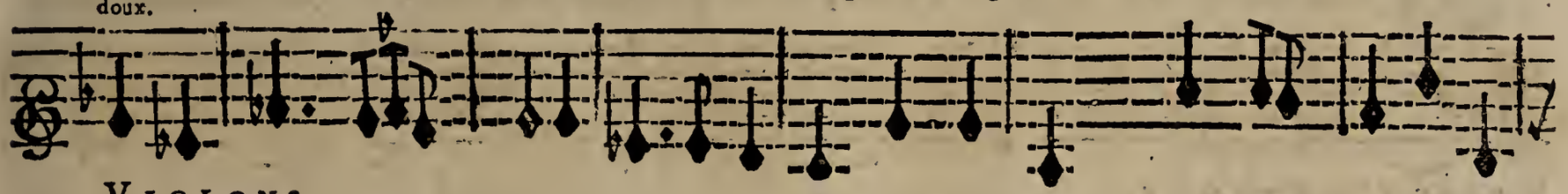
La premiere Guerriere reprend le Rondeau, & le Chœur luy repond.



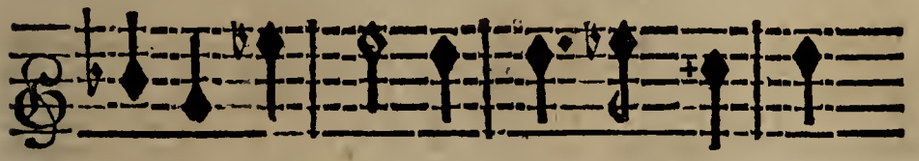
LA SECONDE GUERRIERE. LA PREMIERE GUERRIERE.

Le Guerrier ſe ſert d'adreſſe, Pour finir de grands exploits. Pour couronner ſa ten-

doux.

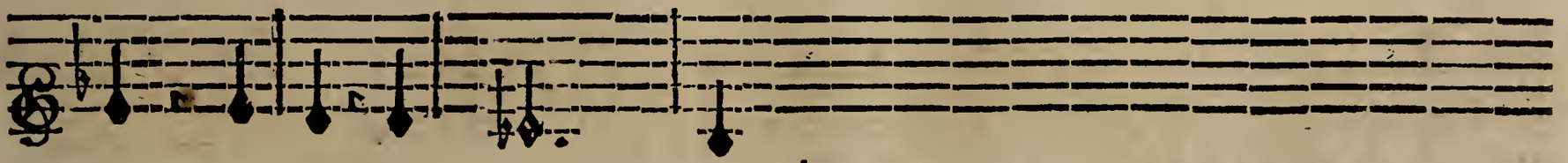


VIOLONS.



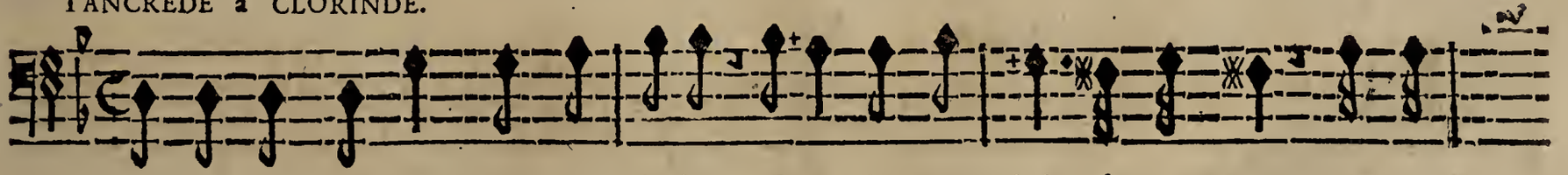
dreſſe, L'Amant s'en ſert quelque fois.

Les deux Guerrieres reprennent le Rondeau, la Seconde chante la partie que joüent les Violons & le Chœur le finit.



On reprend le Rondeau, page, 115.

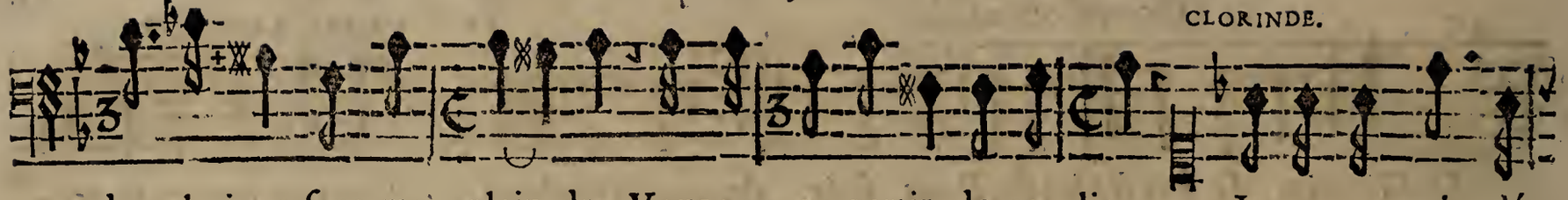
TANCREDE à CLORINDE.



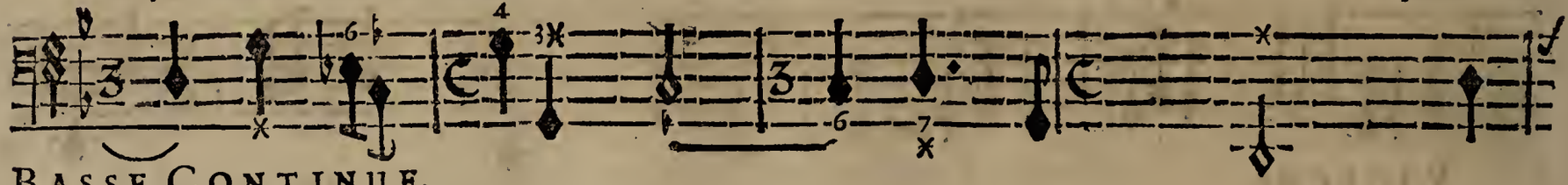
Je ne pretens point vous contraindre, Icy rien ne plaît à vos yeux, Je per-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

CLORINDE.

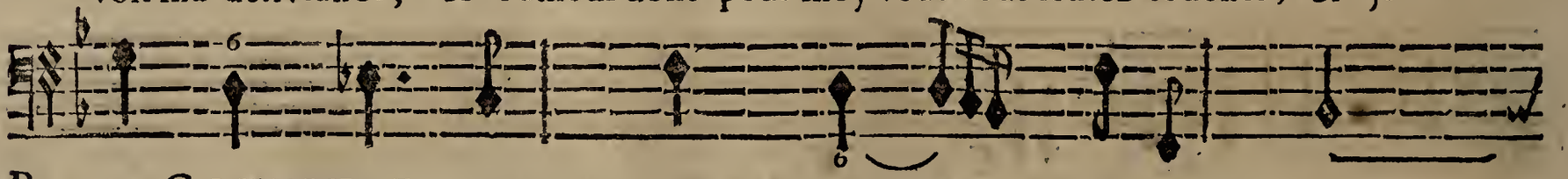


dray le jour ſans me plain-dre, Vous pouvez partir de ces lieux. Je ne veux point dé-

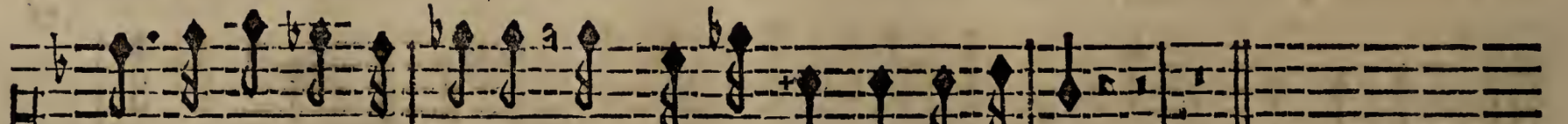


BASSE-CONTINUE.

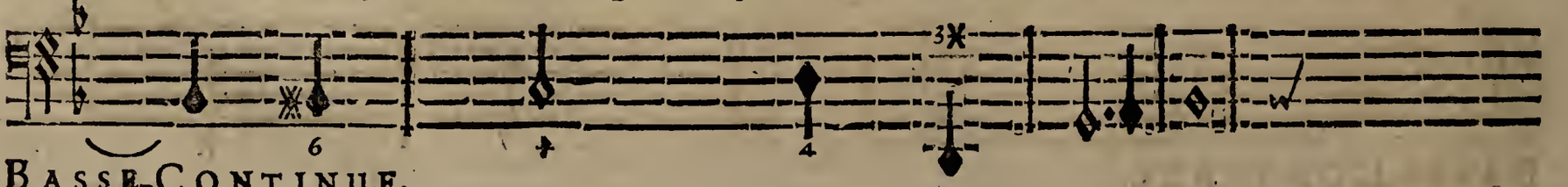
voir ma délivrance, A l'amour dont pour moy vous vous ſentez toucher; Si je



BASSE-CONTINUE.



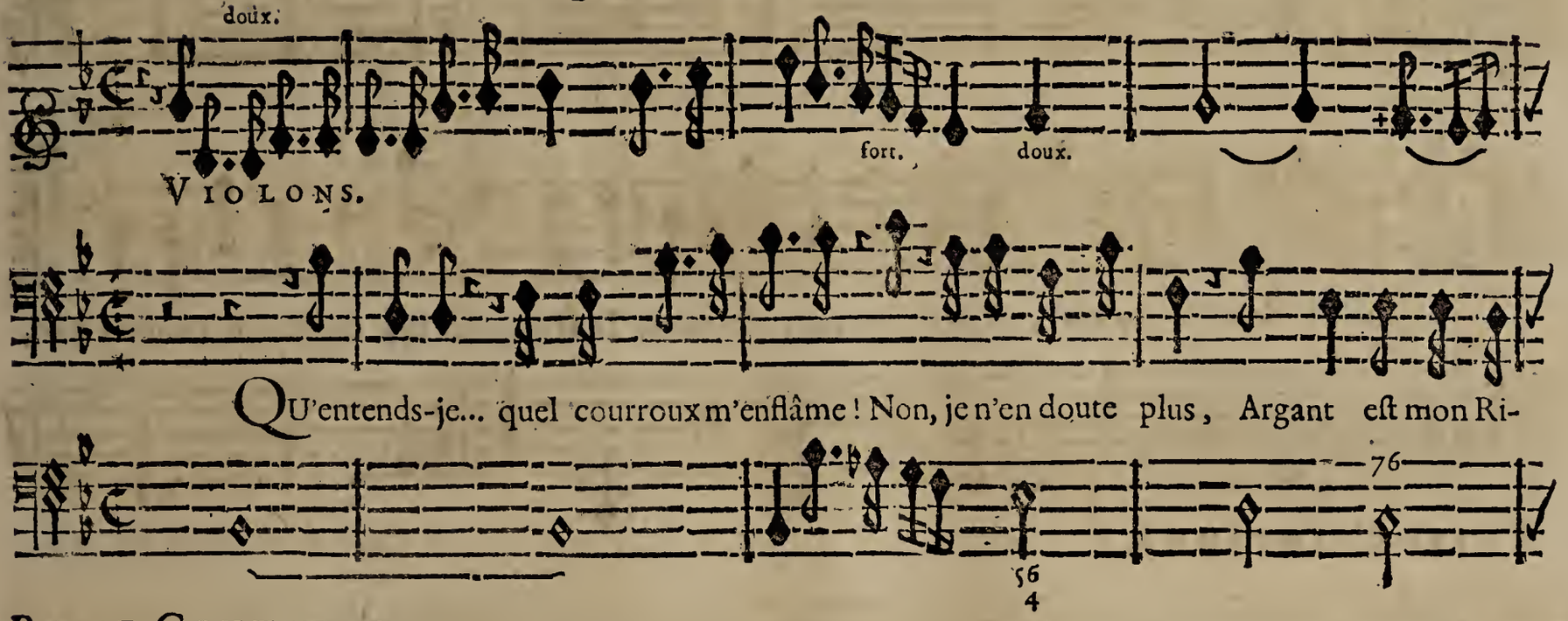
ſuis en vôtre puiſſance, Argant ſçaura m'en arracher.

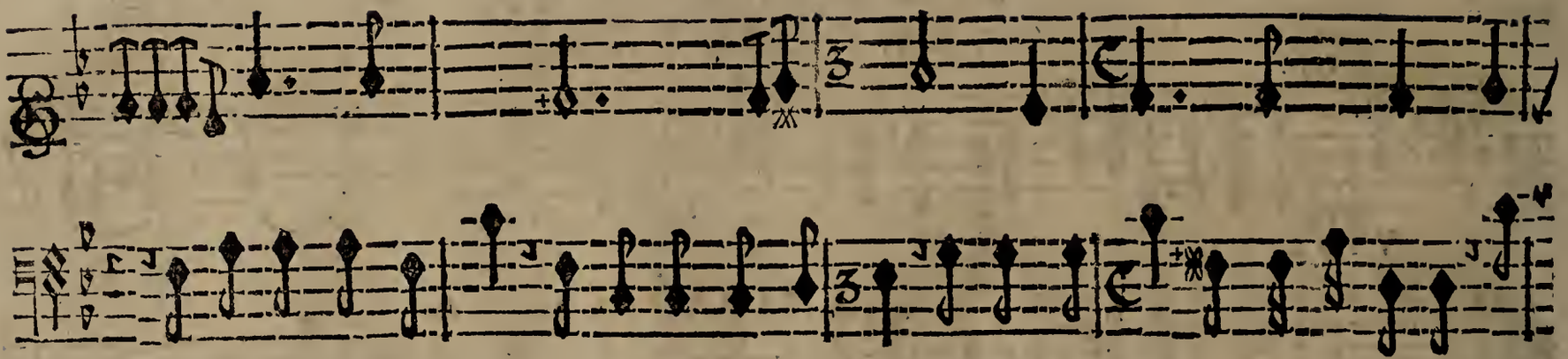


BASSE-CONTINUE.

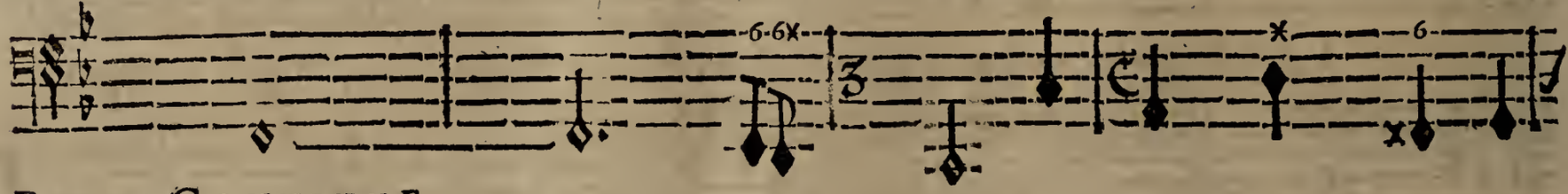
SCENE IV.

TANCREDE seul.

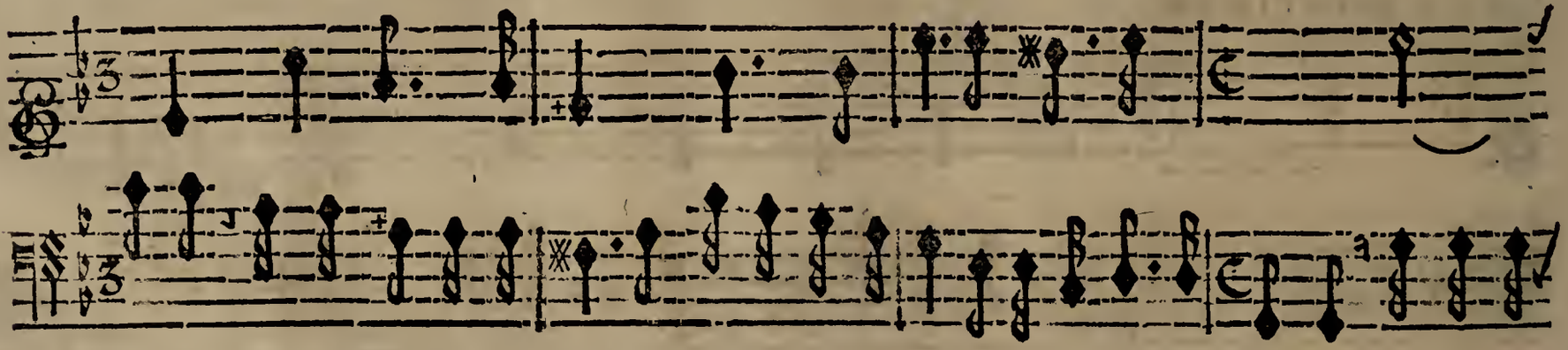




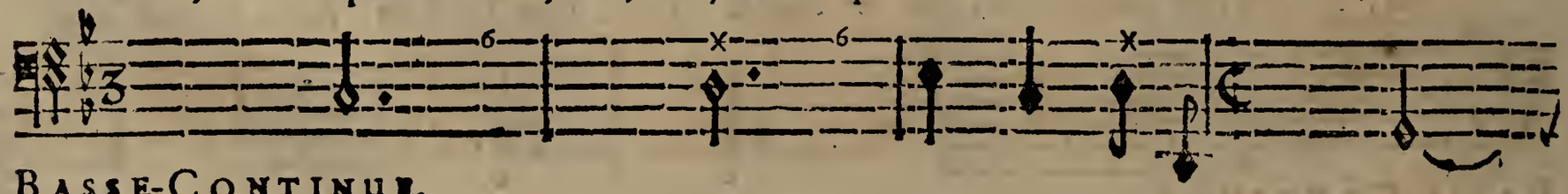
Rival de mes exploits, Rival de mes amours, Je ſens pour luy croître ma haîne; Bar-



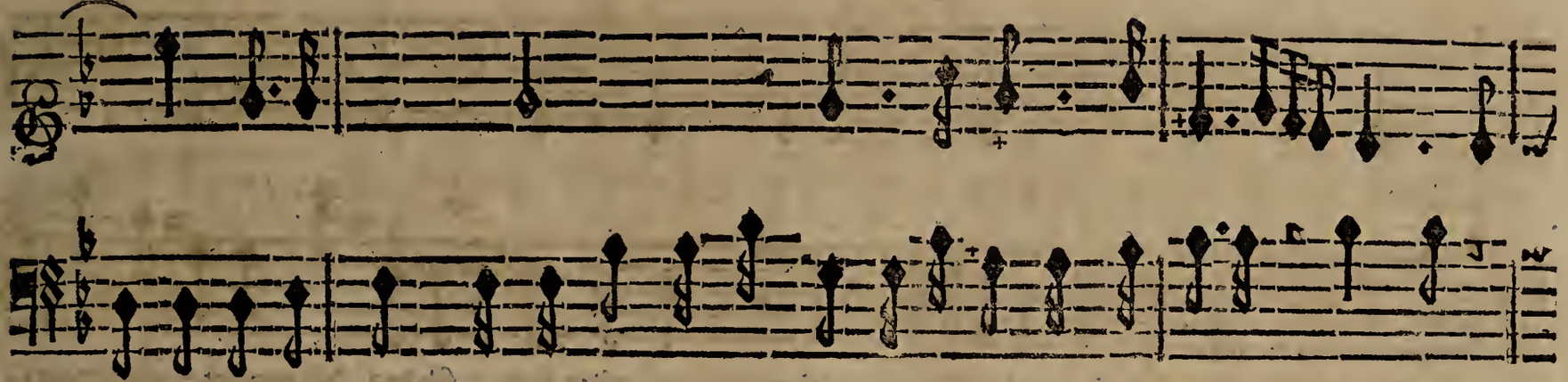
BASSE-CONTINUE.



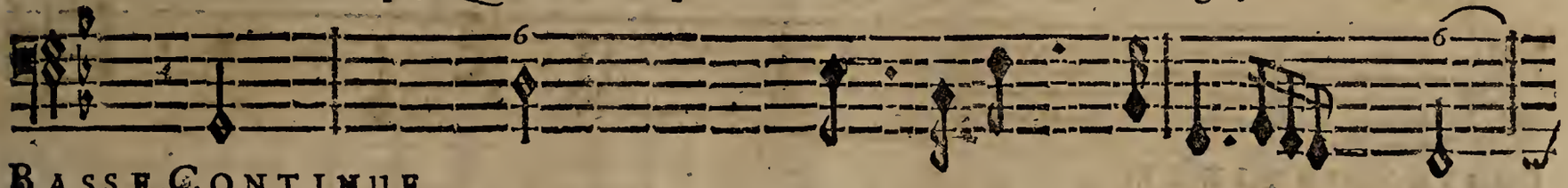
bare, aux dépens de tes jours, J'iray te diſputer une ſi belle chaîne, Tu n'as en-



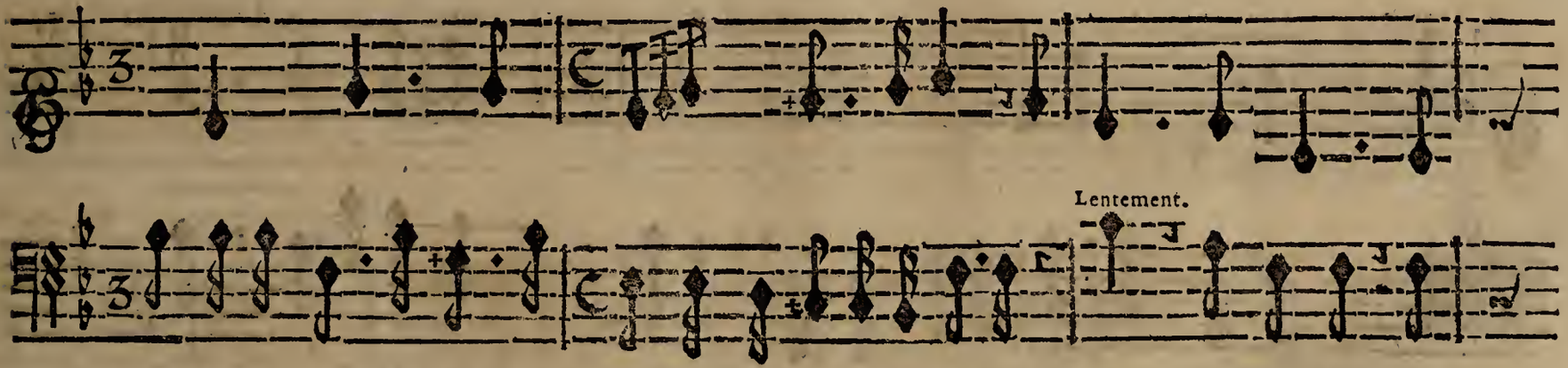
BASSE-CONTINUE.



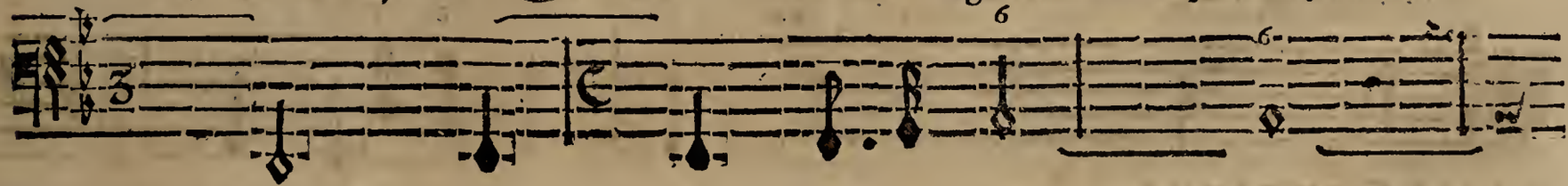
cor ſenti les coups, Que d'un bras qui cherchoit à ſervir mon courage, Tremble;



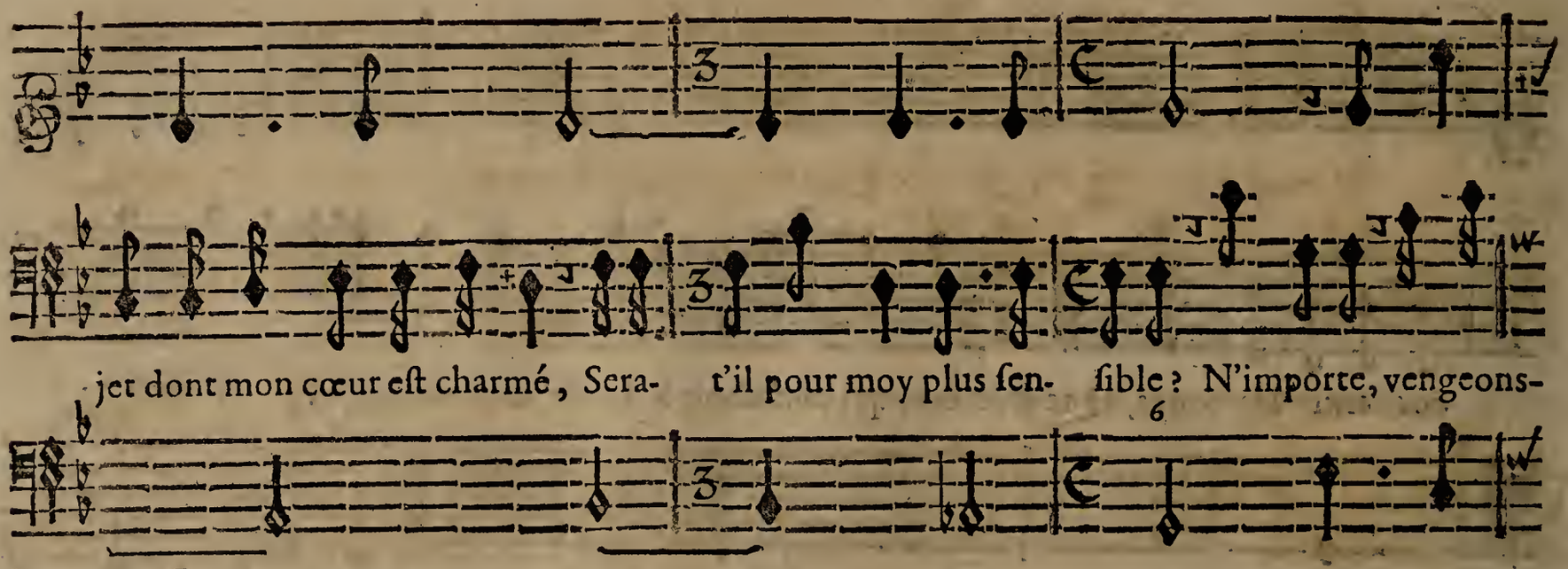
BASSE-CONTINUE.



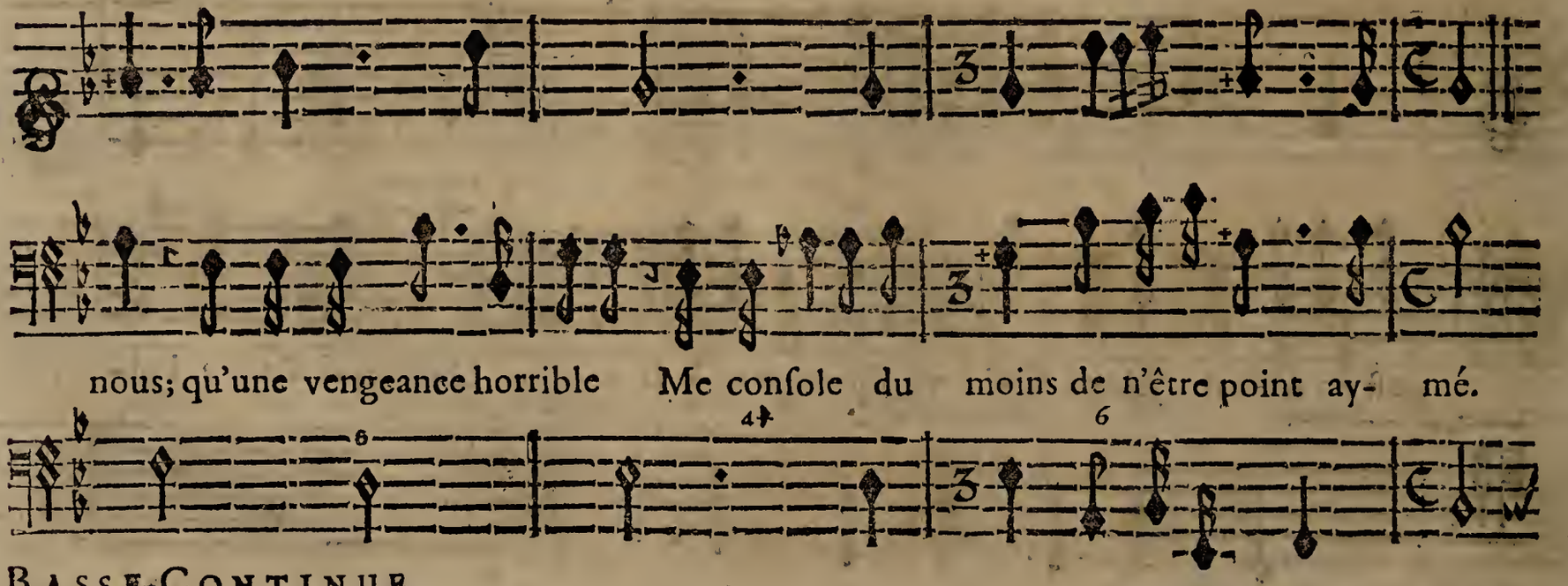
c'eſt un Amant jaloux Qui va t'immoler à ſa rage... Mais, que dis-je? l'ob-



BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.



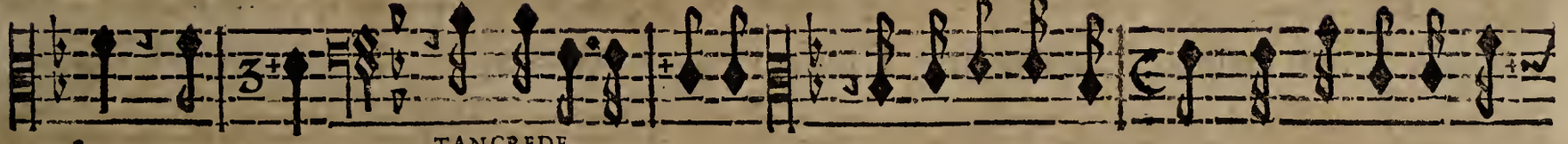
BASSE-CONTINUE.

SCENE V.

TANCREDE, UN GUERRIER.

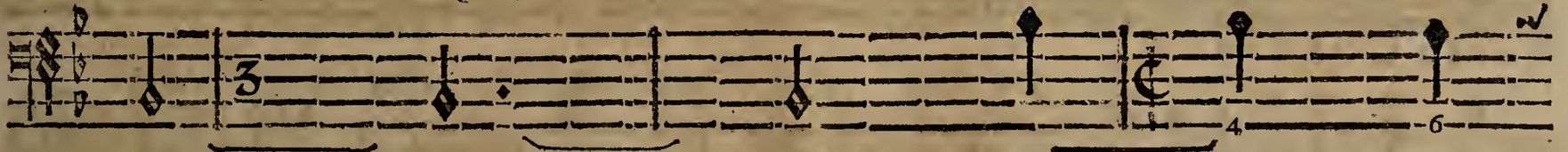
LE GUERRIER.

LE GUERRIER.

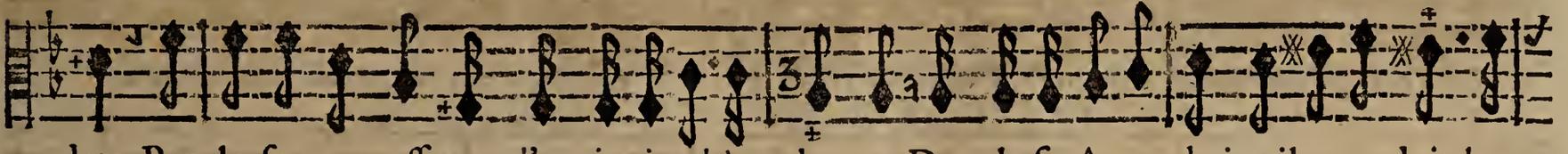


TANCREDE.

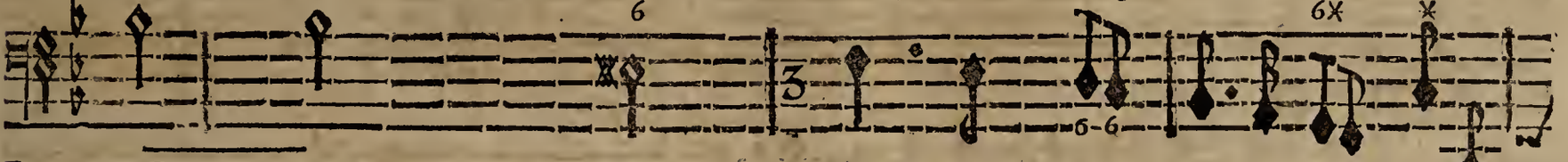
AH! Sei- gneur.... Quel peril t'allarme ? Un cruel enchan- teur fait perir vos Sol-



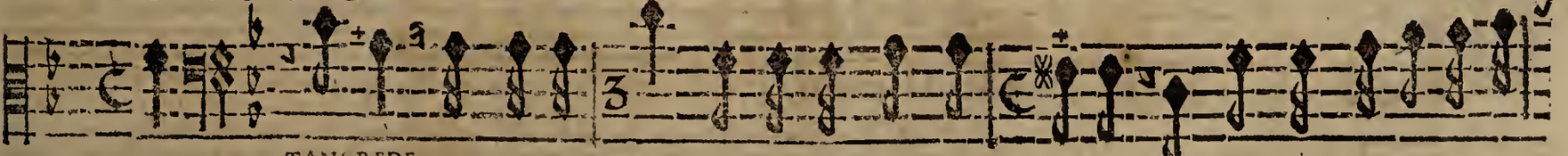
BASSE CONTINUE.



dats, Par le ſecours affreux d'un invincible charme, Dans la forêt prochaine il a conduit leurs

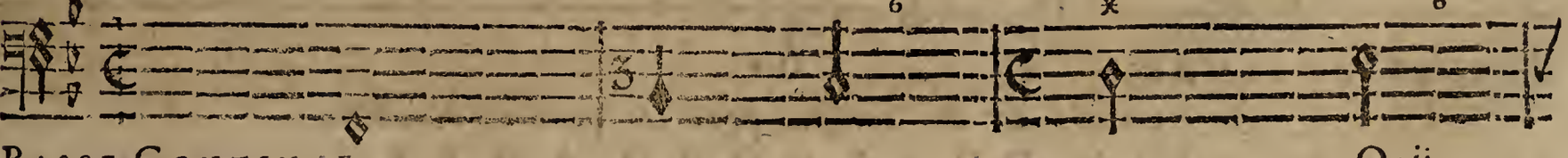


BASSE-CONTINUE.



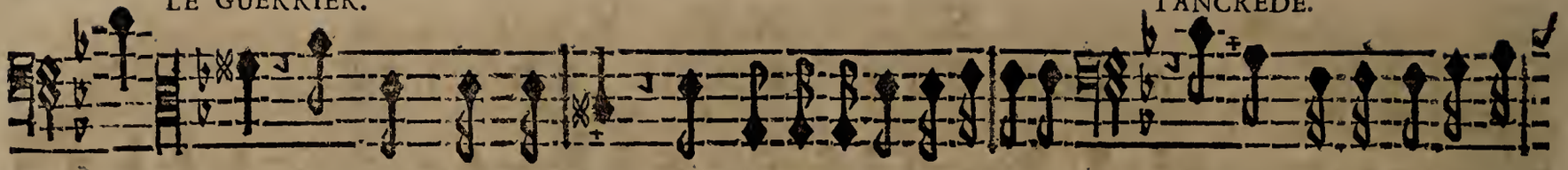
TANCREDE.

pas. Allons, c'eſt un ef- fort digne de mon cou- rage, Courons leur dõner du ſe-

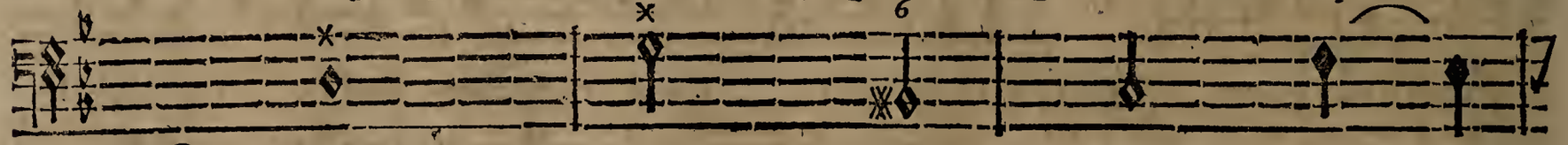


BASSE-CONTINUE.

LE GUERRIER. TANCREDE.

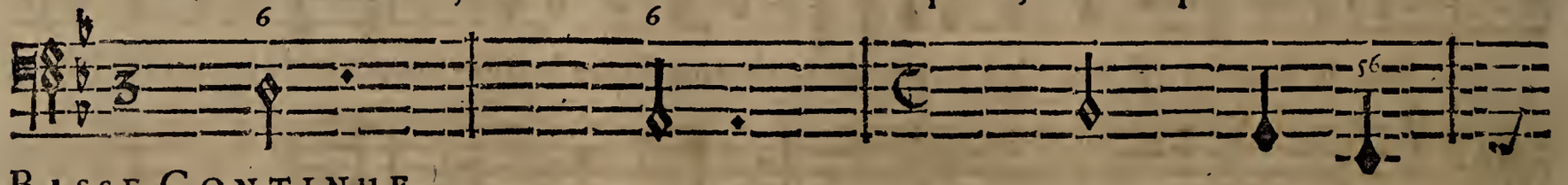


cours. Ah! craignez pour vos jours, L'Enfer y ſignale ſa rage. En vain tu pretẽs m'arrê-

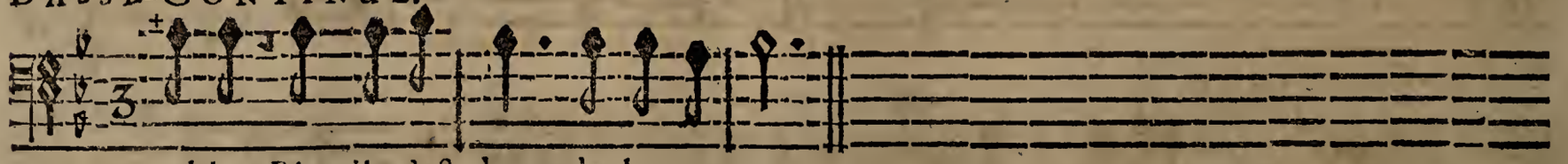


BASSE-CONTINUE.

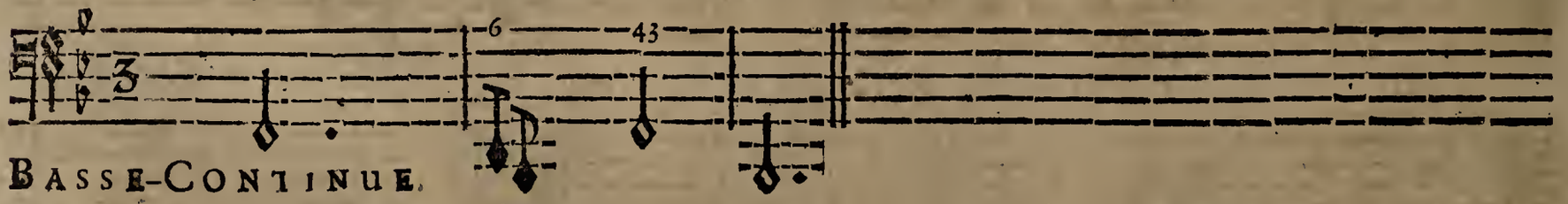
ter; D'une vaine frayeur Tancrede eſt-il ca- pable, Plus le peril eſt redou-



BASSE-CONTINUE.



table, Plus il m'eſt doux de le tenter.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

On reprend l'Air des Saraſins page 110. pour l'Entr'Acte.

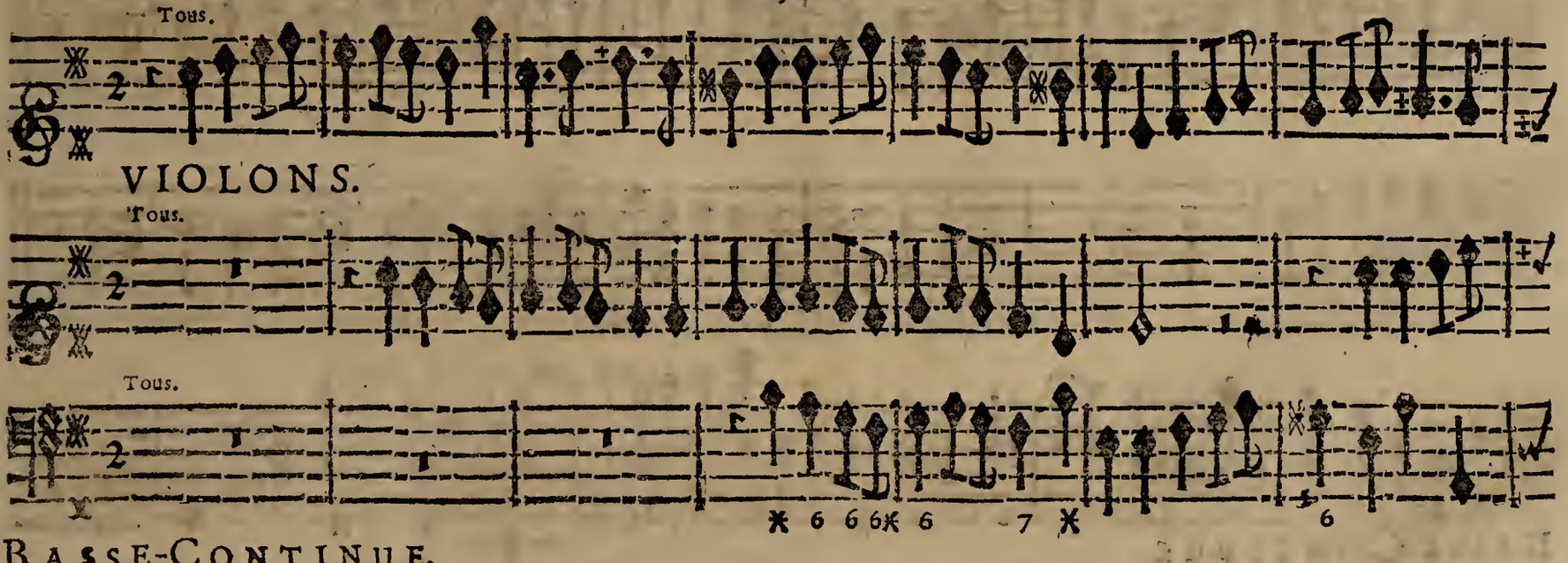
FIN DU SECONDACTE.

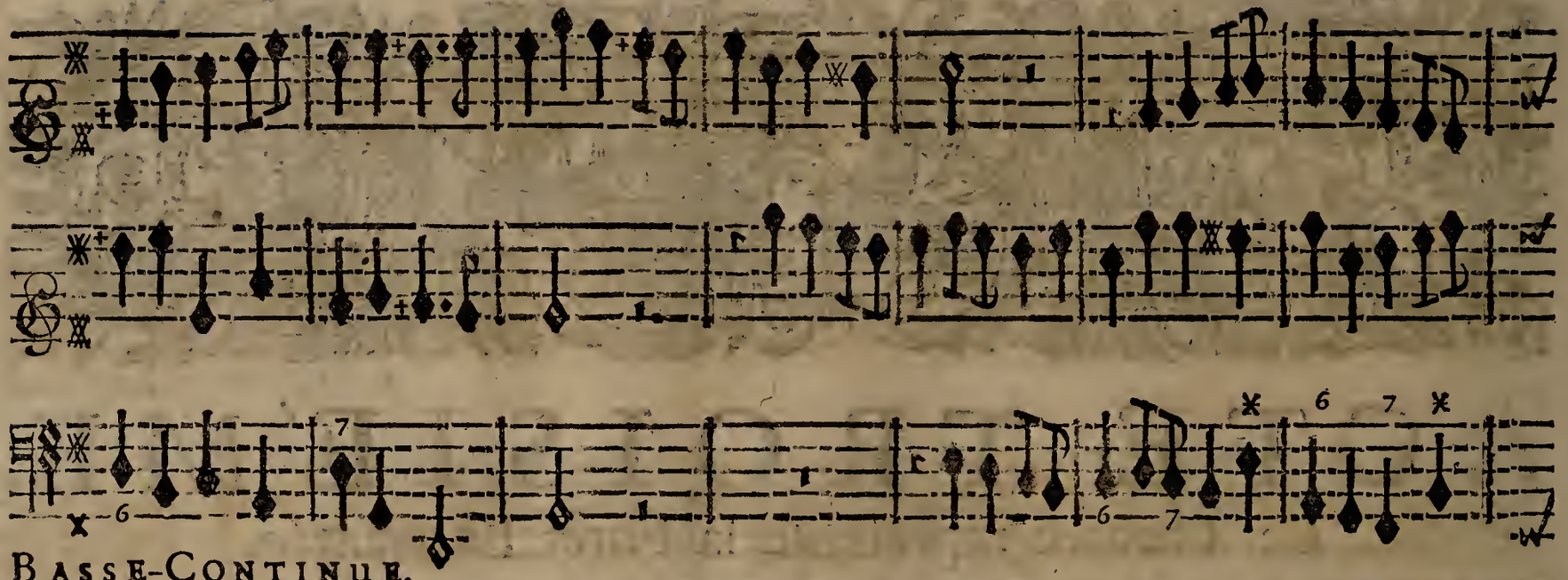
ACTE TROISIE'ME.

Le Theatre repreſente la Forêt Enchantée.

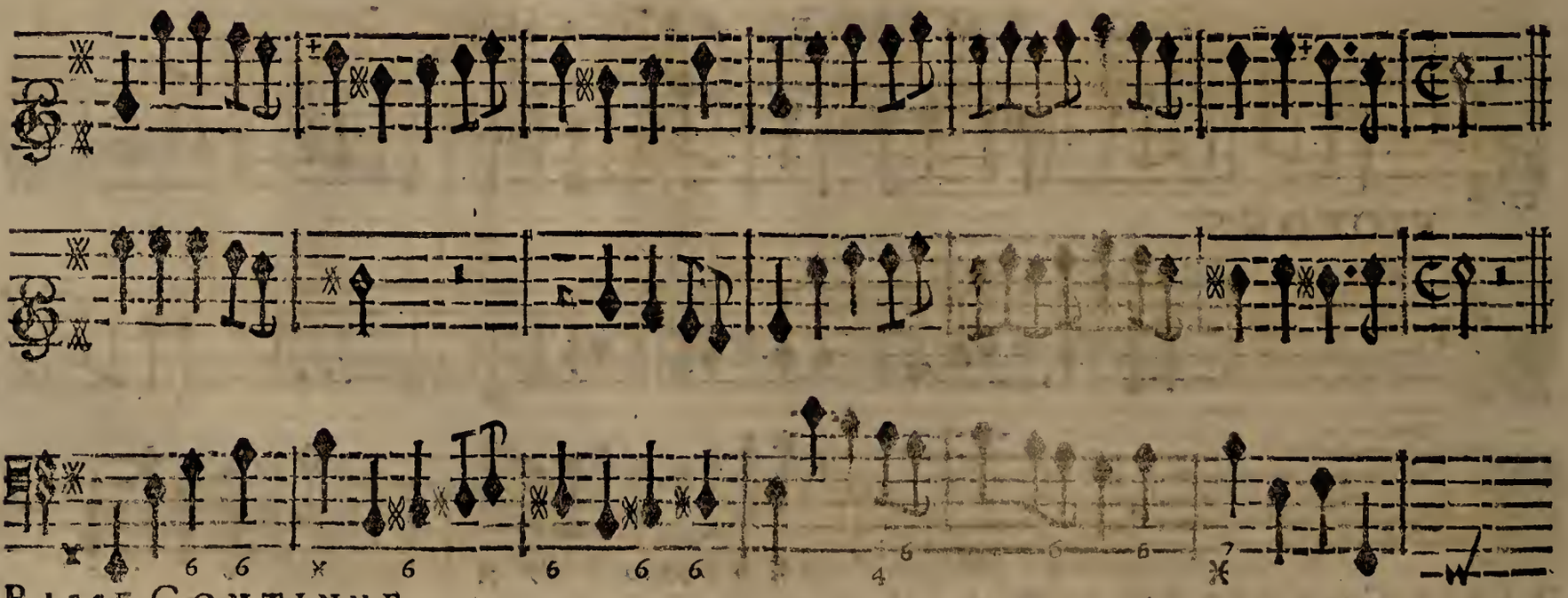
SCENE PREMIERE.

HERMINIE, ARGANT.

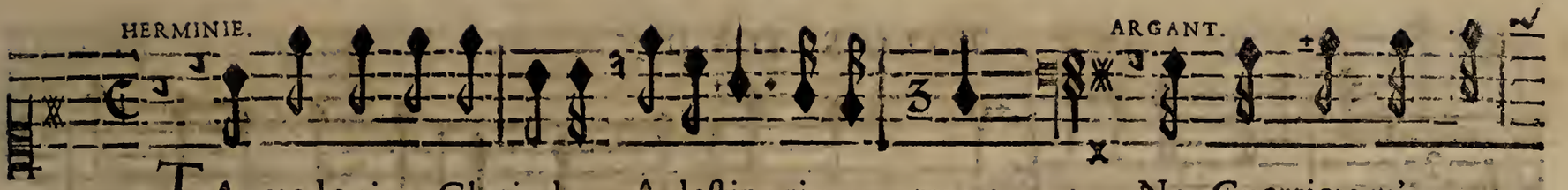




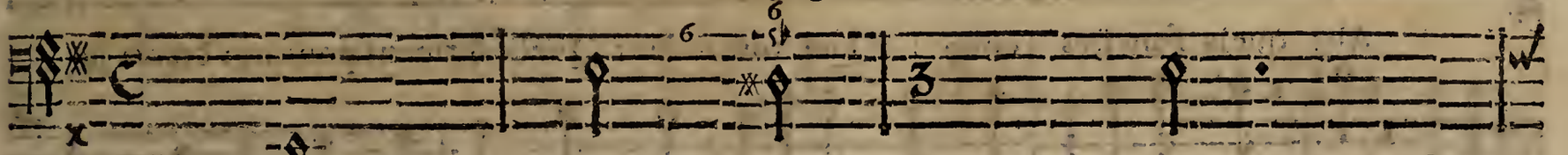
BASSE-CONTINUE.



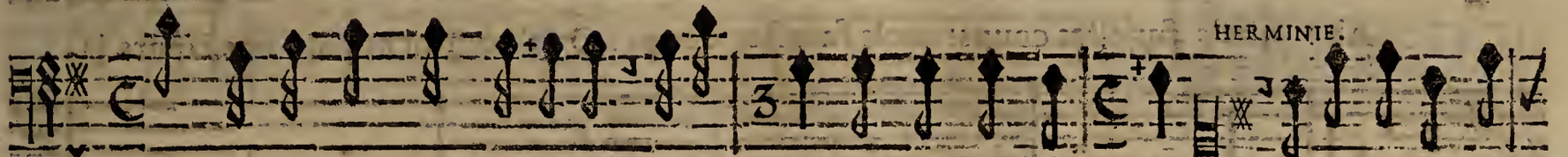
BASSE-CONTINUE.



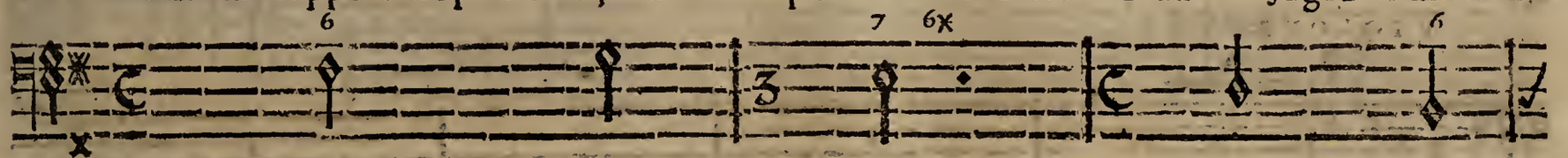
TAncrede aime Clorinde, ô destin rigou- reux! Nos Guerriers m'en ont



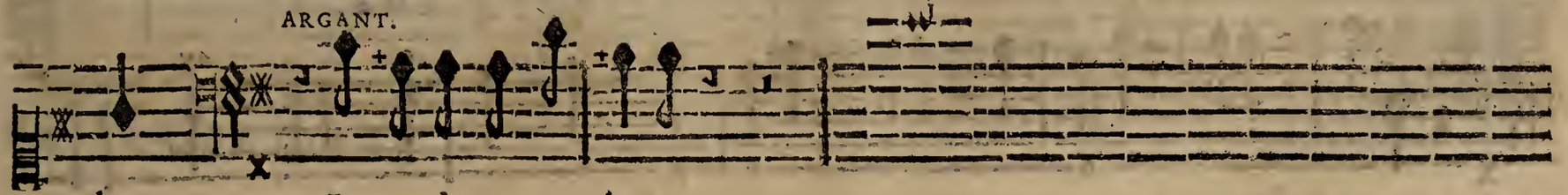
BASSE-CONTINUE.



fait un rapport trop sincere, Il n'a pû leur cacher ses feux. Jugez de ma d. u-



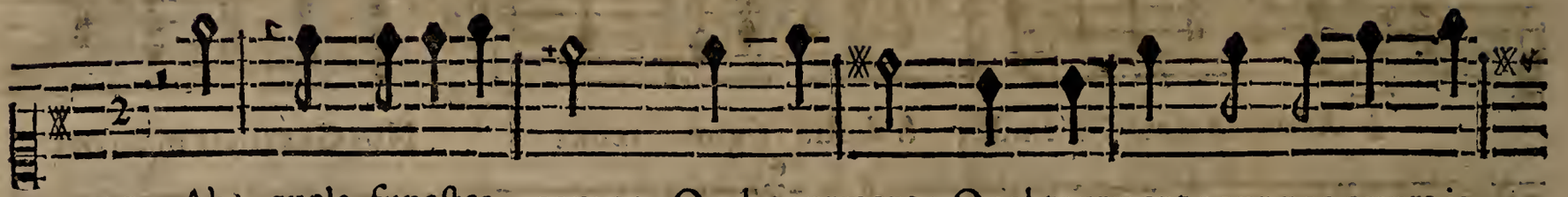
BASSE-CONTINUE.



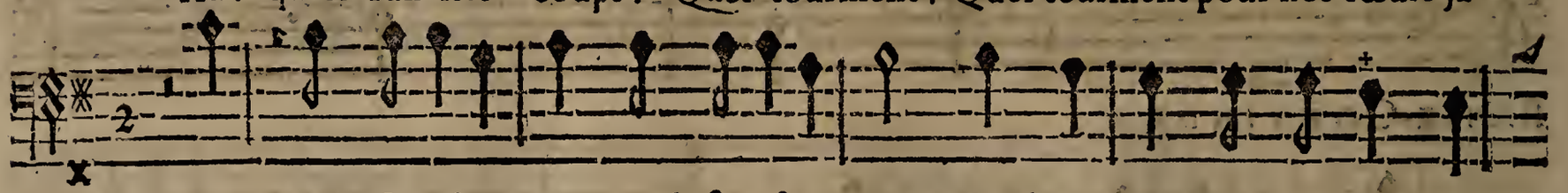
leur. Jugez de ma co- lere.

BASSE-CONTINUE.

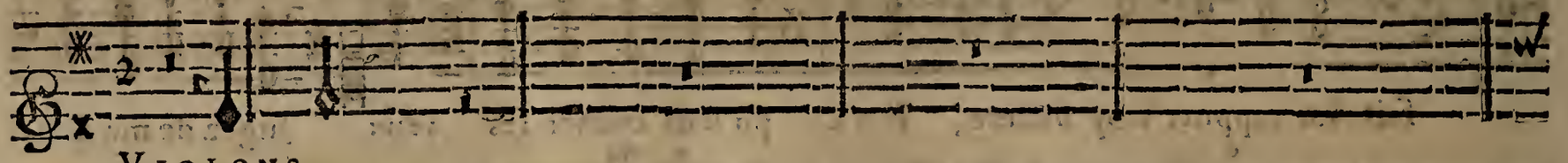
TOUS DEUX.



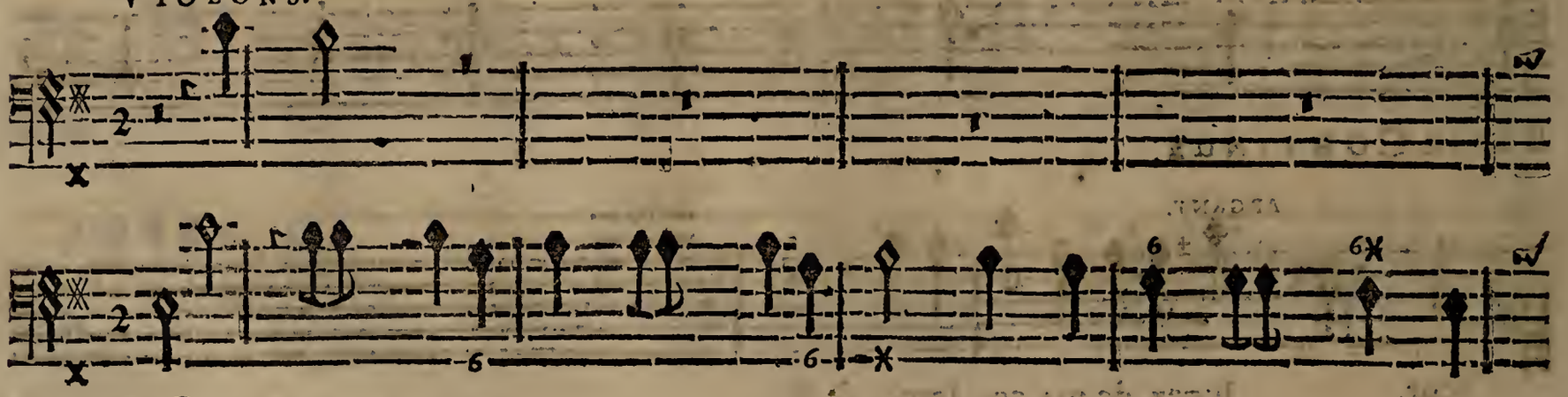
Ah! quels funeſtes coups! Quel tourment; Quel tourment pour nos cœurs ja-



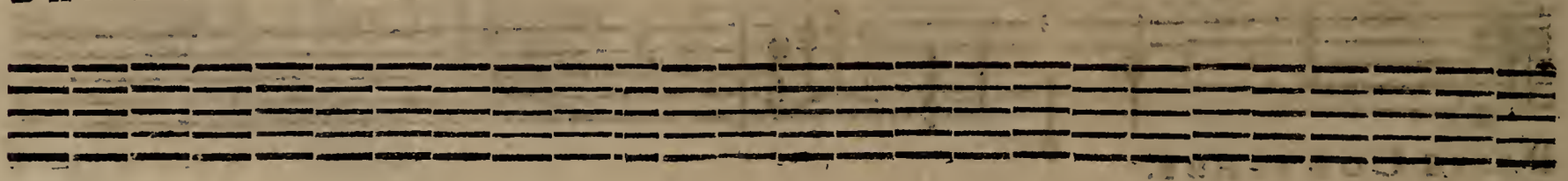
Ah! quels funeſtes coups! quels funeſtes coups! Quel tourment pour nos cœurs ja-

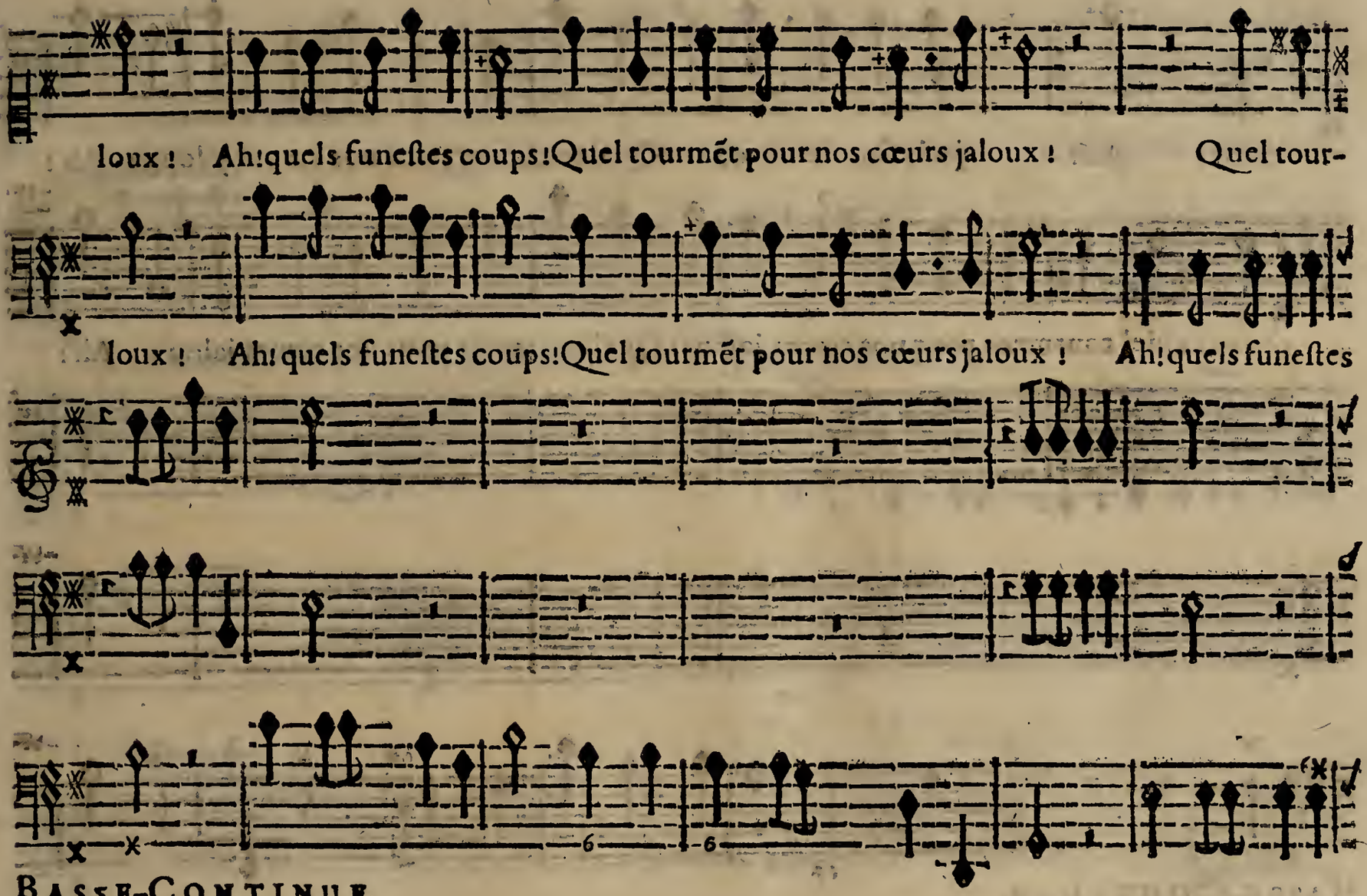


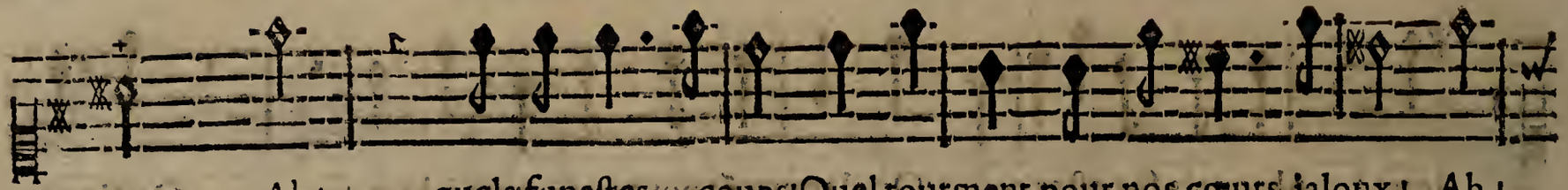
VIOLONS.



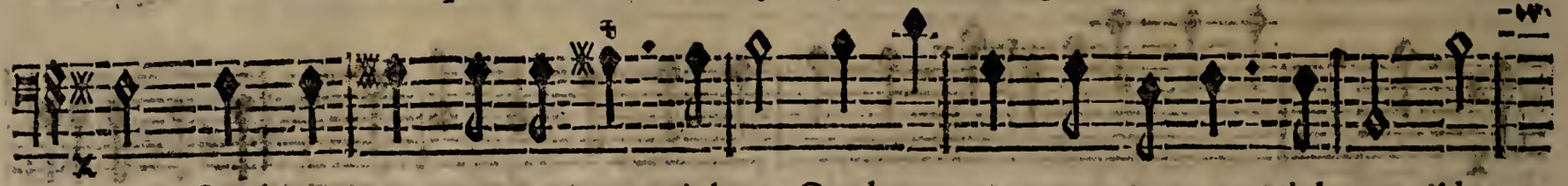
BASSE-CONTINUE.




loux ! Ah! quels funeſtes coups! Quel tourmẽt pour nos cœurs jaloux ! Quel tour-
loux ! Ah! quels funeſtes coups! Quel tourmẽt pour nos cœurs jaloux ! Ah! quels funeſtes
Basse-Continue.

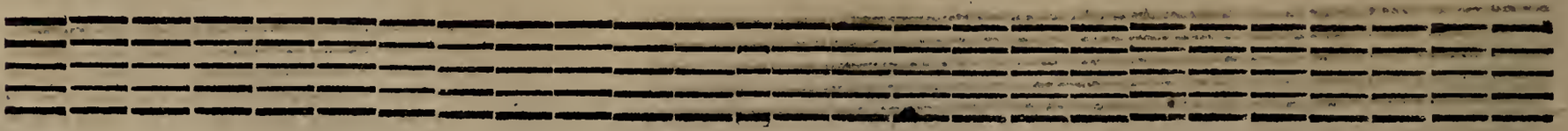


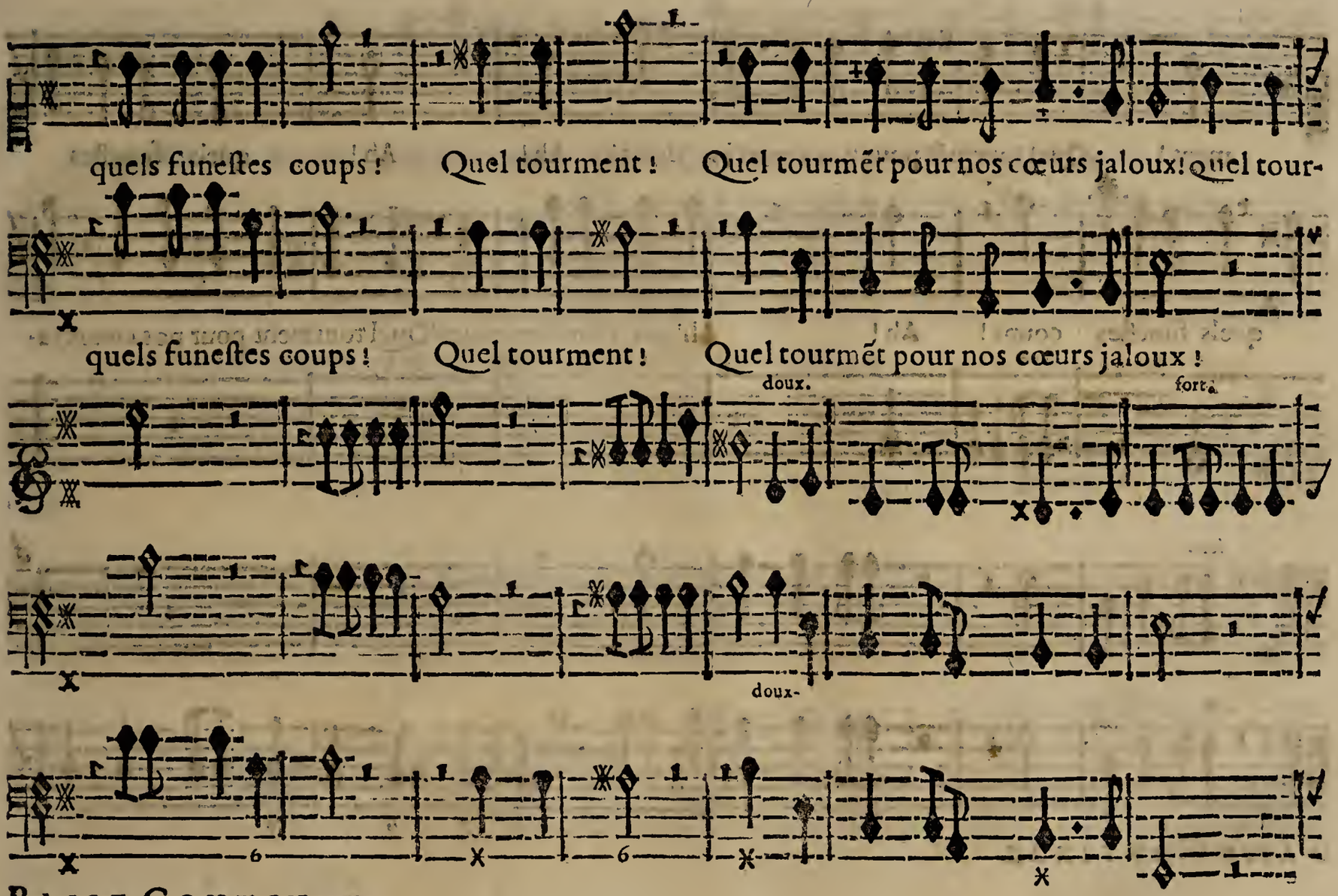
ment ! Ah ! quels funeſtes coups ! Quel tourment pour nos cœurs jaloux ! Ah !



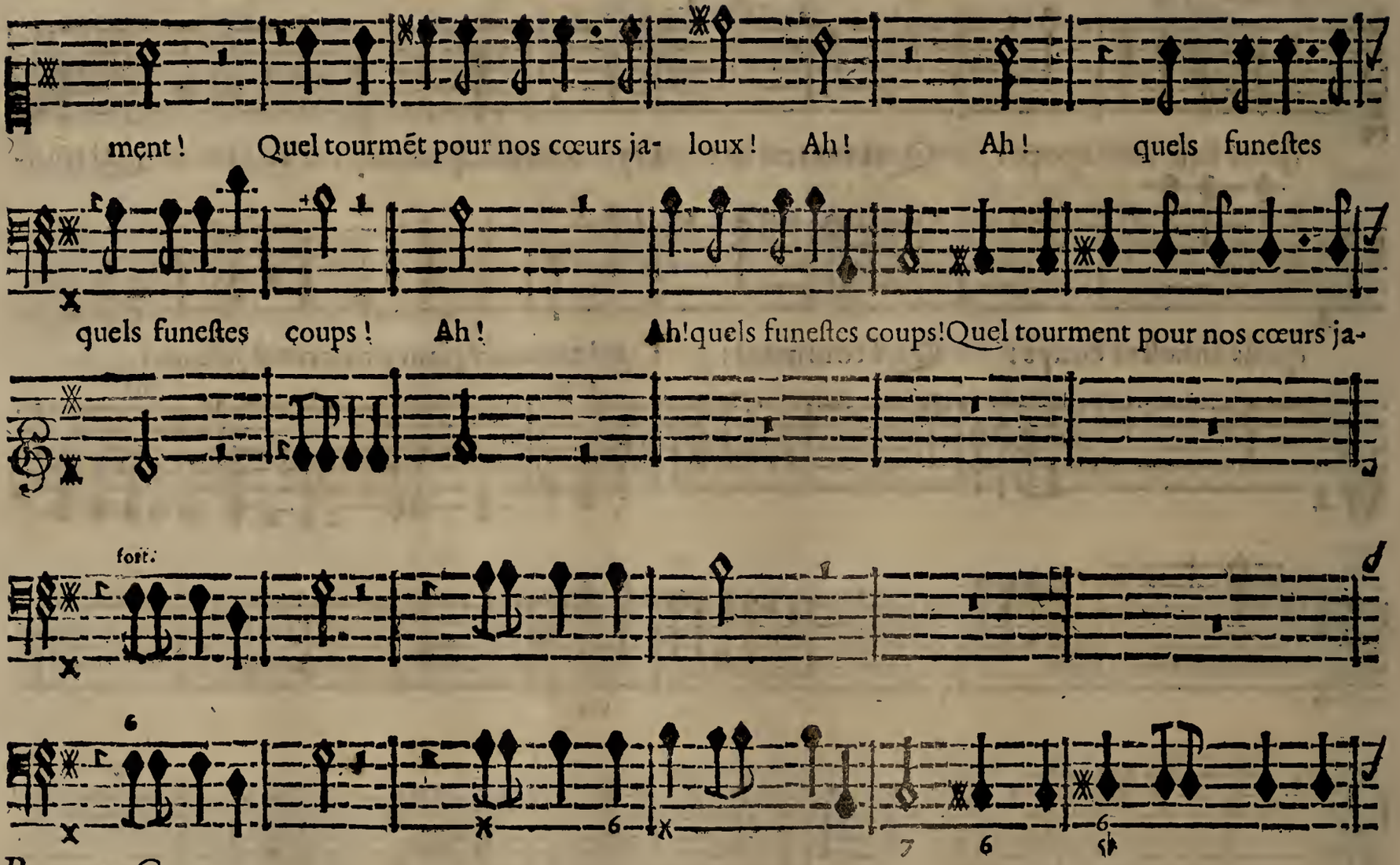
coups ! Quel tourment pour nos cœurs jaloux ! Quel tourment pour nos cœurs jaloux ! Ah !

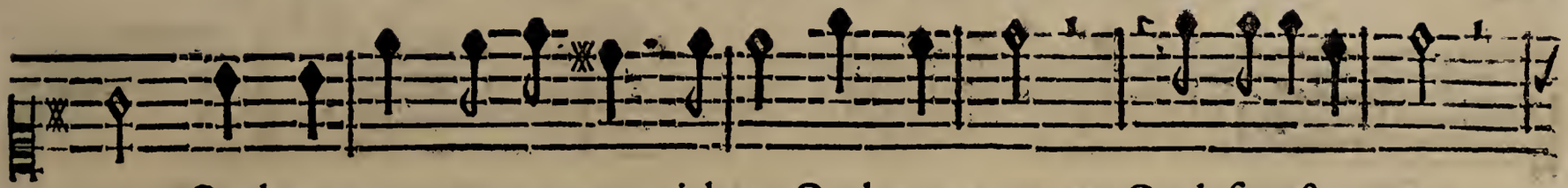
BASSE-CONTINUE.



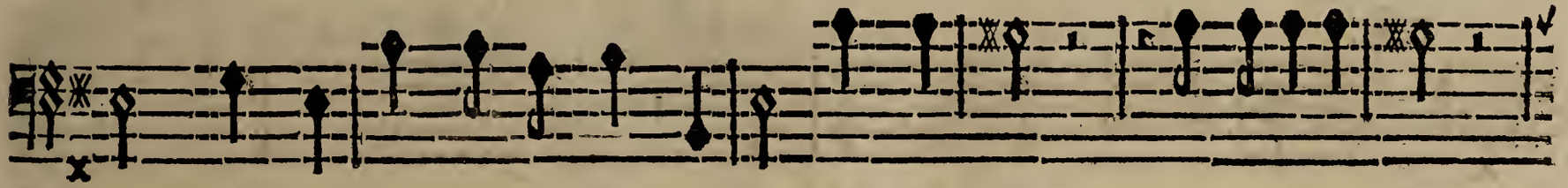


BASSE-CONTINUE.

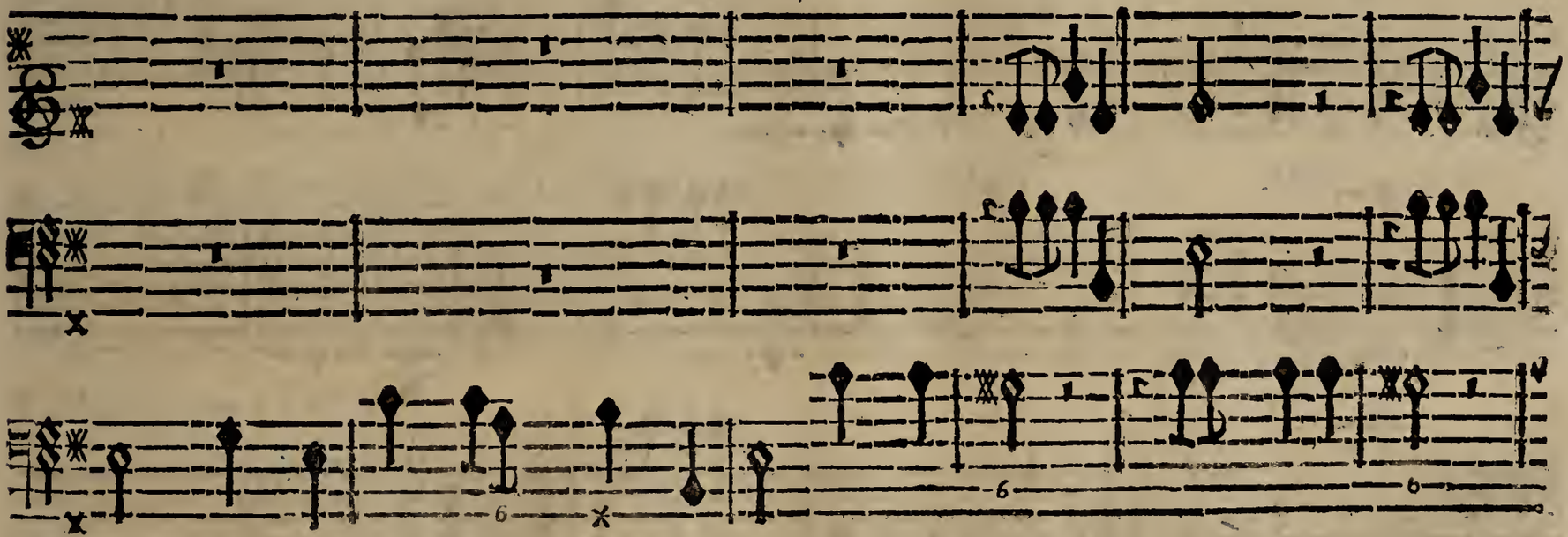

ment ! Quel tourmẽt pour nos cœurs ja- loux ! Ah ! Ah ! quels funeſtes
quels funeſtes coups ! Ah ! Ah ! quels funeſtes coups ! Quel tourment pour nos cœurs ja-
fort.
Basse-Continue.



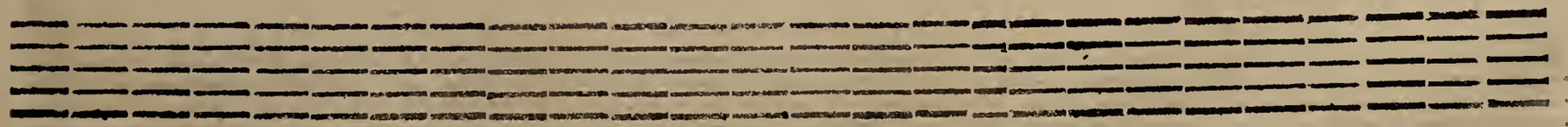
coups ! Quel tourment pour nos cœurs jaloux ! Quel tourment ! Quels funeſtes coups !

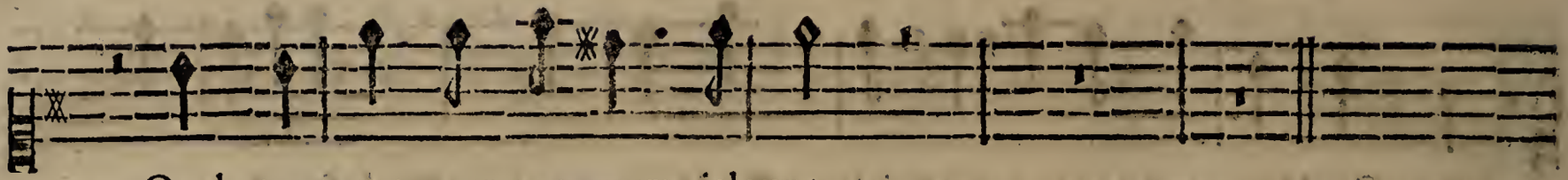


loux ! Quel tourment pour nos cœurs jaloux ! Quel tourment ! Quels funeſtes coups !

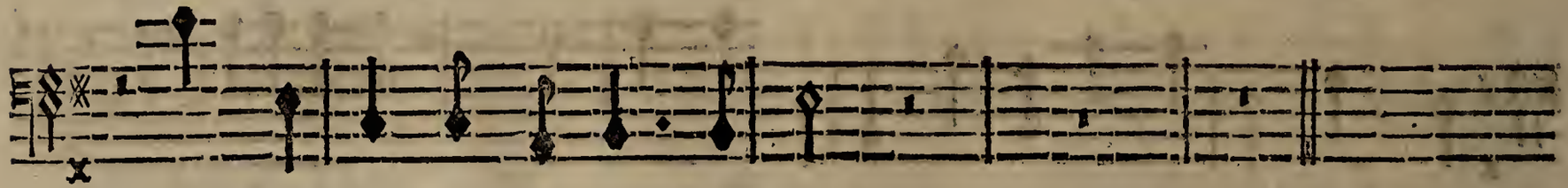


BASSE-CONTINUE.

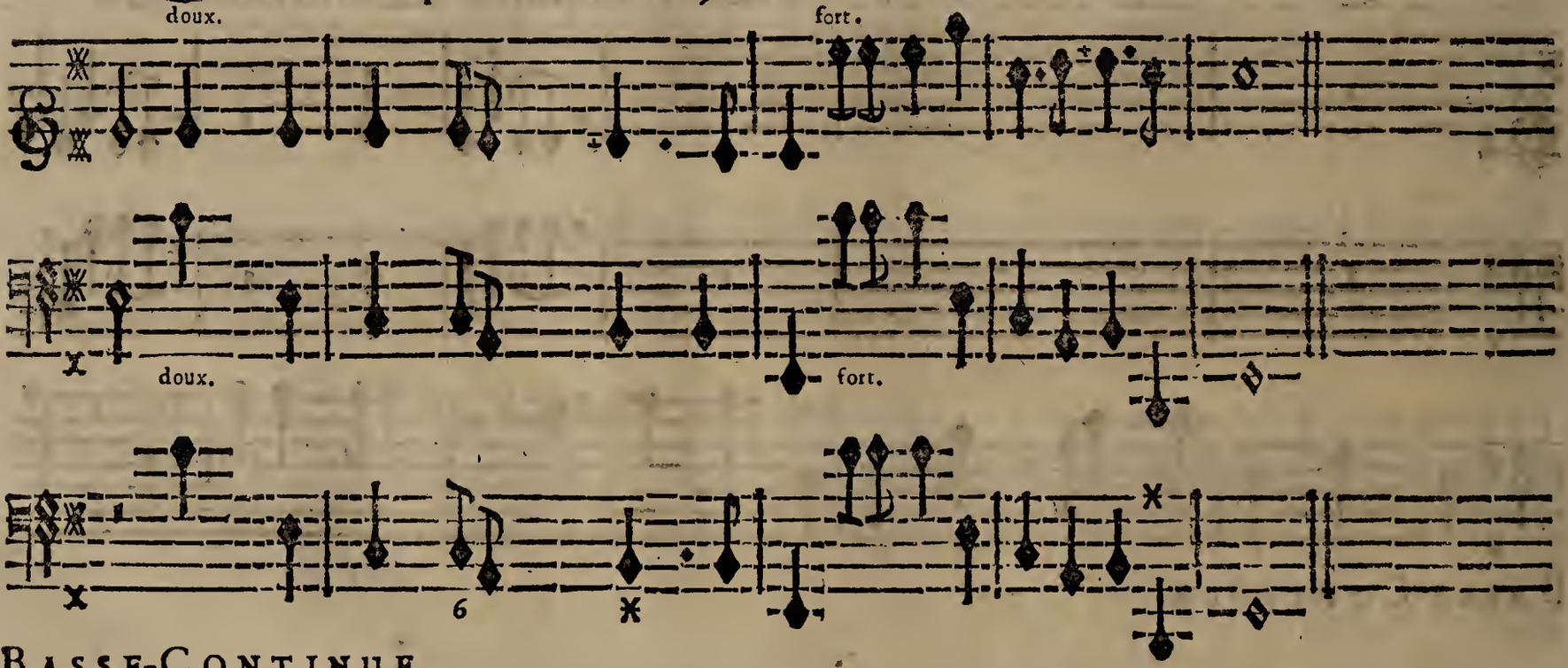




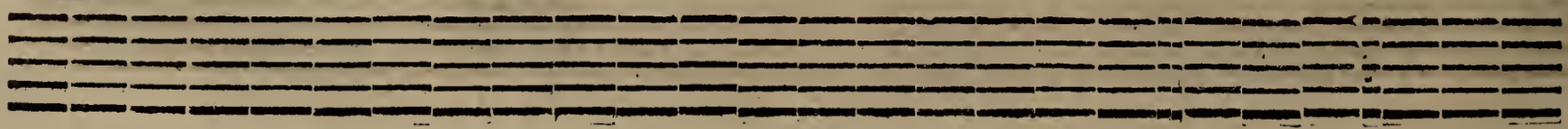
Quel tourment pour nos cœurs jaloux !

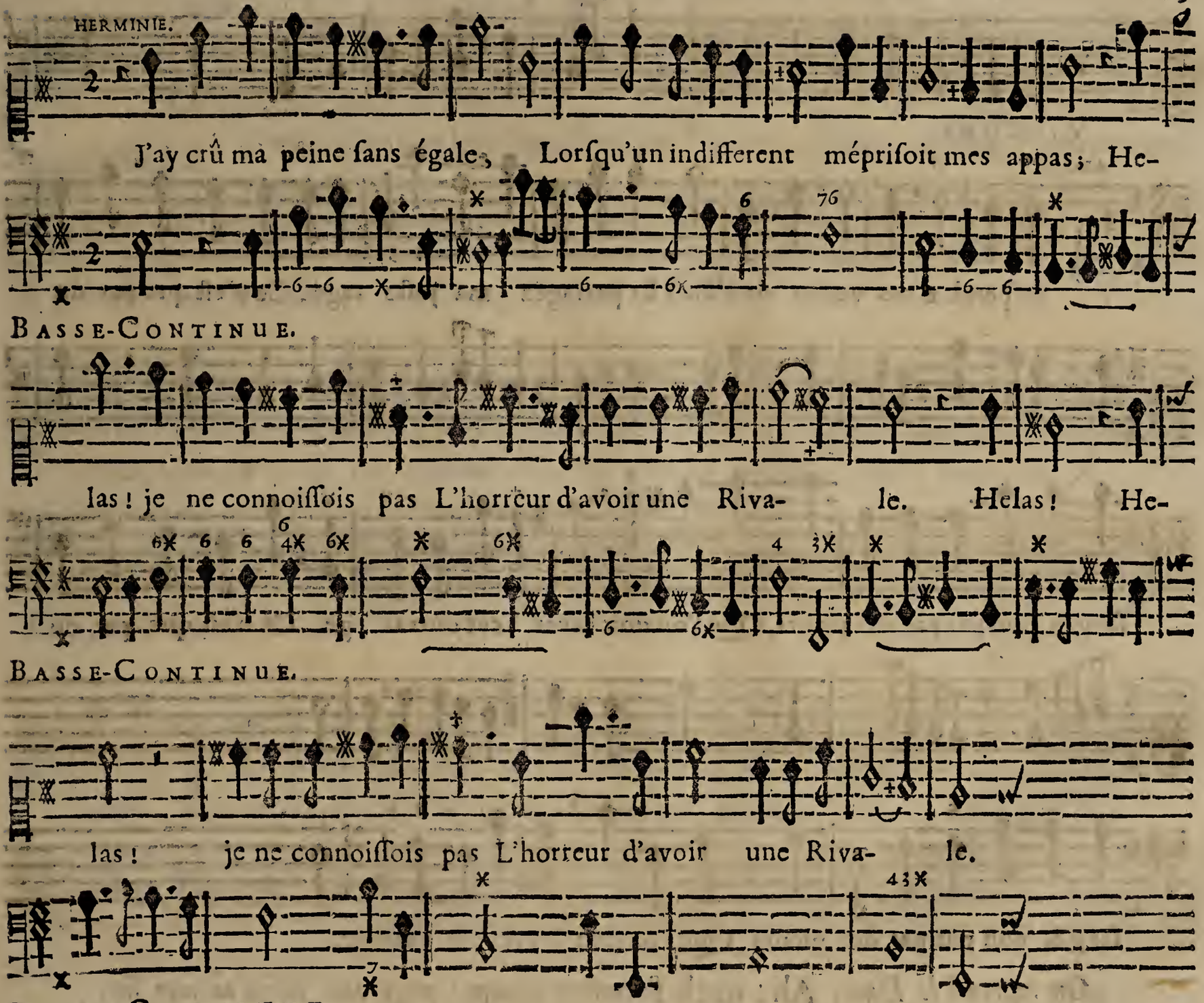


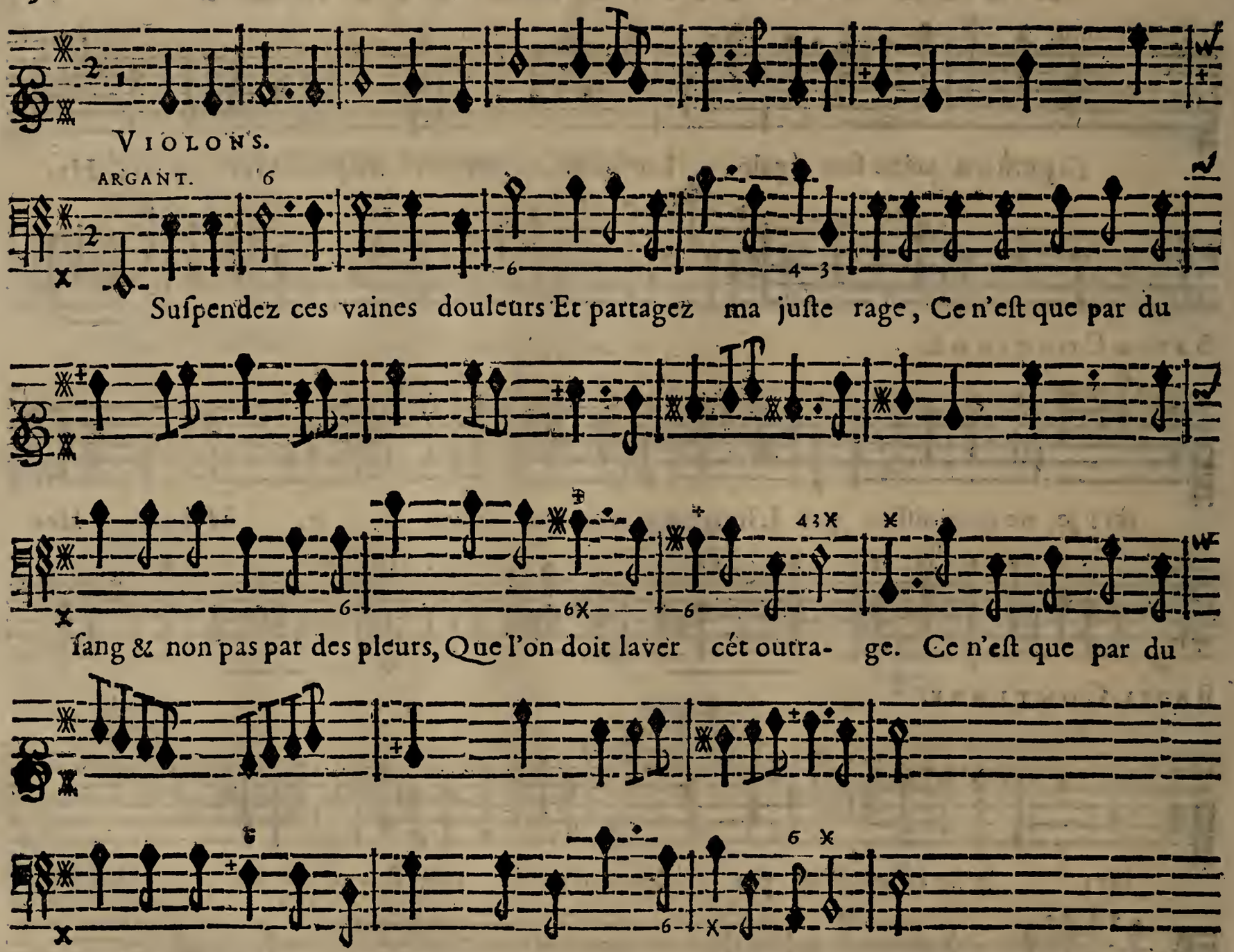
Quel tourment pour nos cœurs jaloux !



BASSE-CONTINUE.




HERMINIE.
J'ay crû ma peine ſans égale, Lorſqu'un indifferent mépriſoit mes appas; He-
BASSE-CONTINUE.
las! je ne connoiſſois pas L'horreur d'avoir une Riva- le. Helas! He-
BASSE-CONTINUE.
las! je ne connoiſſois pas L'horreur d'avoir une Riva- le.
BASSE-CONTINUE.



On reprend le Duo, Ah ! quels funeſtes coups ! *page 128. juſqu'au mot fin.*

ARGANT.

HERMINIE.

Croyez-vous que, pour luy, Clorinde ſoit ſen- ſible. Malgré tous mes mal-

Derniere note du Duo.

BASSE-CONTINEU.

heurs, Mon cœur en eſt charmé: Non, il n'eſt pas poſſible, Qu'il aime ma Ri-

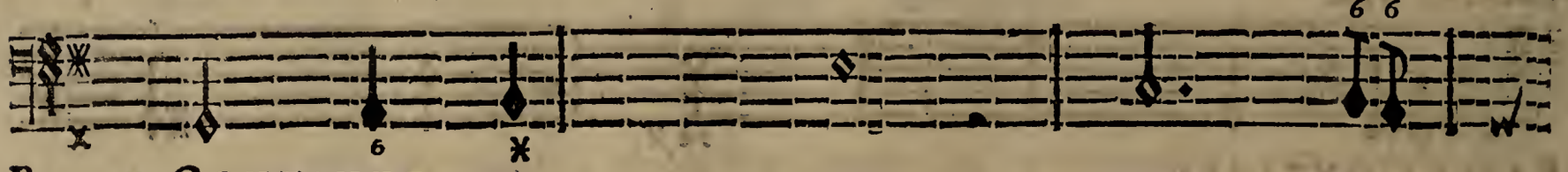
BASSE-CONTINUE.

vale, & n'en ſoit point aimé. Non, il n'eſt pas poſſible, Qu'il aime ma Ri-

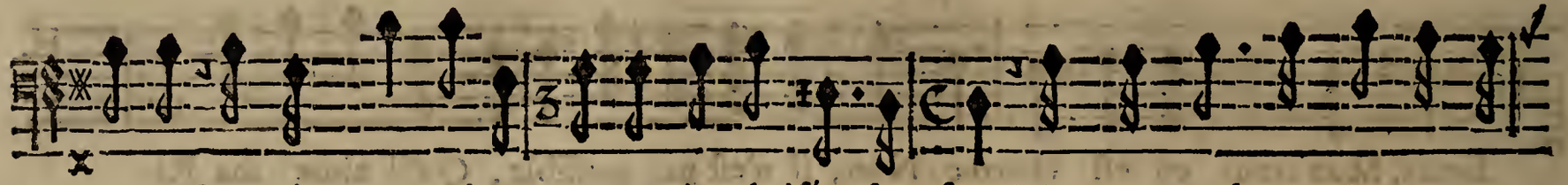
BASSE-CONTINUE.

ARGANT.

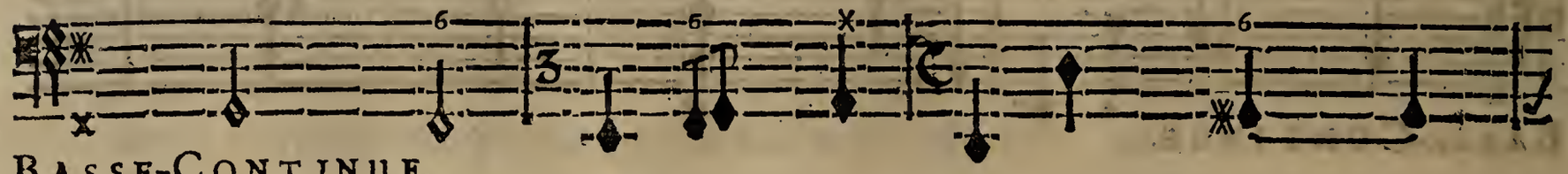
vale, & n'en ſoit point aimé. L'Ingratte a refuſé de ſortir d'eſcla-



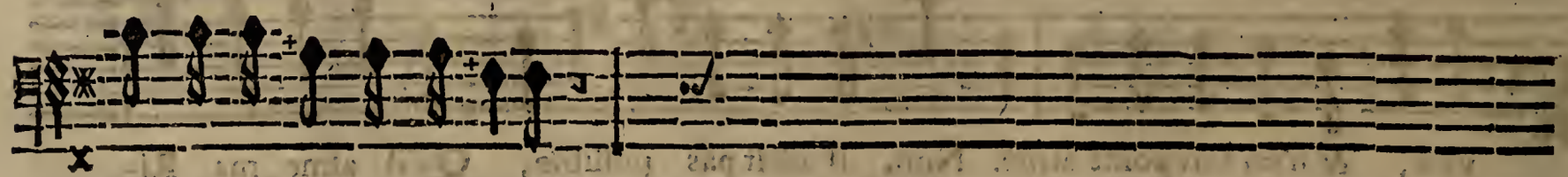
BASSE-CONTINUE.



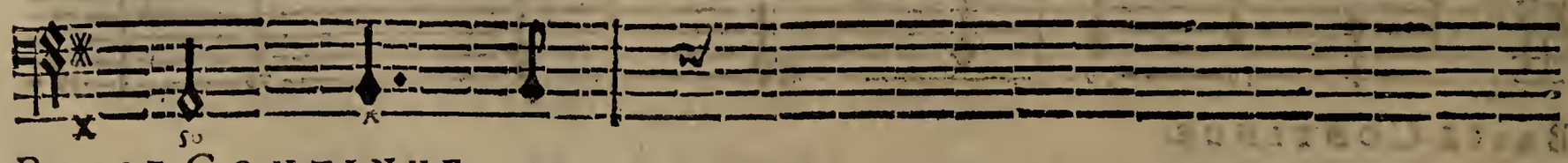
vage, Son vainqueur vainement avoit briſé ſes fers, D'autres nœuds plus doux & plus



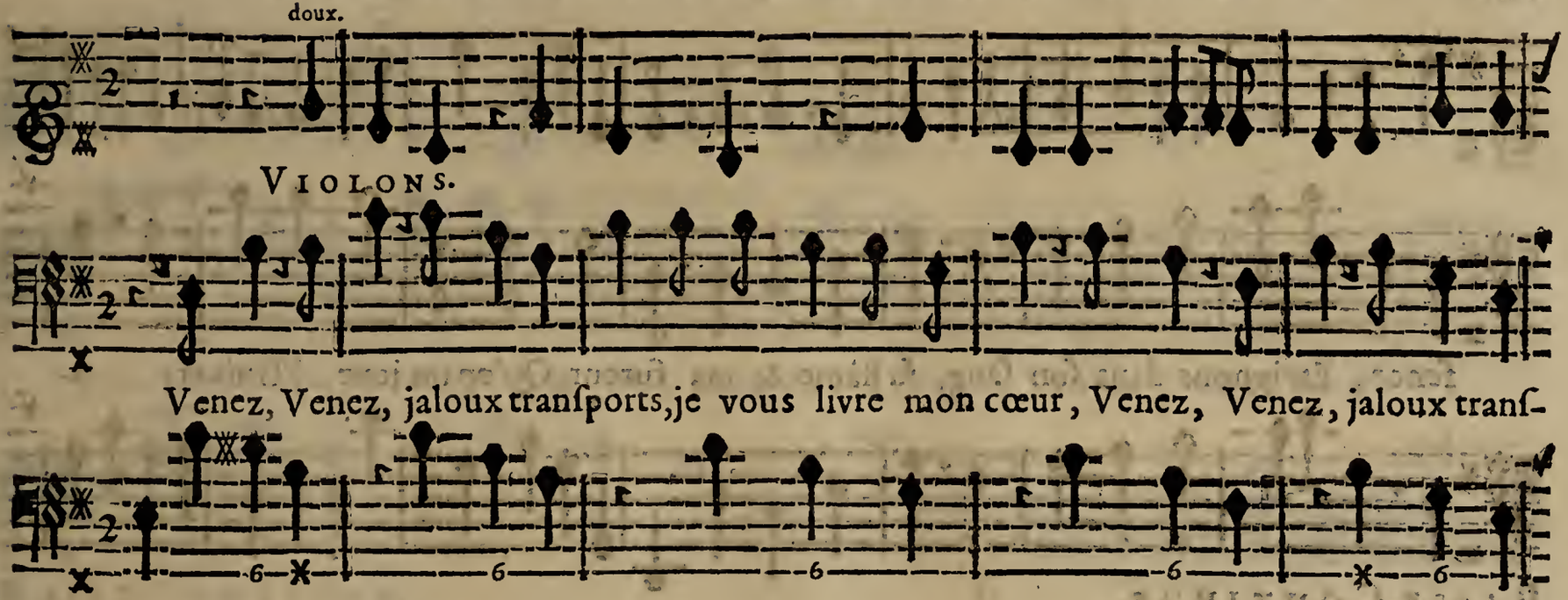
BASSE-CONTINUE.

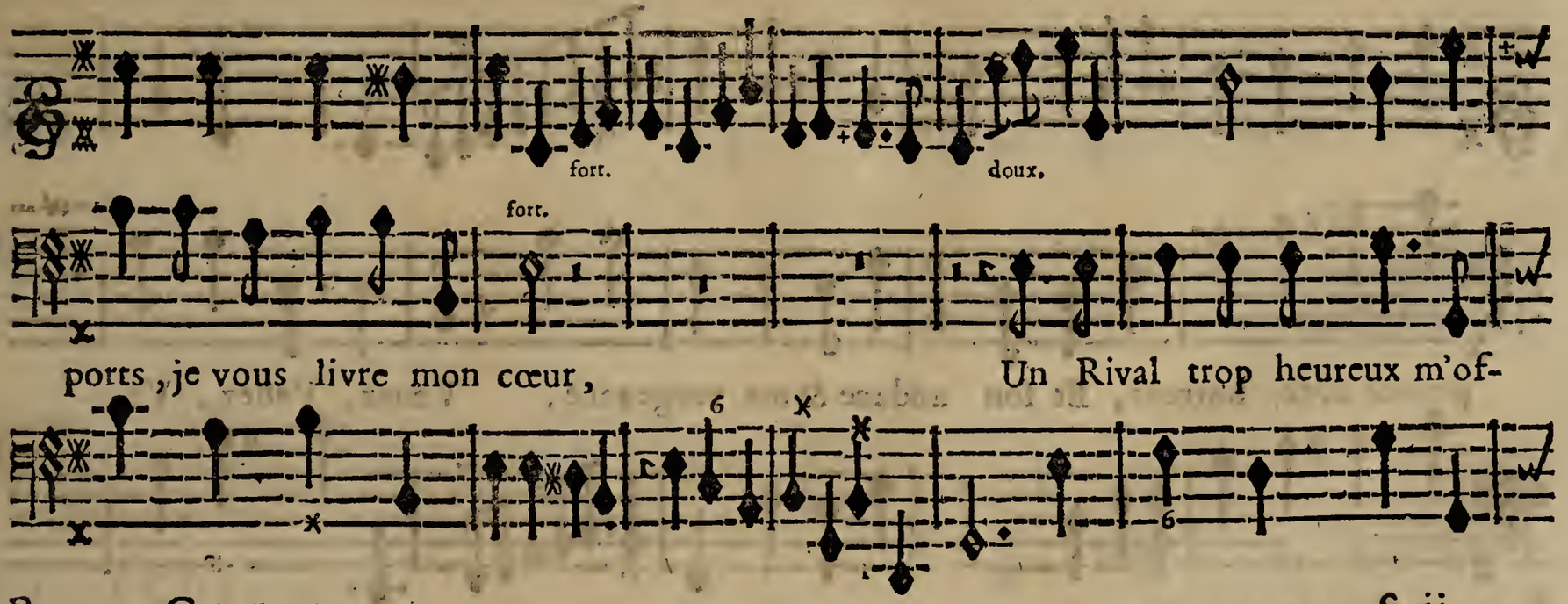


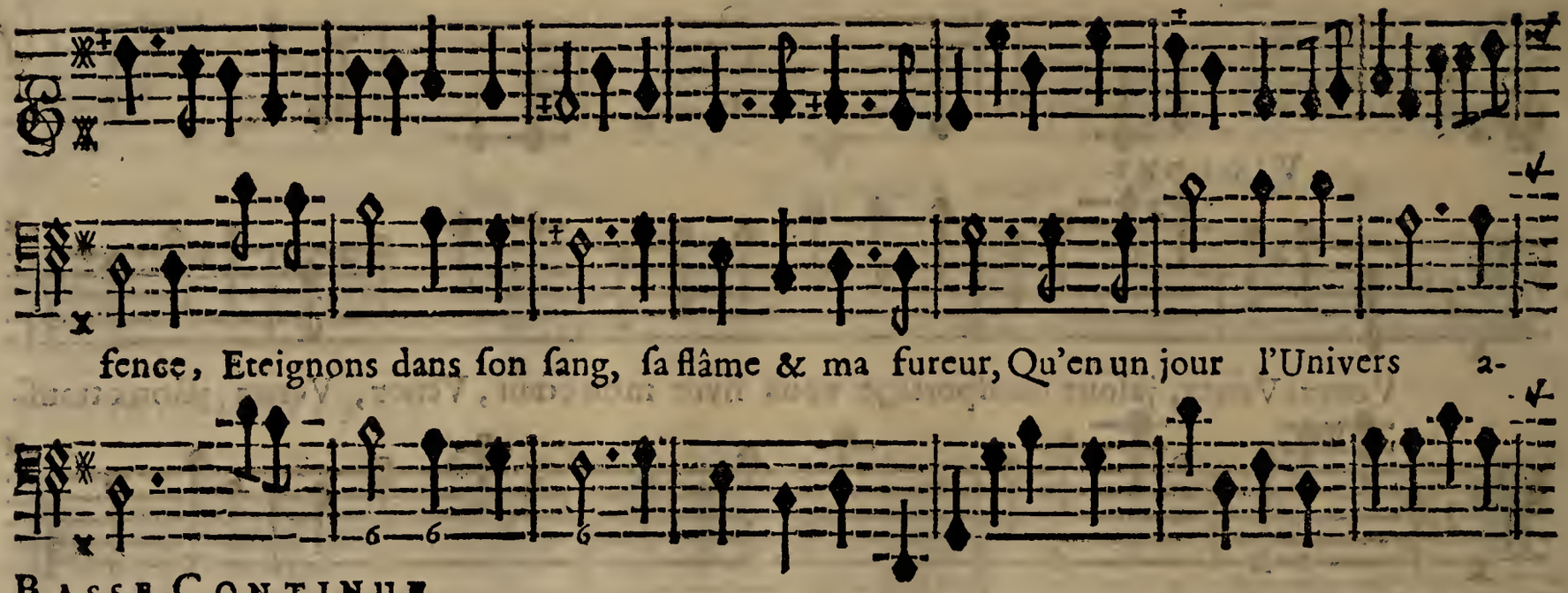
chers Retenoient la volage.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

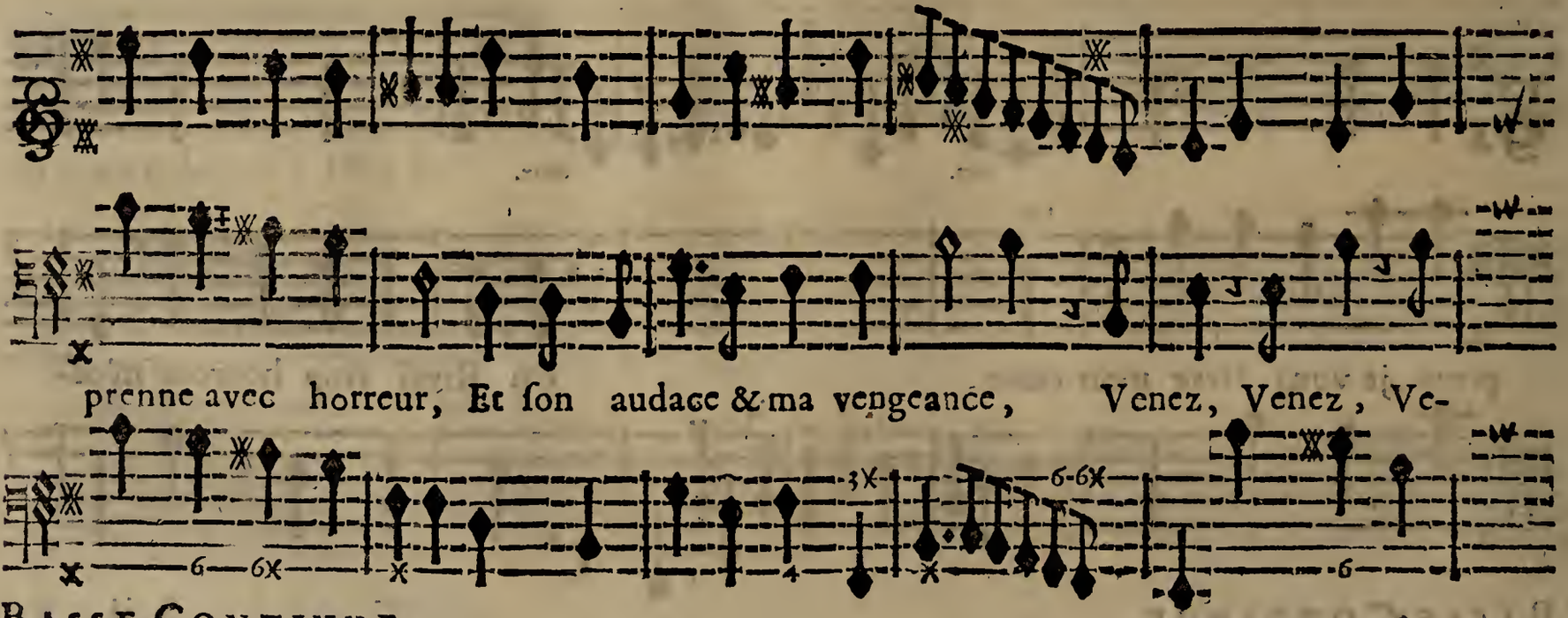

doux.
VIOLONS.
Venez, Venez, jaloux transports, je vous livre mon cœur, Venez, Venez, jaloux transf-
BASSE-CONTINUE.


fort.
doux.
fort.
ports, je vous livre mon cœur,
Un Rival trop heureux m'of-
BASSE-CONTINUE.



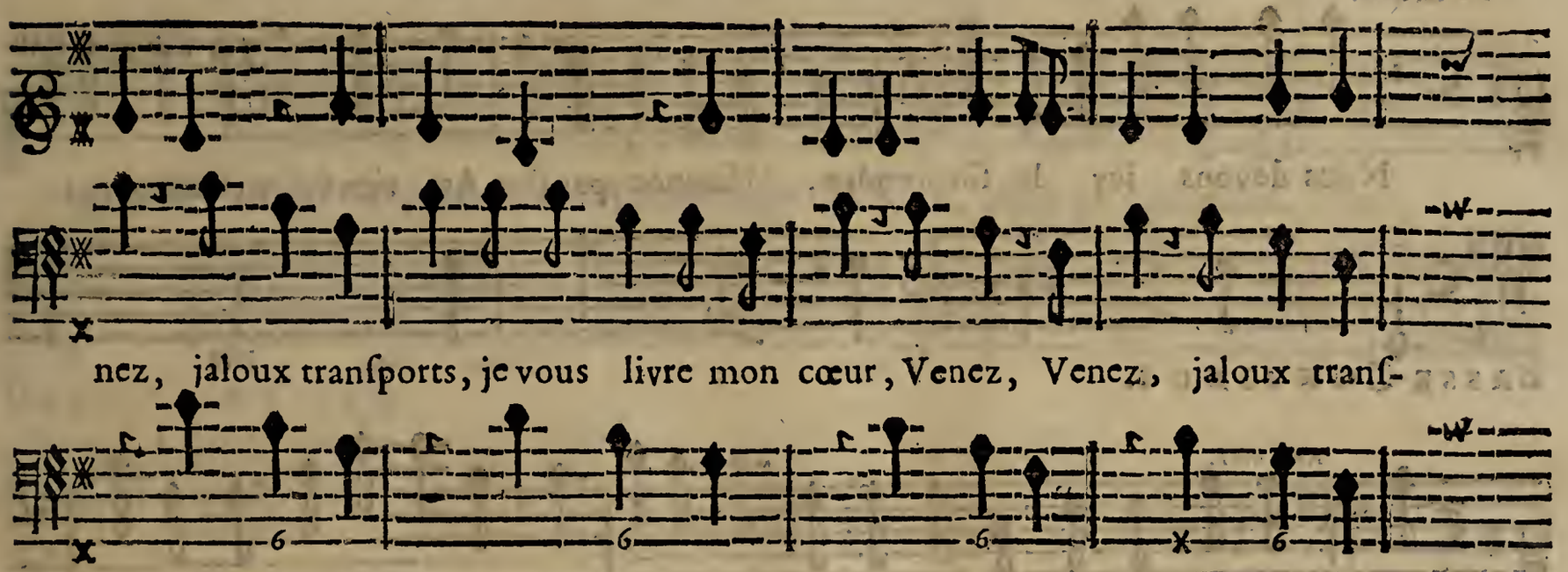
fence, Eteignons dans ſon ſang, ſa flâme & ma fureur, Qu'en un jour l'Univers a-

BASSE-CONTINUE.



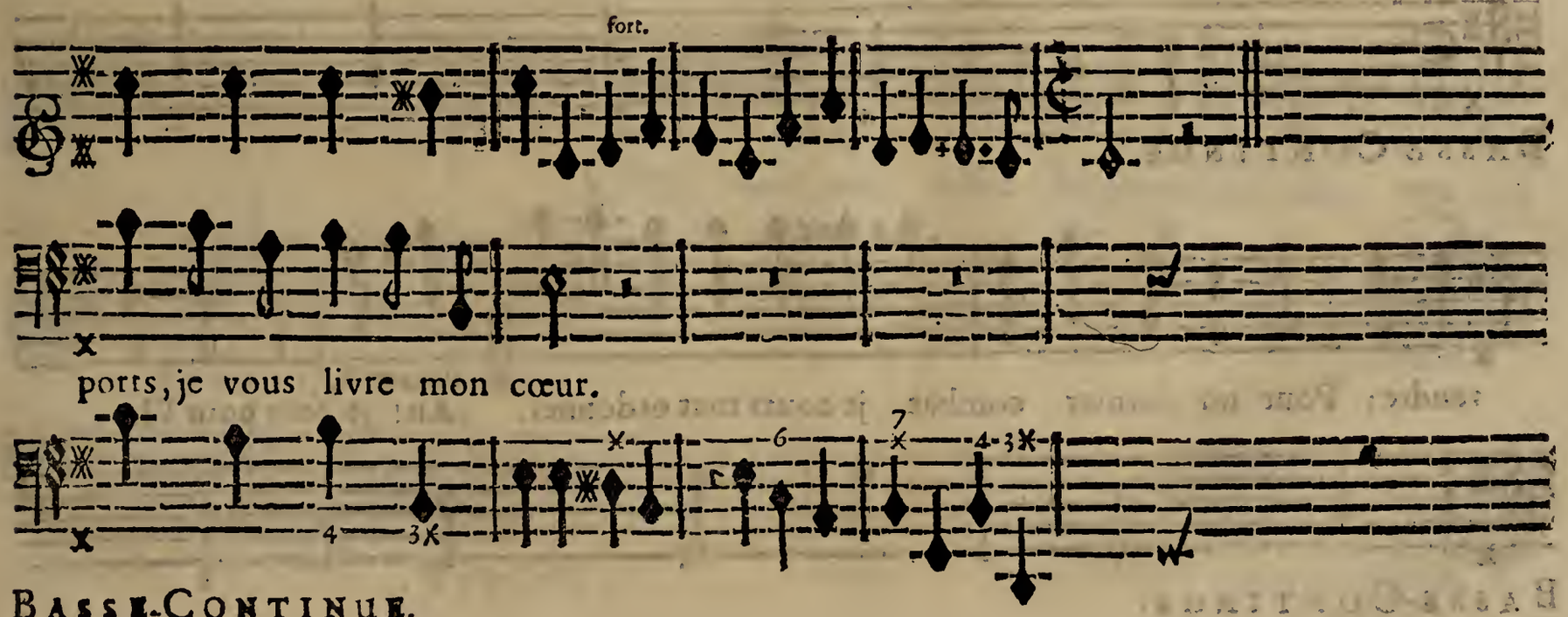
prenne avec horreur, Et ſon audace & ma vengeance, Venez, Venez, Ve-

BASSE-CONTINUE.



nez, jaloux tranſports, je vous livre mon cœur, Venez, Venez, jaloux tranſ-

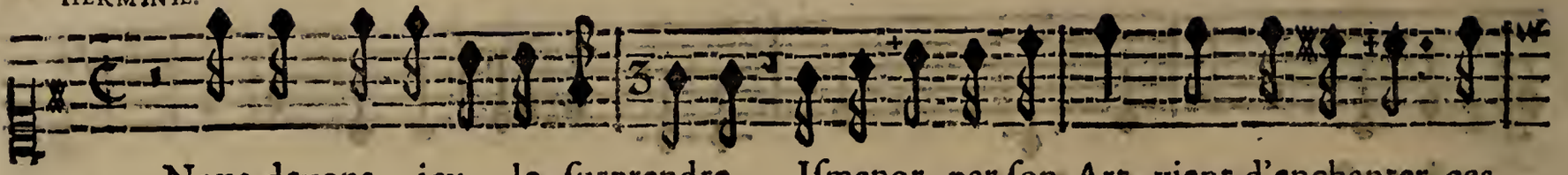
BASSE-CONTINUE.



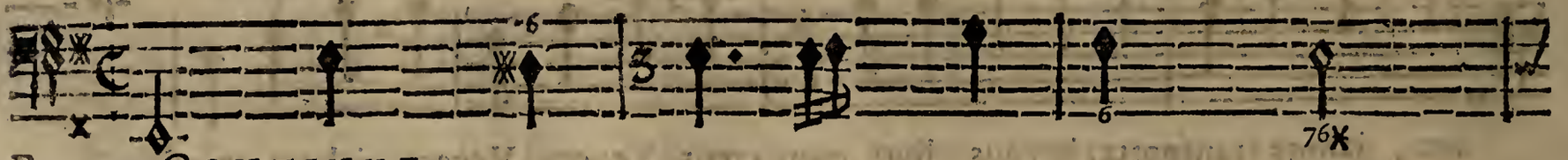
ports, je vous livre mon cœur.

BASSE-CONTINUE.

HERMINIE.

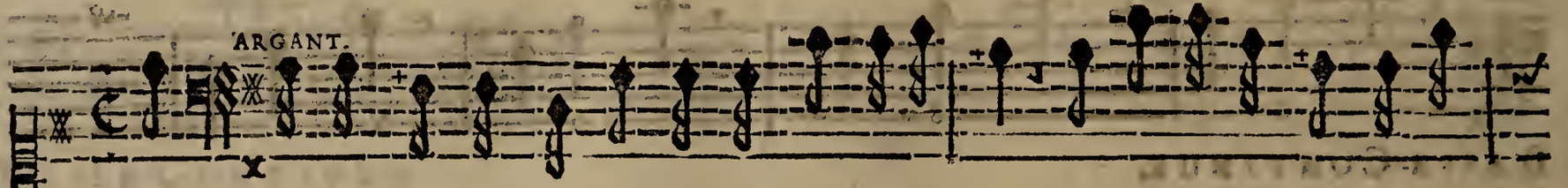


Nous devons icy le ſurprendre, Iſmenor par ſon Art, vient d'enchanter ces



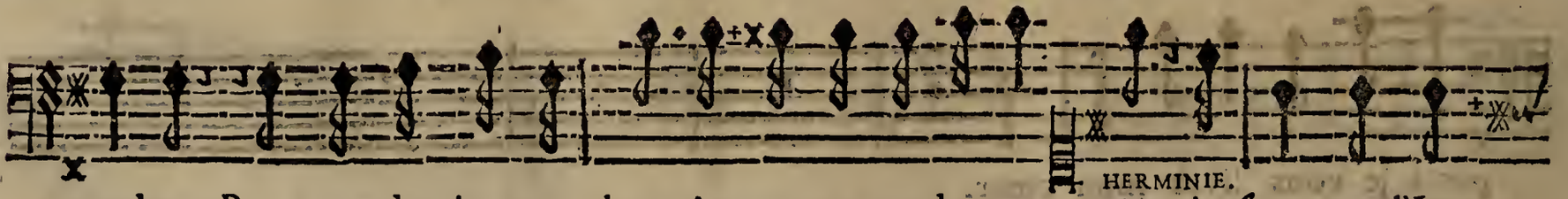
BASSE-CONTINUE.

ARGANT.



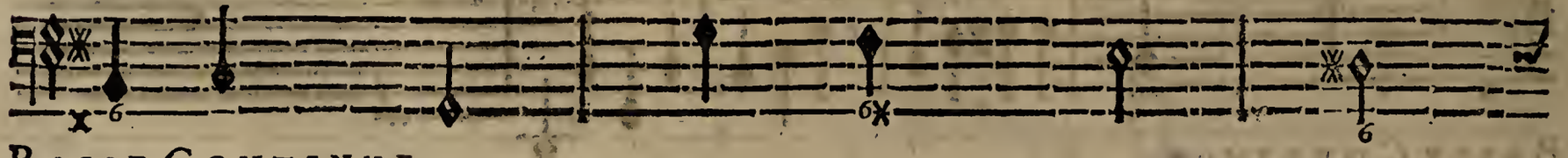
lieux. Ces ſecours ſont trop lẽts pour un cœur furieux, Ma haine ne peut les at-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

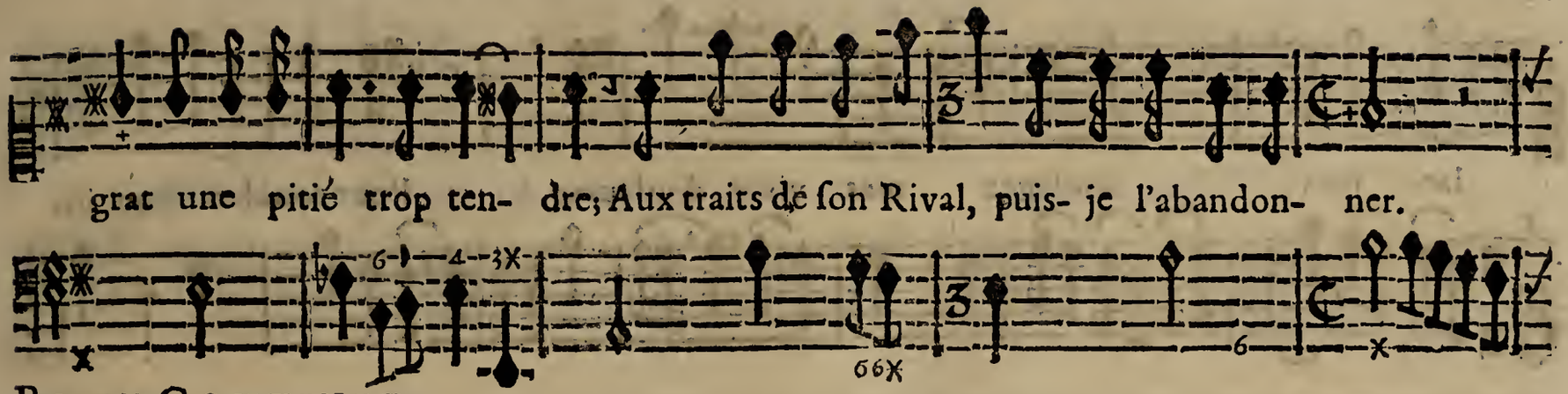


HERMINIE.

tendre; Pour un dernier combat je cours tout ordonner. Ah! je ſens pour l'In-

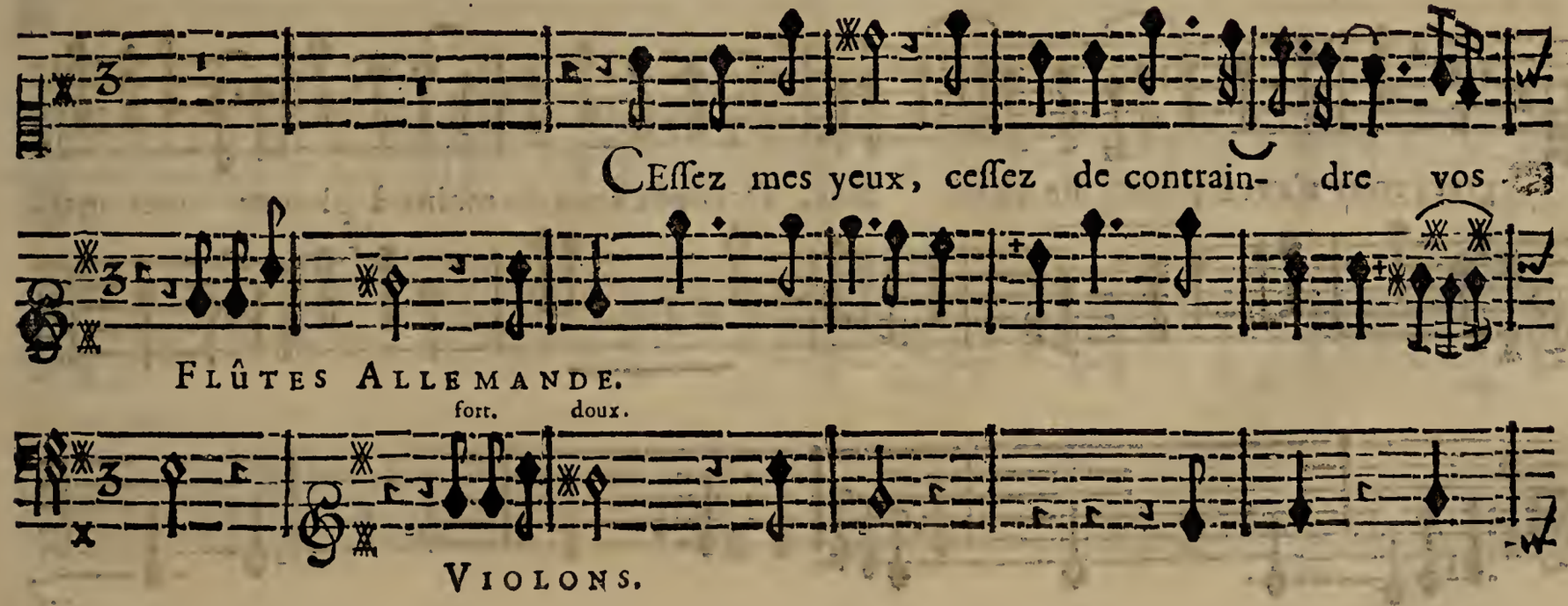


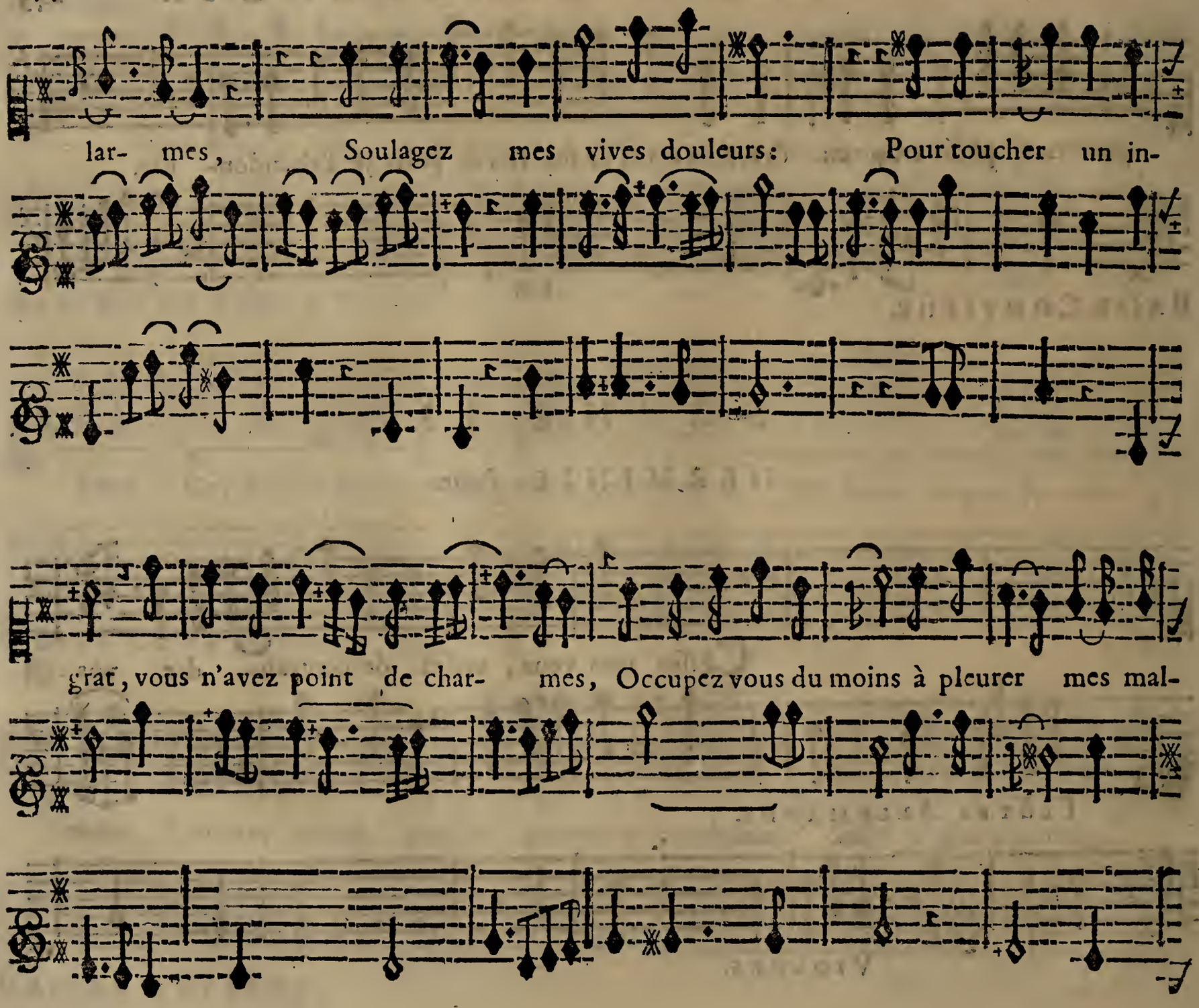
BASSE-CONTINUE.

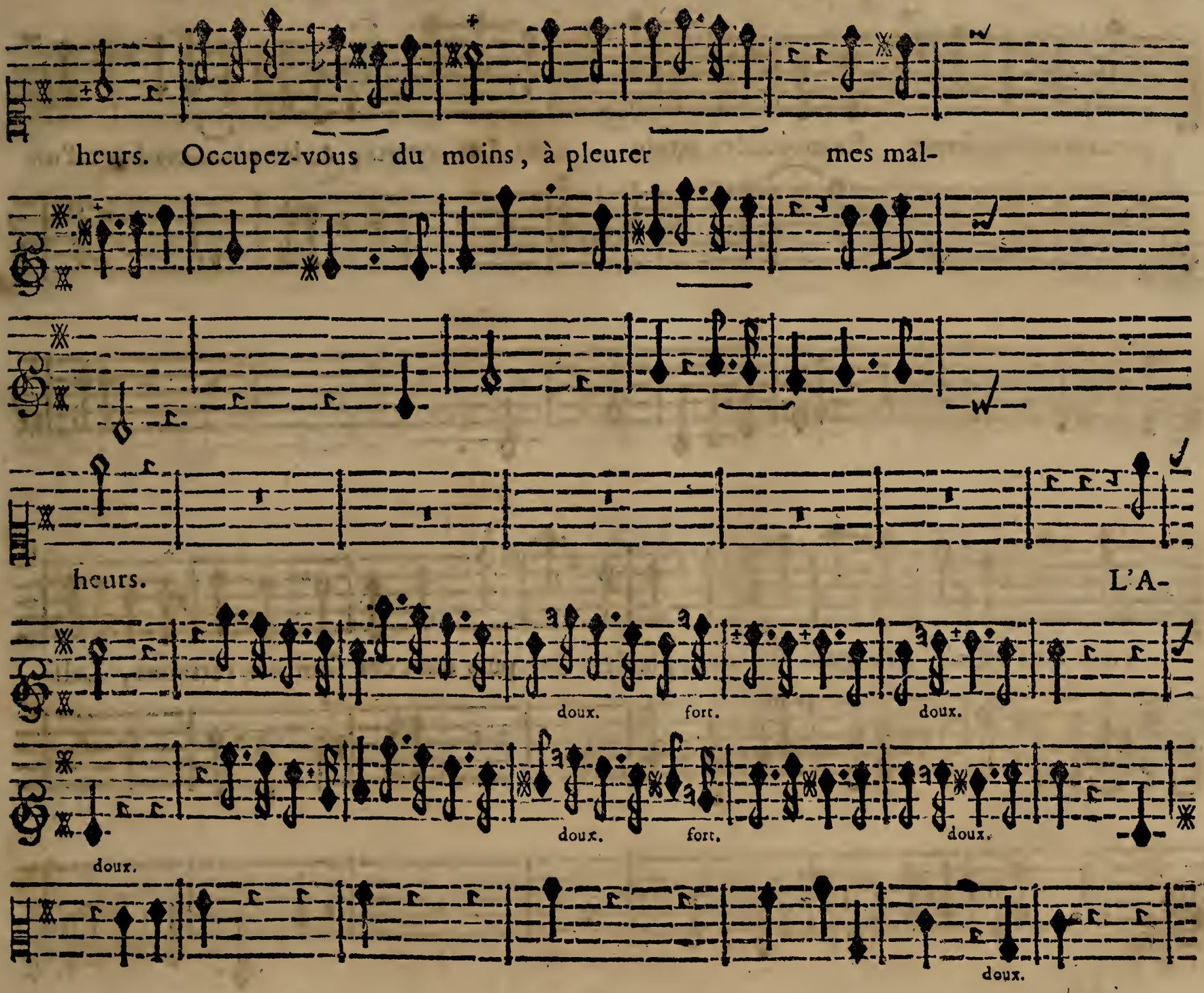


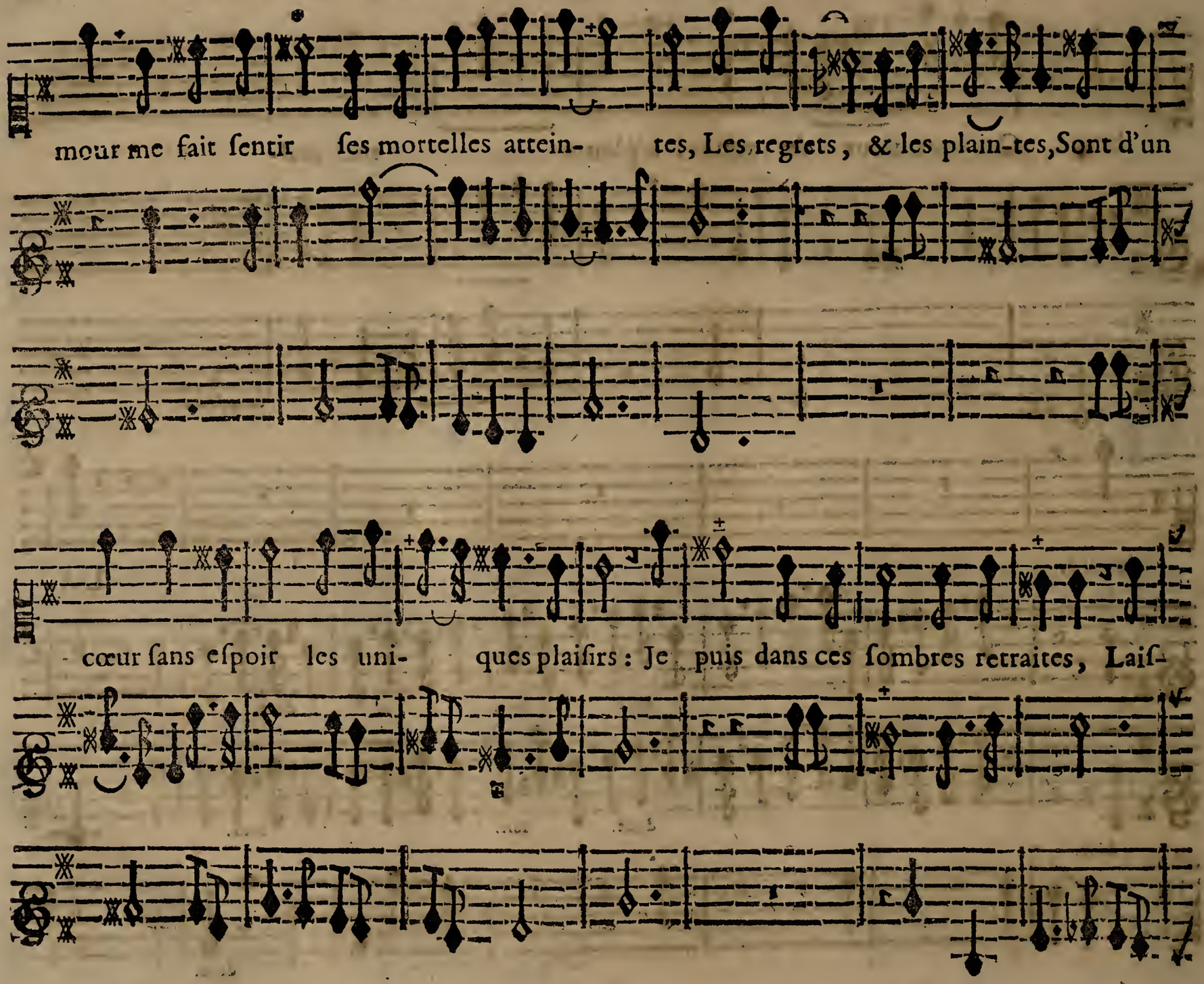
SCENE II.

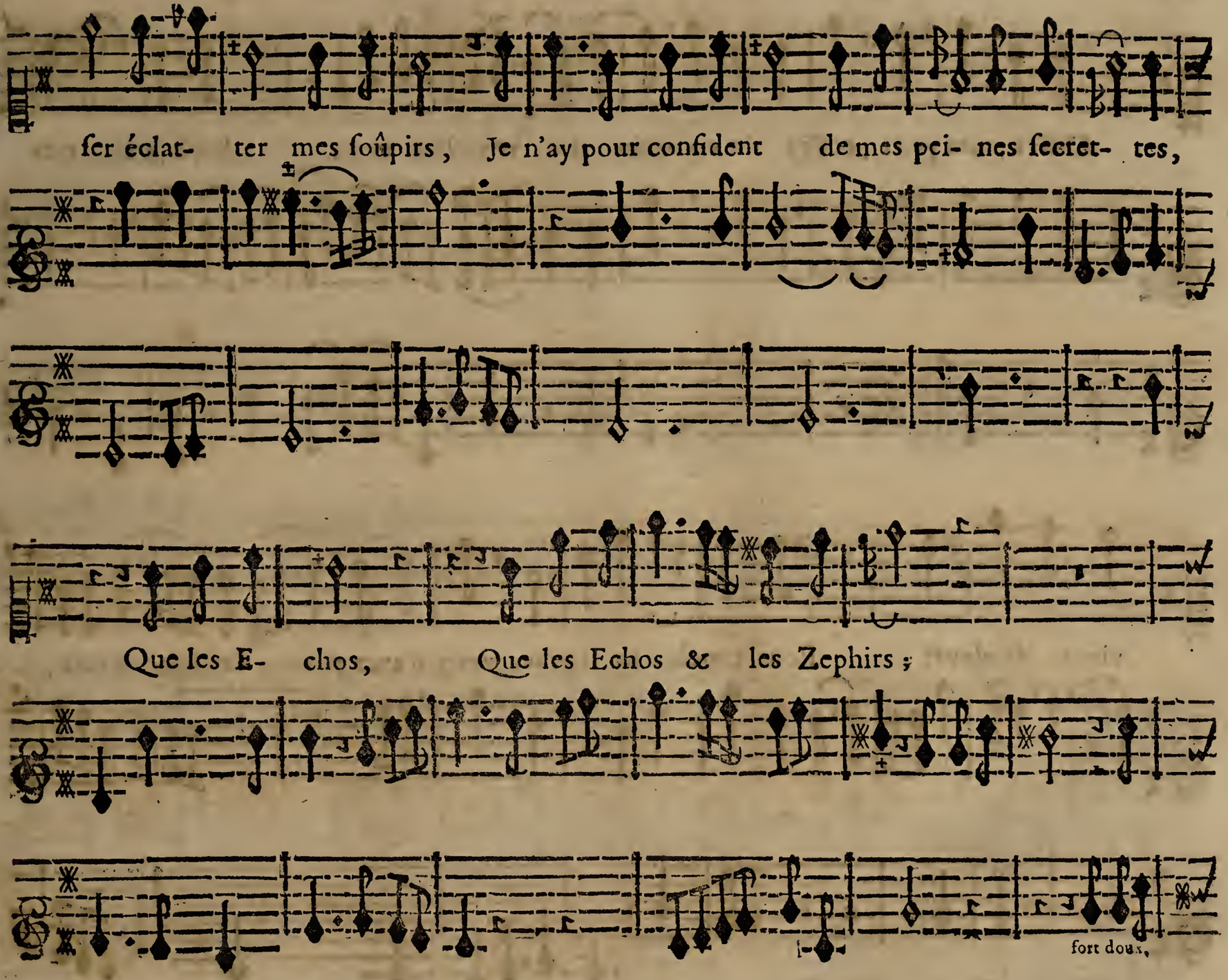
HERMINIE ſeule.

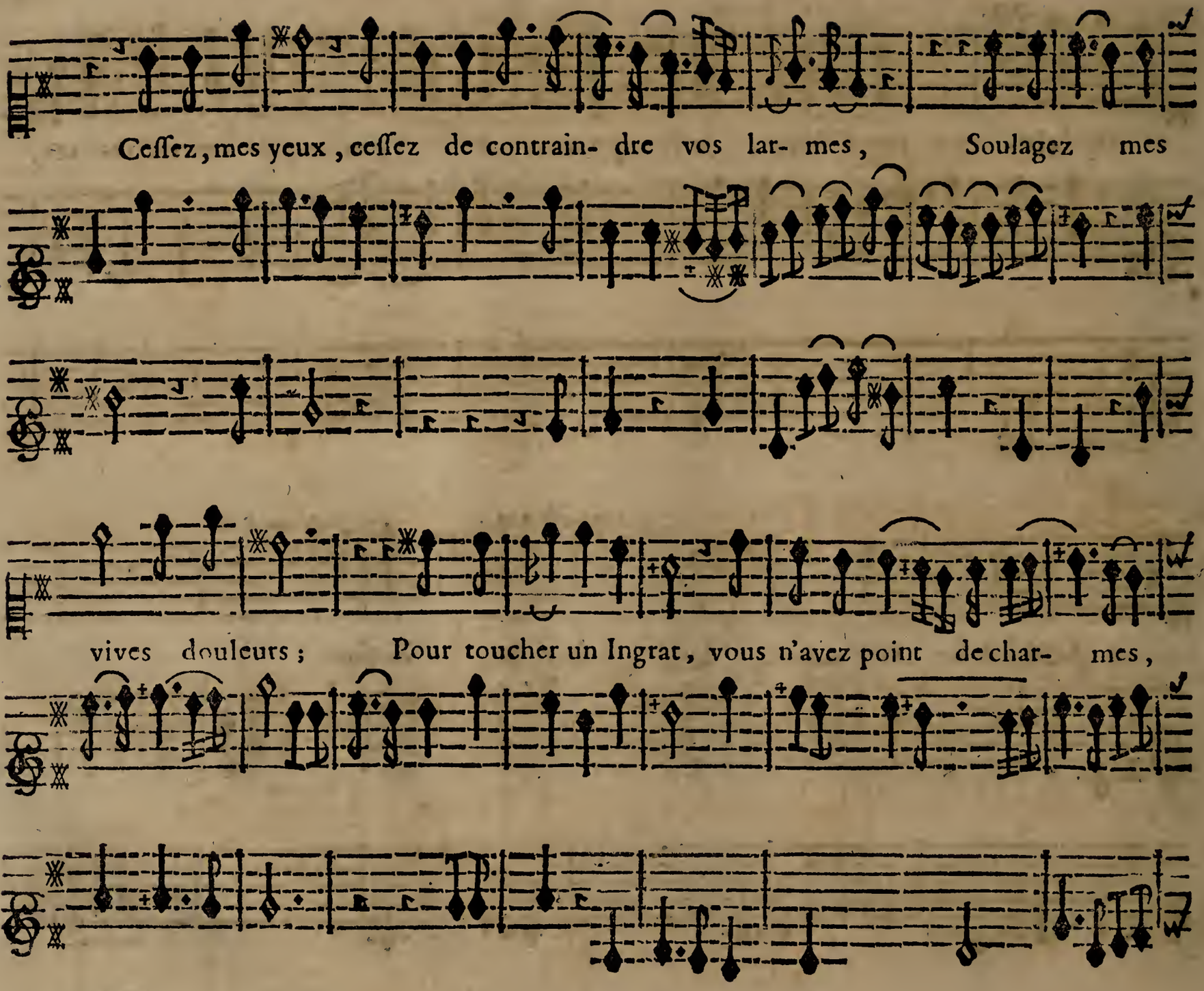


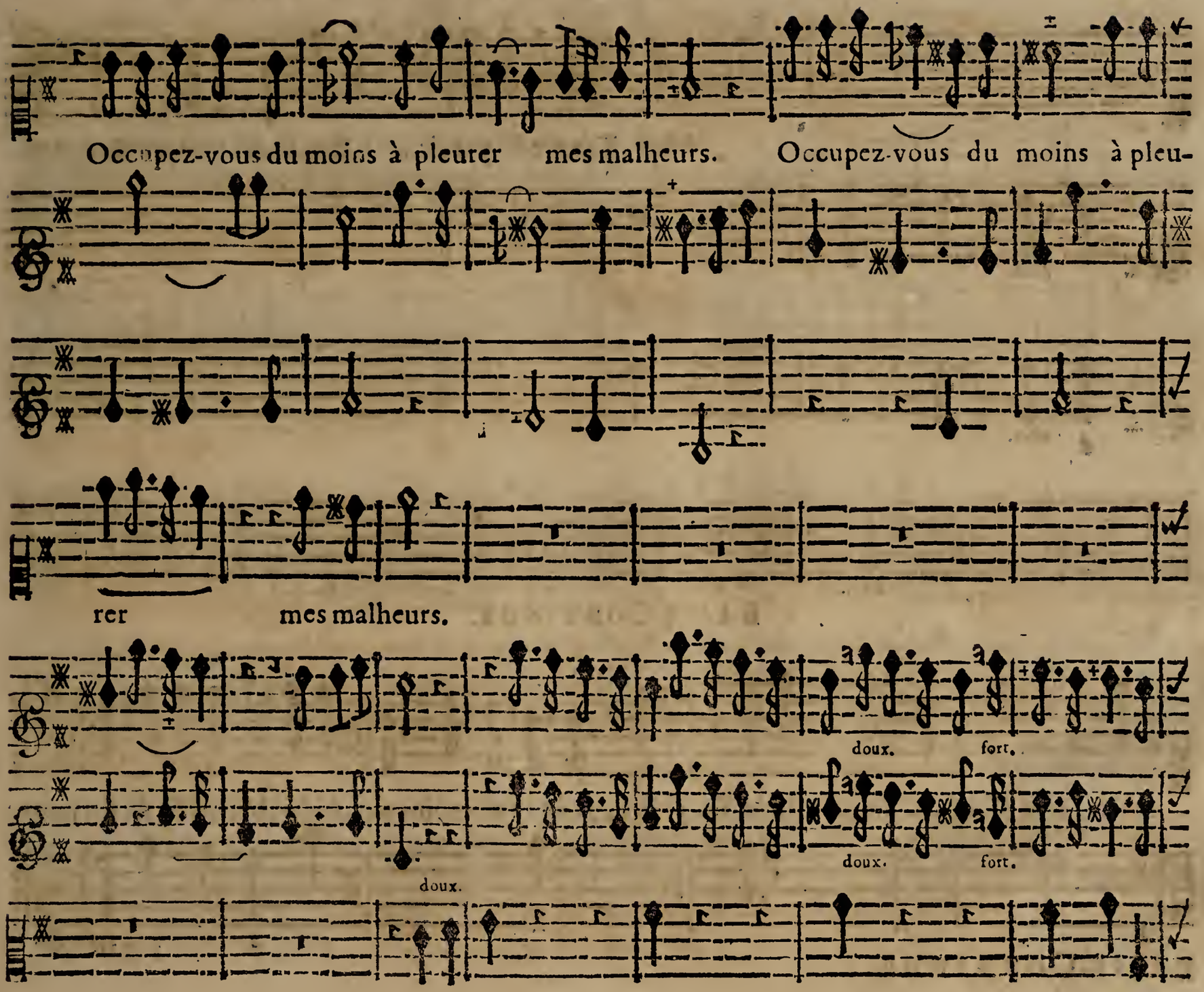

lar- mes, Soulagez mes vives douleurs: Pour toucher un in-
grat, vous n'avez point de char- mes, Occupez vous du moins à pleurer mes mal-

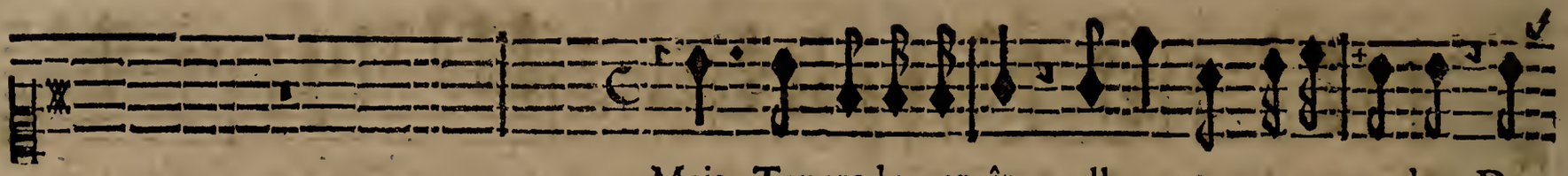

heurs. Occupez-vous du moins, à pleurer mes mal-
heurs.
L'A-
doux.
fort.
doux.
doux.
fort.
doux.
doux.
doux.


mour me fait ſentir ſes mortelles attein- tes, Les regrets, & les plain-tes, Sont d'un
cœur ſans eſpoir les uni- ques plaiſirs : Je puis dans ces ſombres retraites, Laiſ-

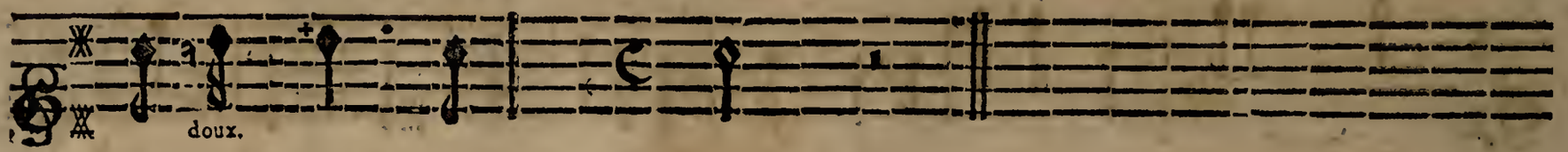

ſer éclat- ter mes ſoûpirs, Je n'ay pour confident de mes pei- nes ſecret- tes,
Que les E- chos, Que les Echos & les Zephirs ;
fort doux,

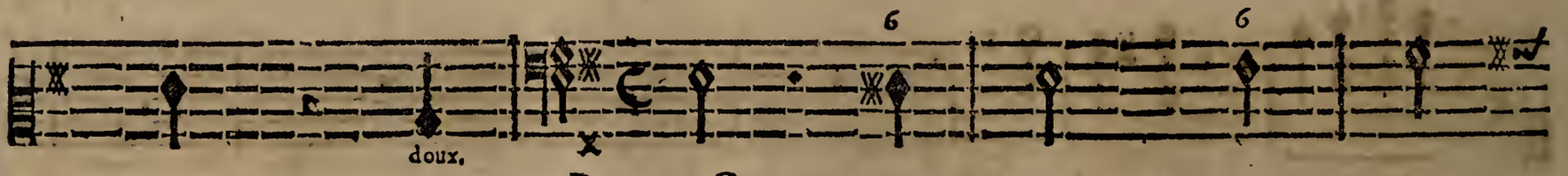

Ceſſez, mes yeux, ceſſez de contrain- dre vos lar- mes, Soulagez mes
vives douleurs; Pour toucher un Ingrat, vous n'avez point de char- mes,


Occupez-vous du moins à pleurer mes malheurs. Occupez-vous du moins à pleu-
rer mes malheurs.
doux. fort.
doux. fort.
doux.

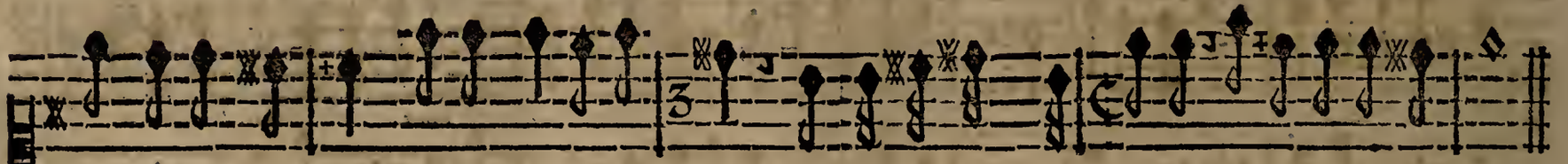


Mais, Tancrede paroît... allons tout entreprendre, Des

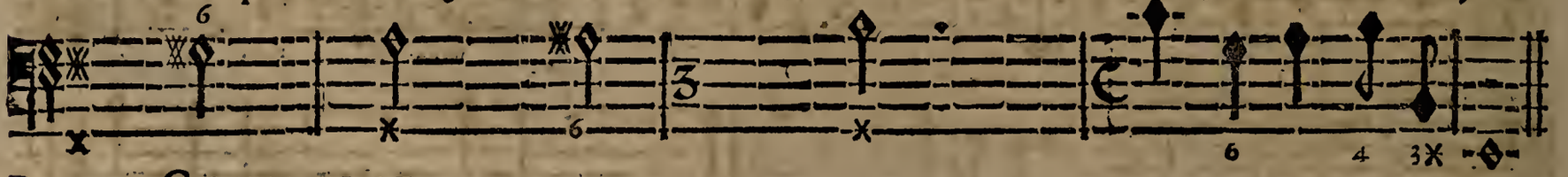




BASSE-CONTINUE.



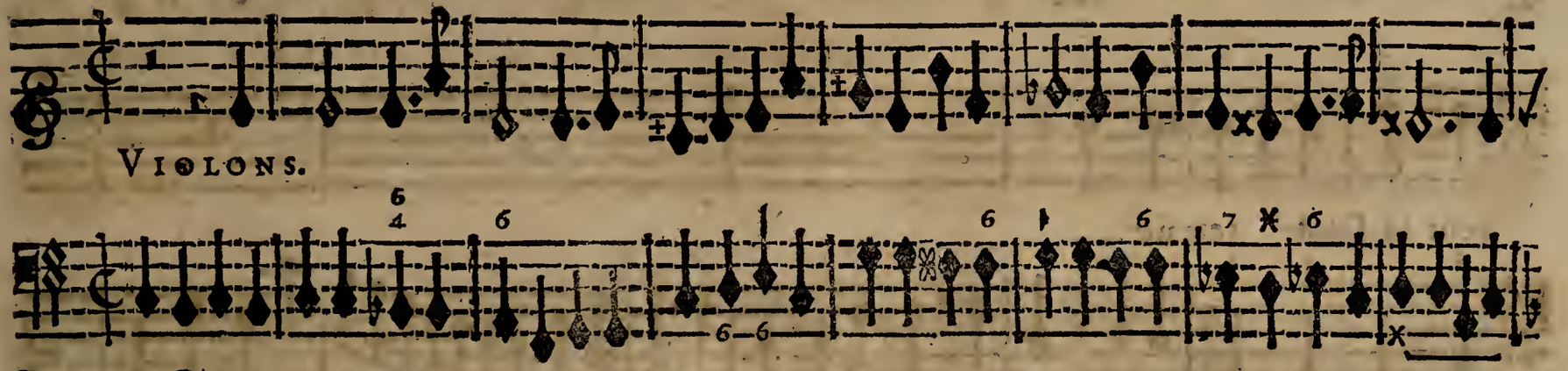
charmes les plus forts implorons le se- cours ; Je veux au moins me rẽdre, Maîtresse de ses jours.

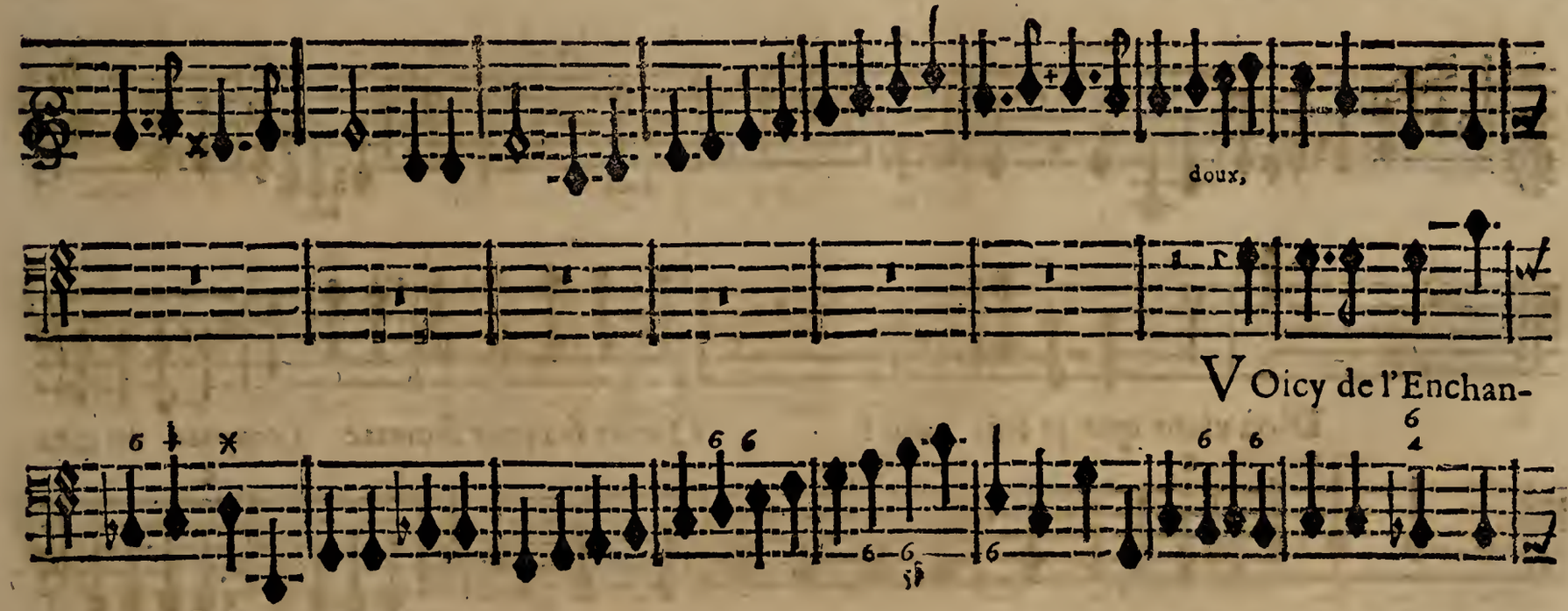


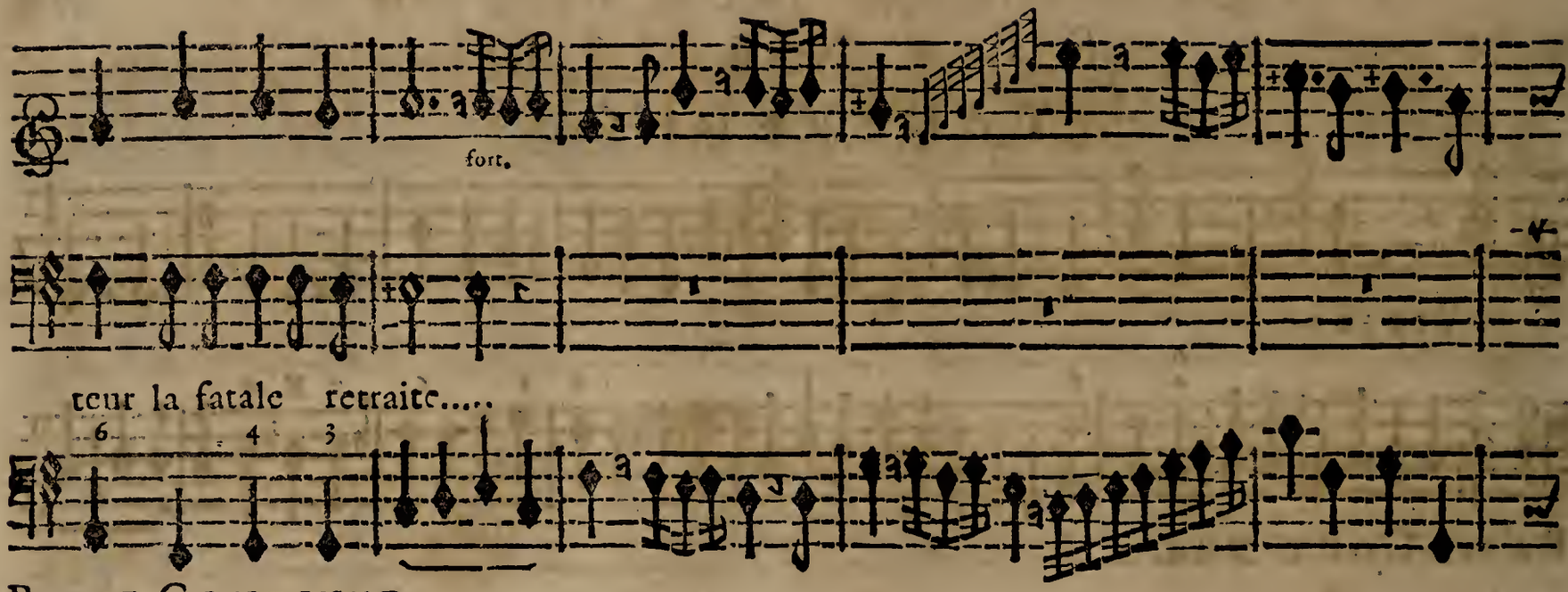
BASSE-CONTINUE.

SCENE III.

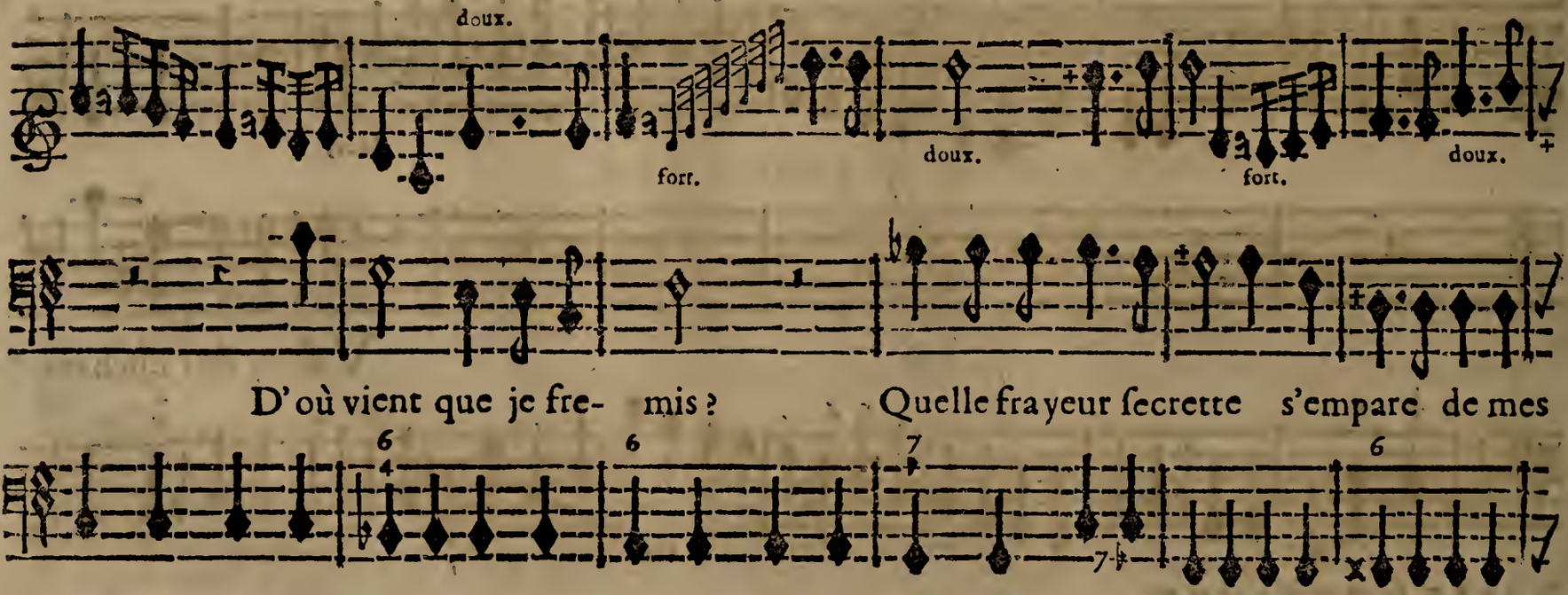
TANCREDE seul.



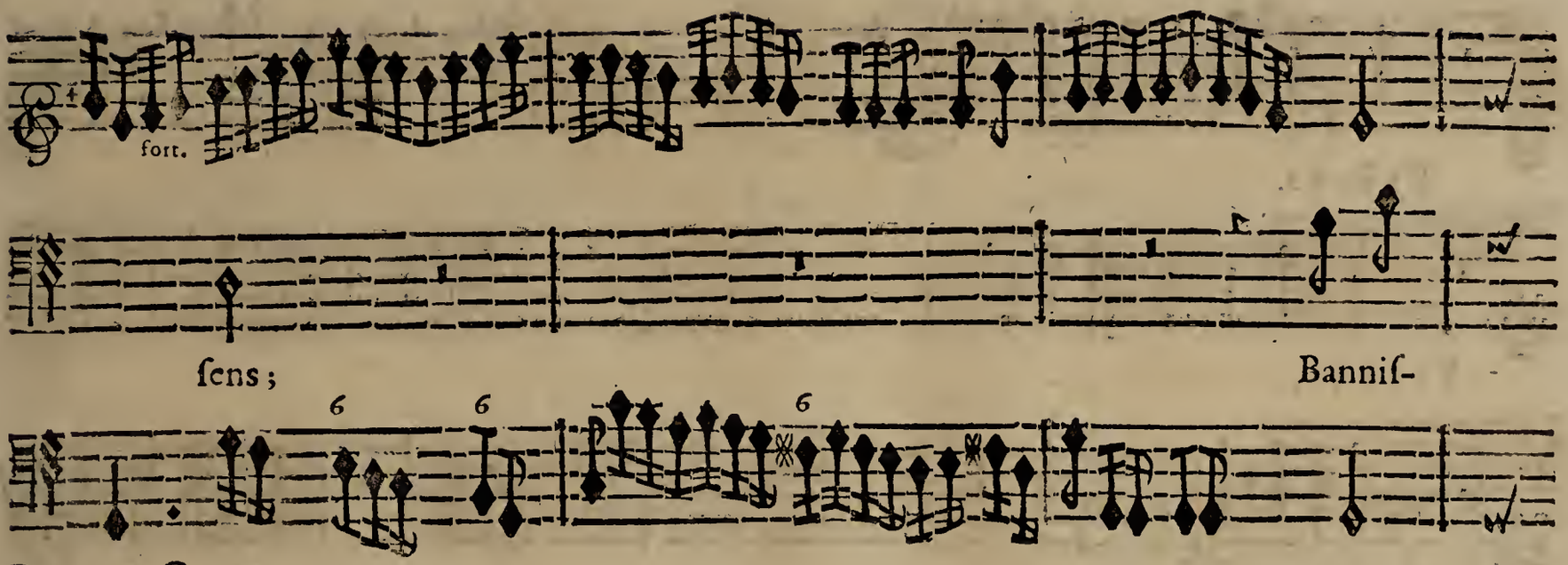




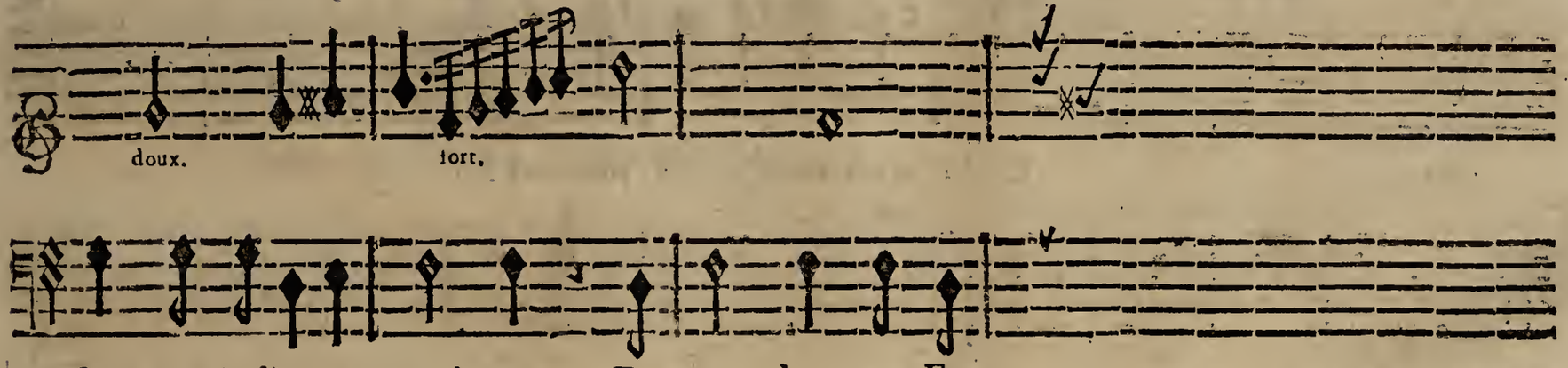
BASSE-CONTINUE.

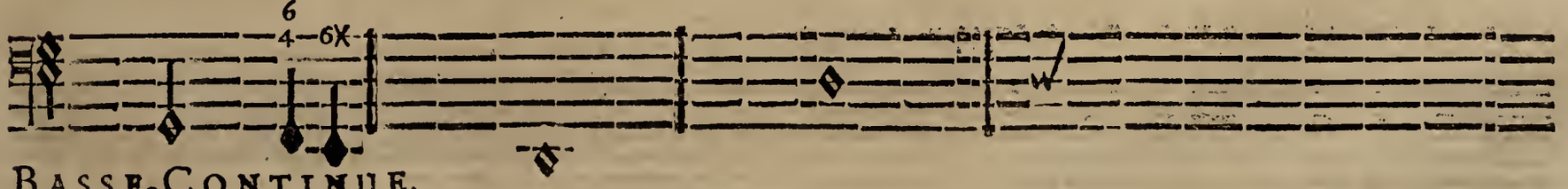


BASSE CONTINUE.

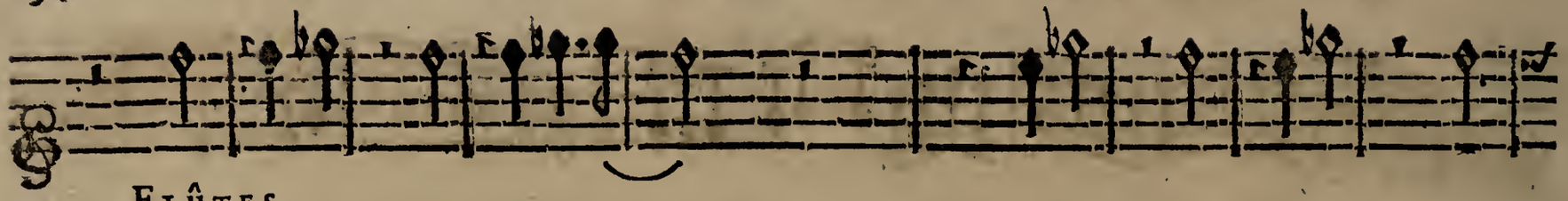


BASSE-CONTINUE.

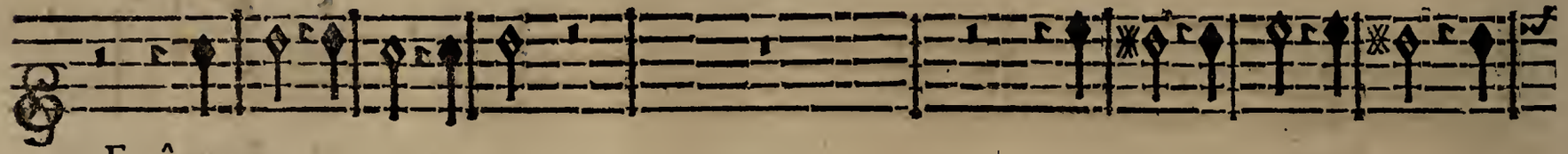




BASSE-CONTINUE.

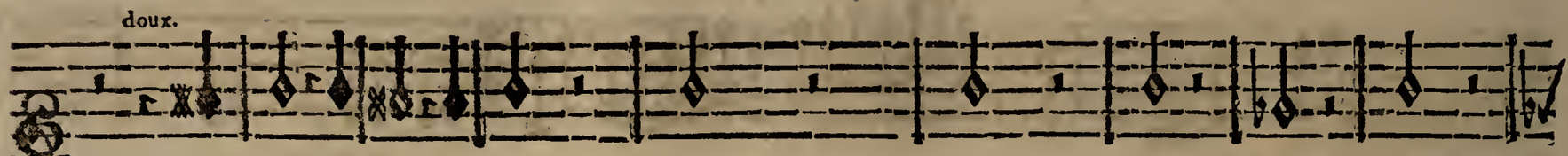


FLÛTES.

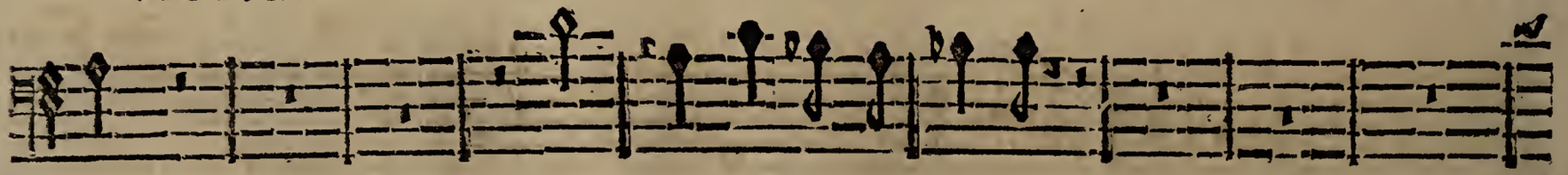


FLÛTES.

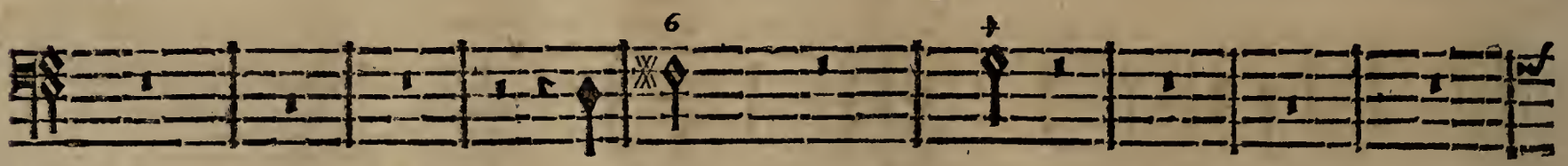
doux.



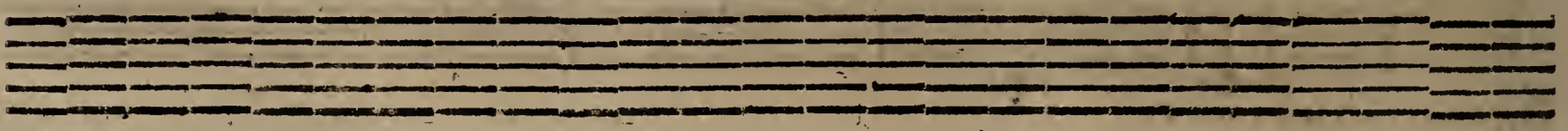
VIOLONS.

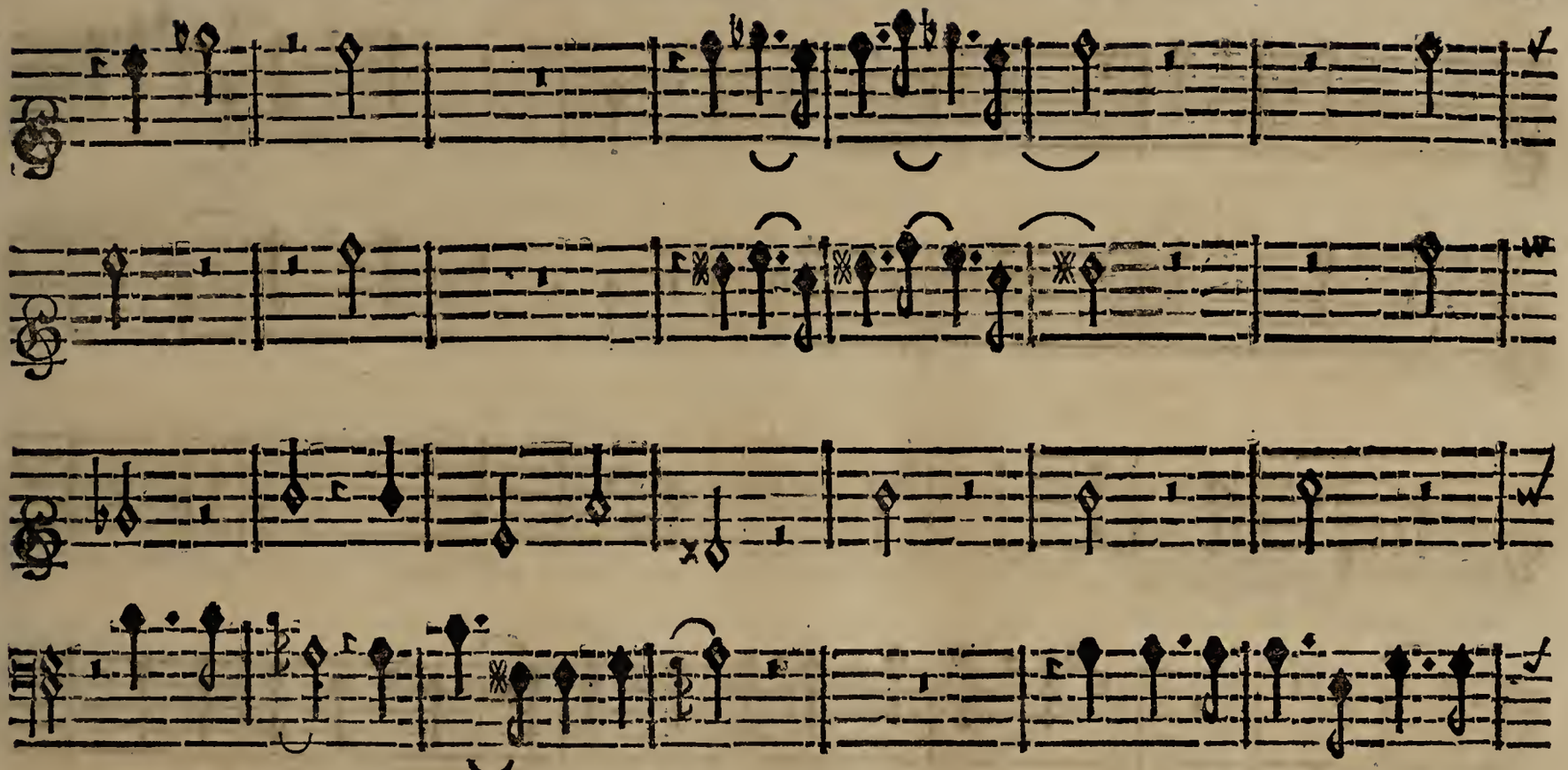


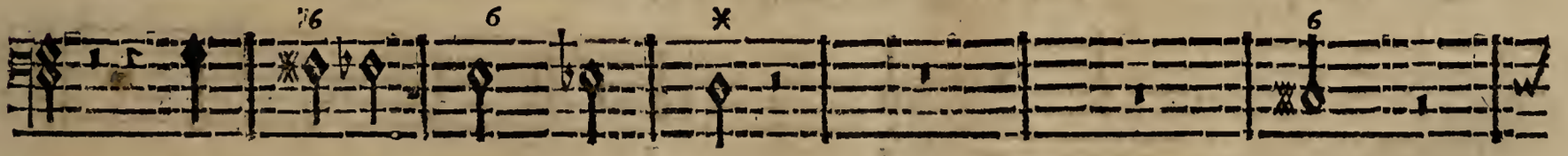
rêts.... Ciel ! d'où naissent ces plaintes ?



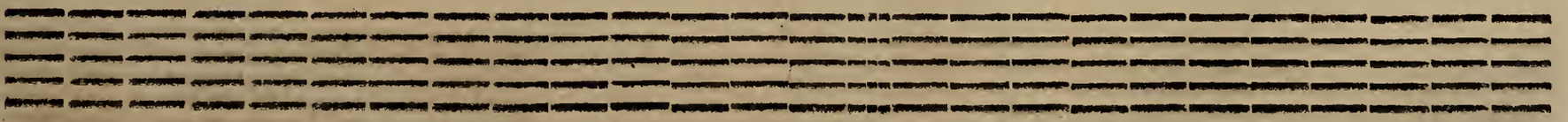
BASSE-CONTINUE.

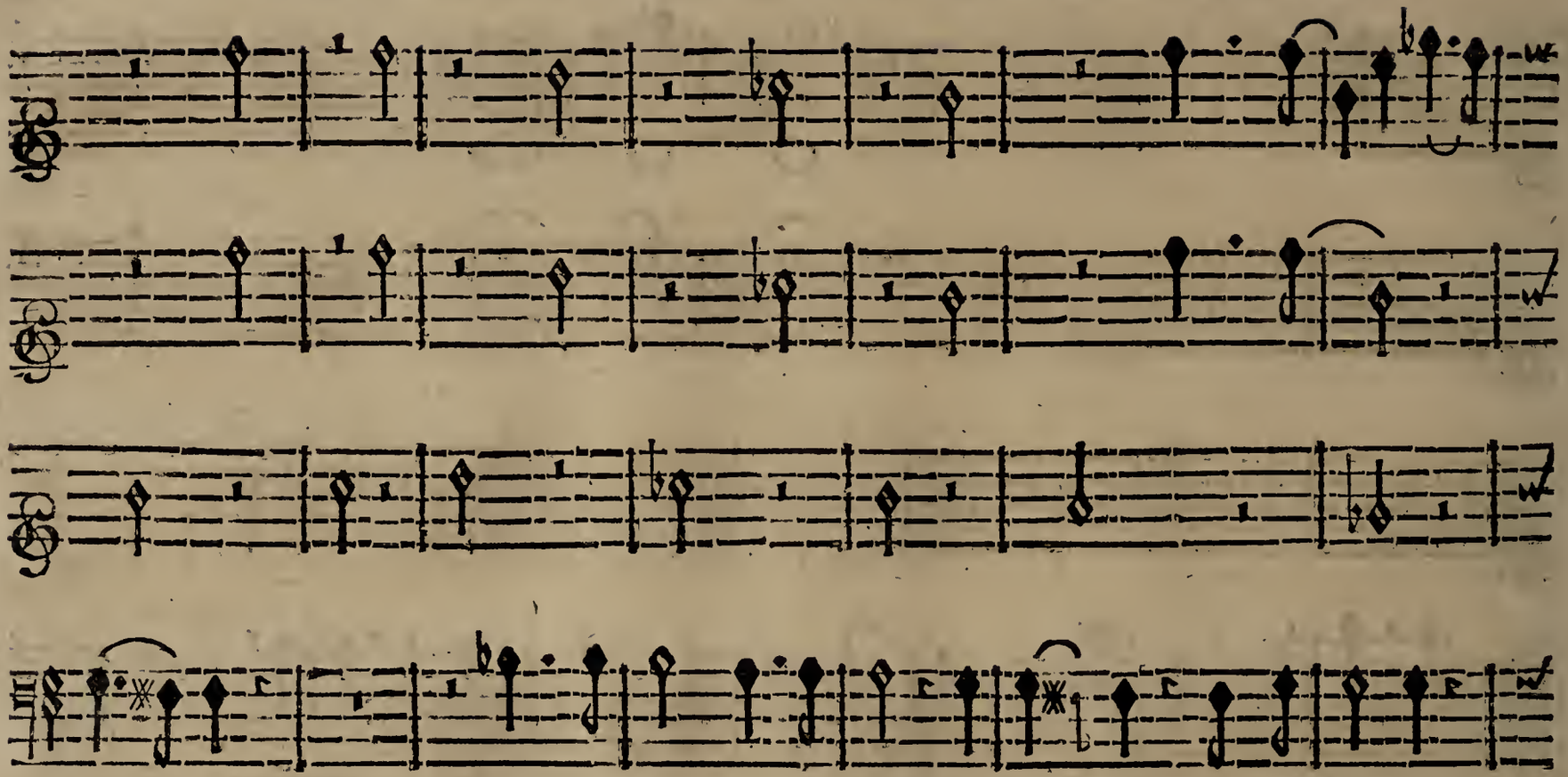






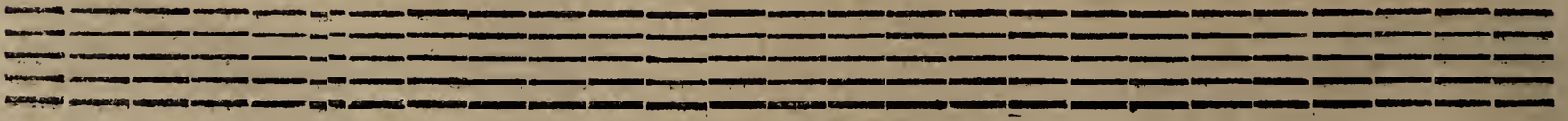
BASSE-CONTINUE.

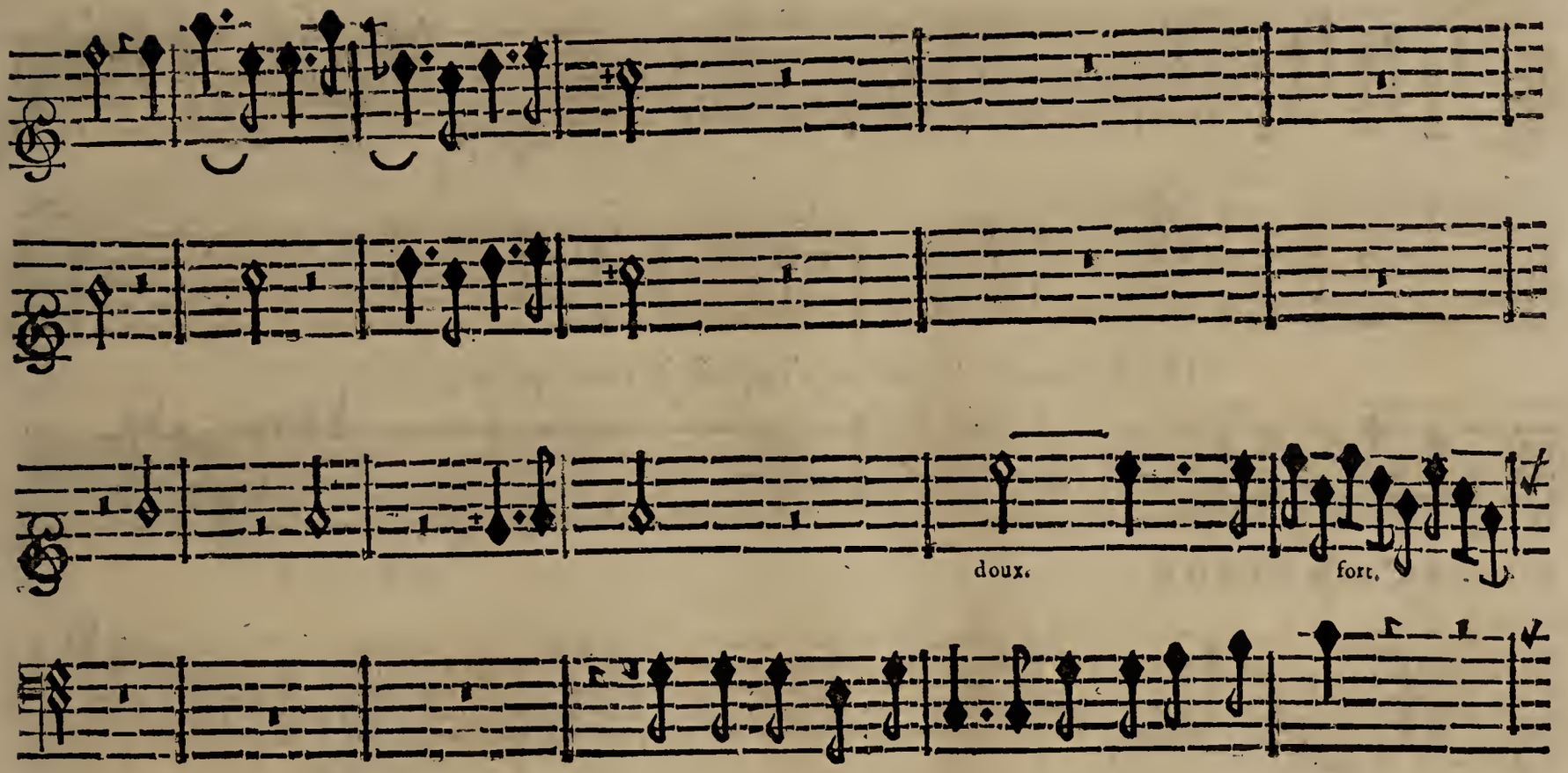




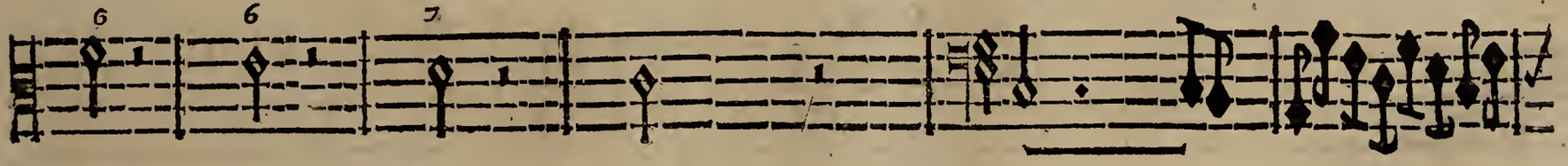
miſ- ſent, Leurs regrets malgré moy me tou- chent, m'attendriſſent....

BASSE-CONTINUE.

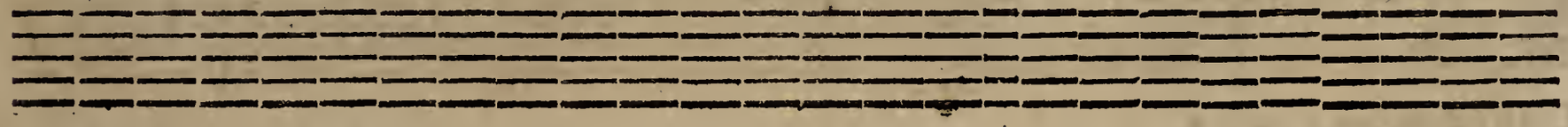


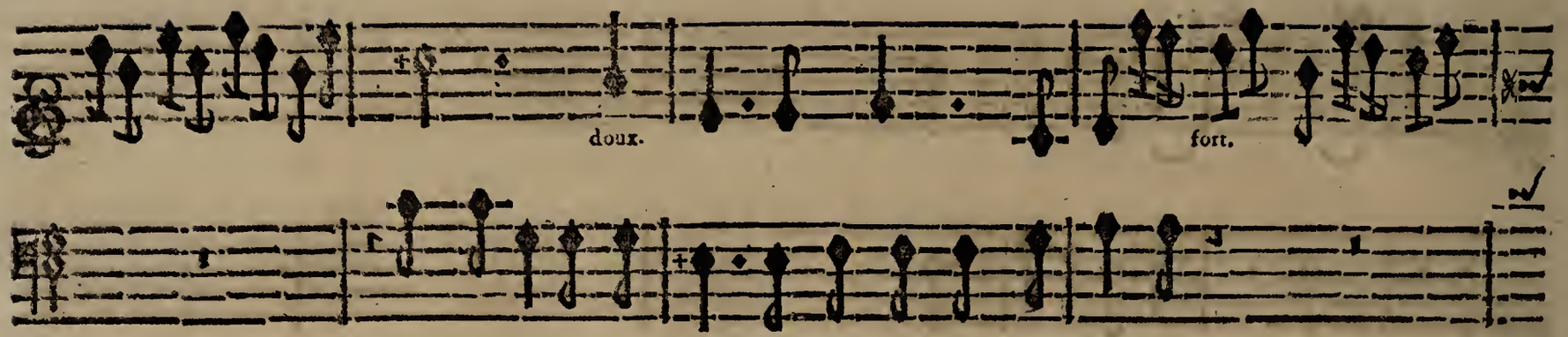


C'eſt un enchantement, il faut le ſurmonter....

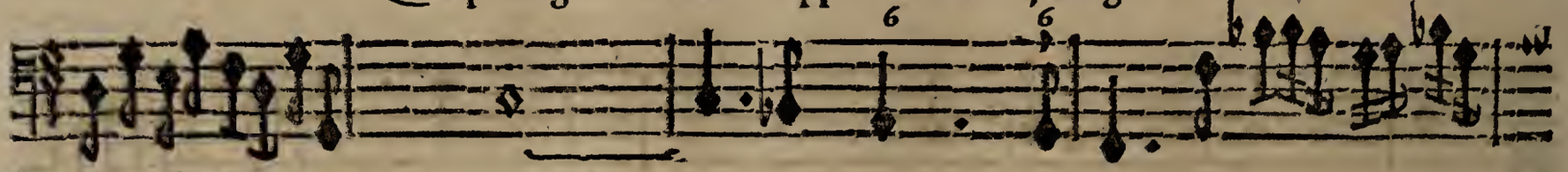


BASSE-CONTINUE.

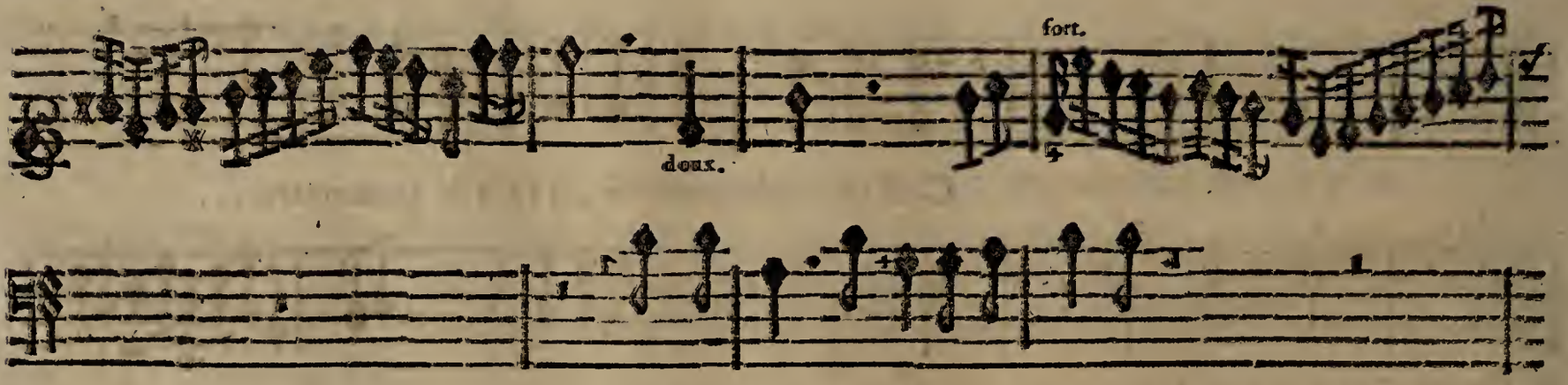




Quel prodige nouveau s'oppose à mon passage ?

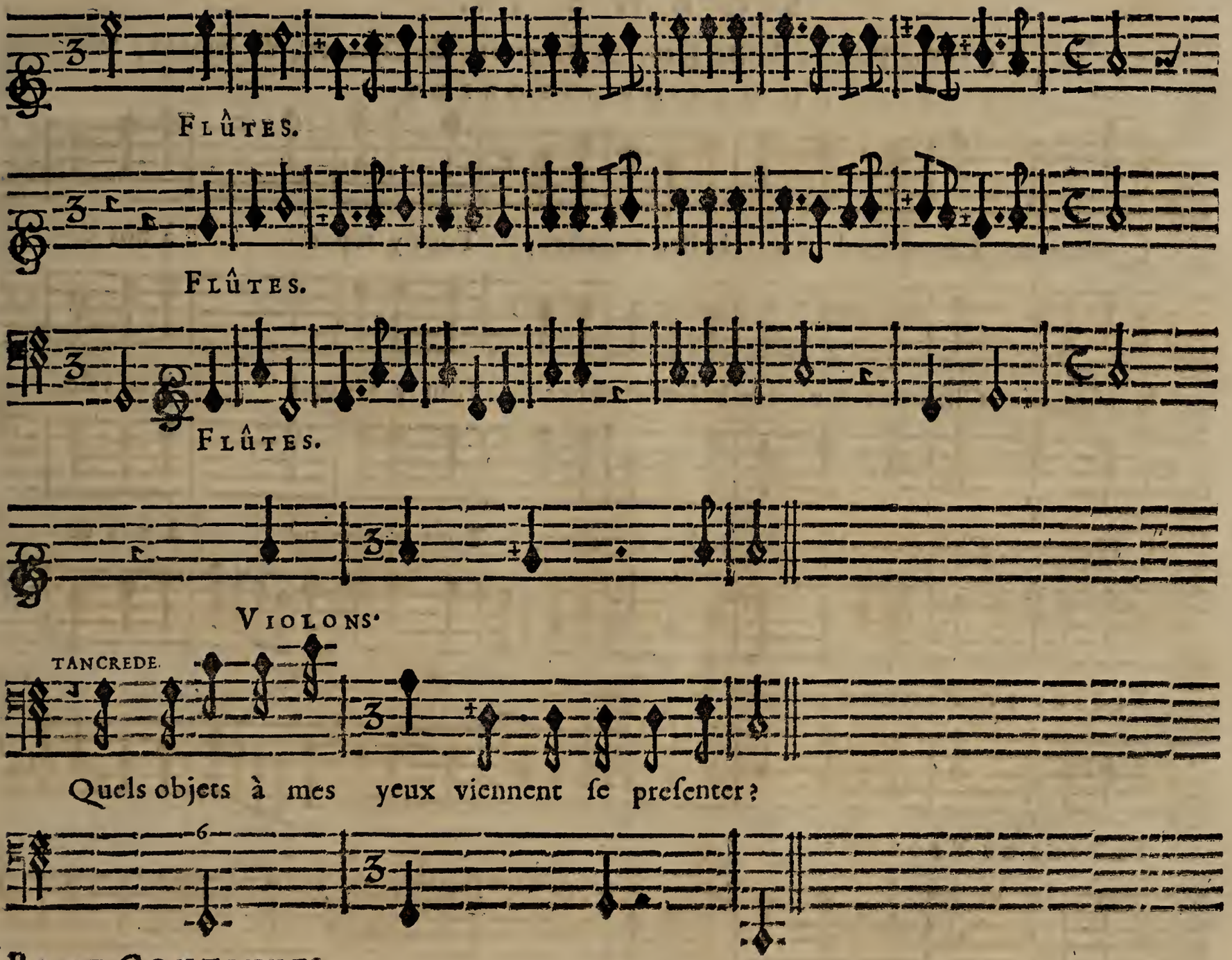


BASSE-CONTINUE.



Servons-nous de nôtre courage. ....

BASSE-CONTINUE.


FLÛTES.
FLÛTES.
FLÛTES.
VIOLONS.
TANCREDE.
Quels objets à mes yeux viennent ſe preſenter?
BASSE-CONTINUE.

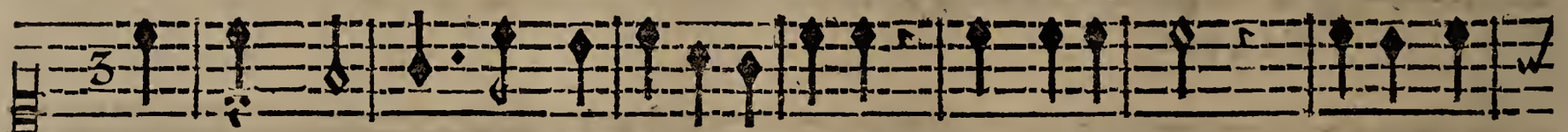
SCENE IV.

TANCREDE, Troupe de Bergers, de Bergeres, de Driades, de Faunes, &c.

CHOEUR DE BERGERES.

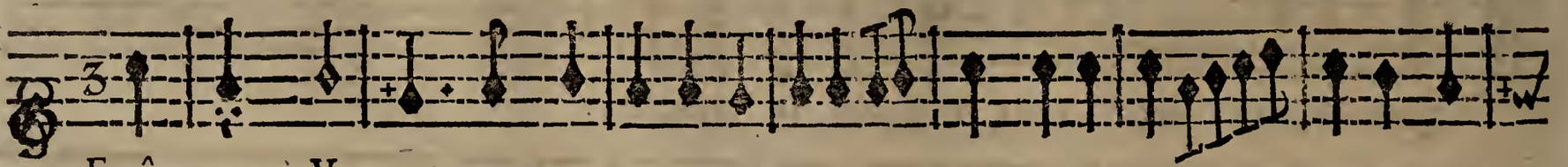
CHantons, Chantons dans ces belles retraites, Tout y répond à nos de-

CHantons, Chantons dans ces belles retraites, Tout y répond à nos de-

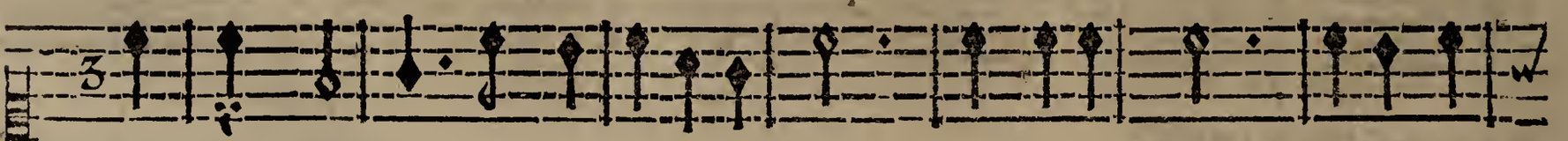


CHantons, Chantons dans ces belles retraites, Tout y répond à nos de-

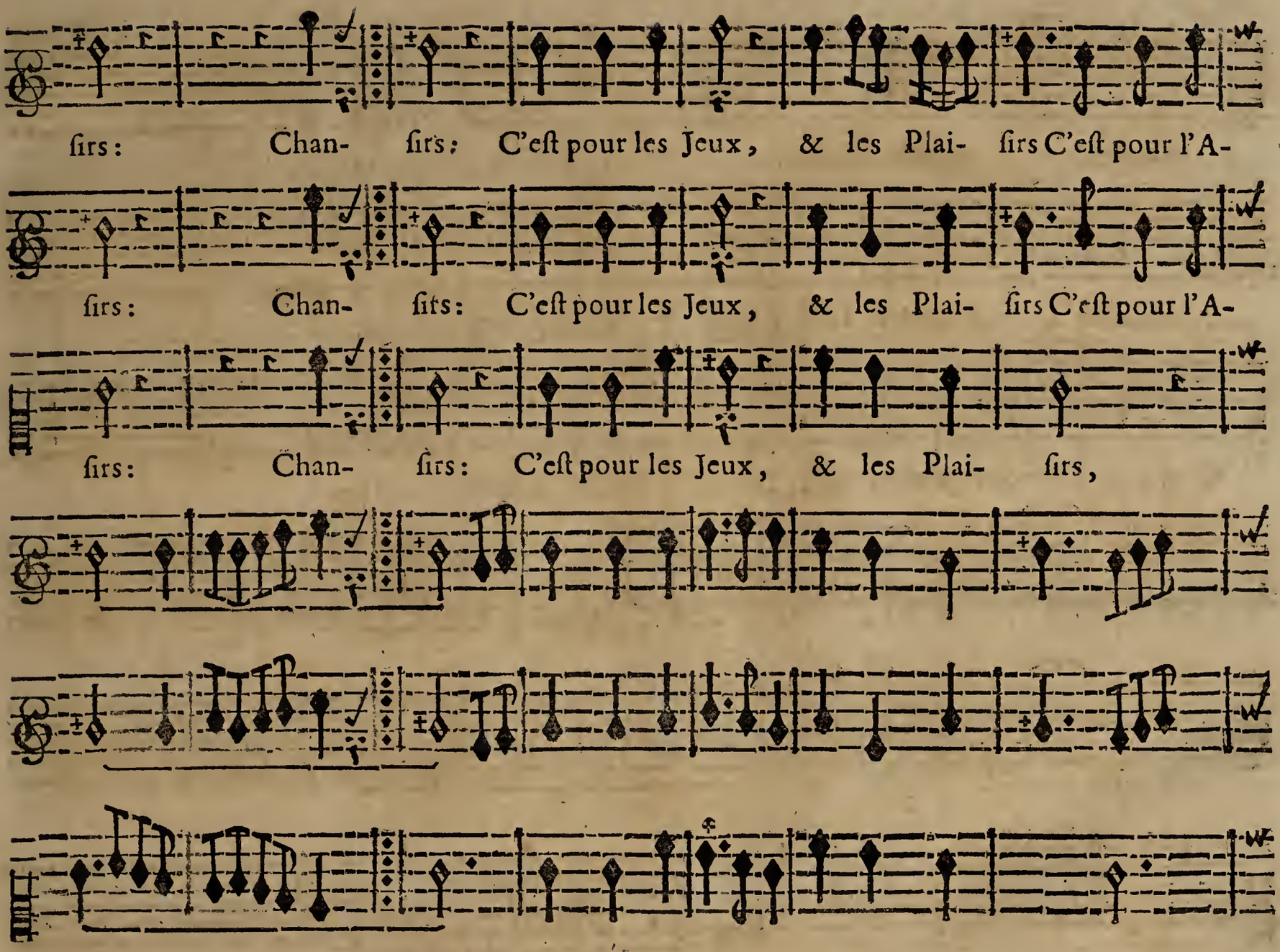
FLÛTES ET VIOLONS.

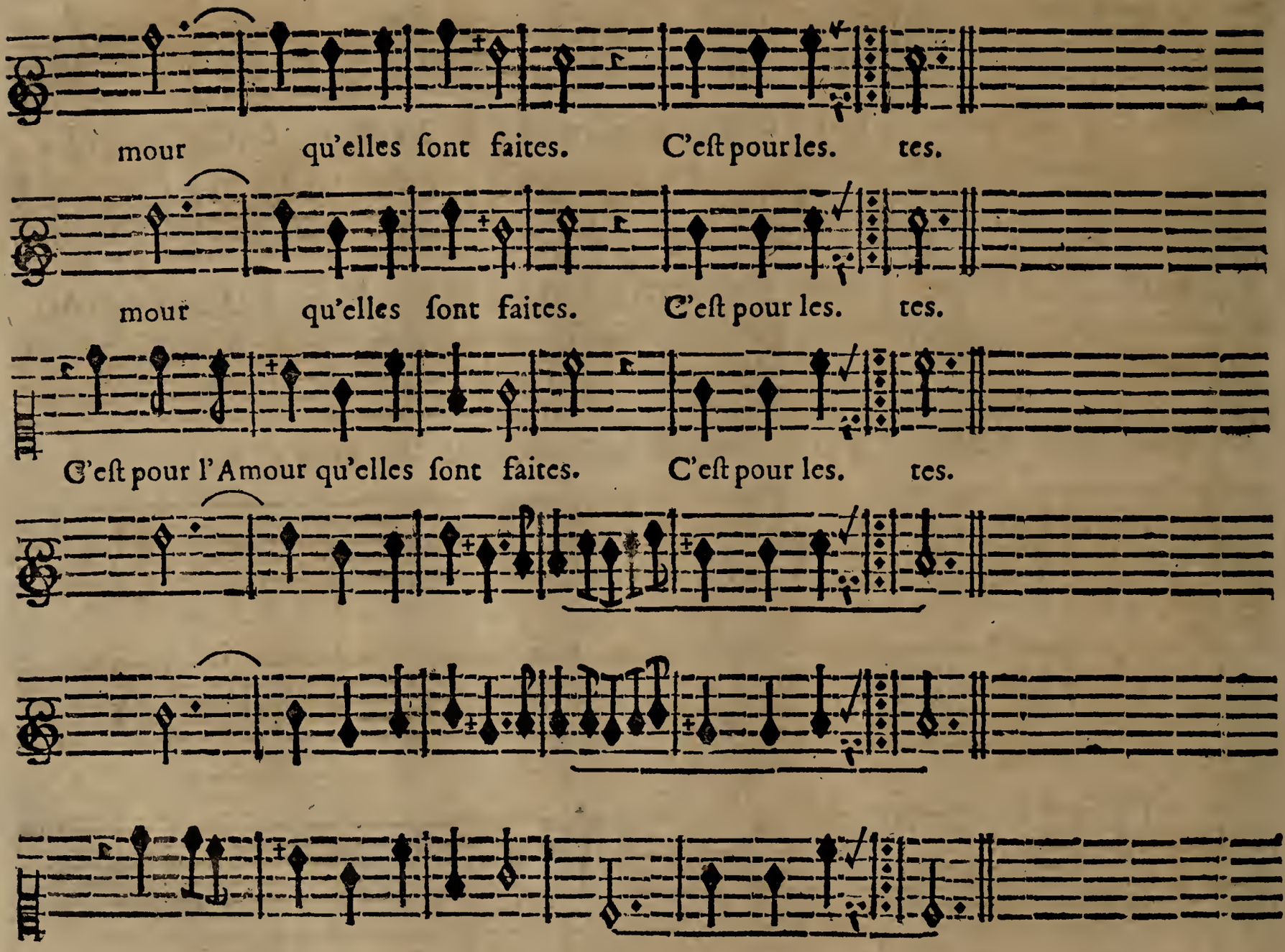


FLÛTES ET VIOLONS.

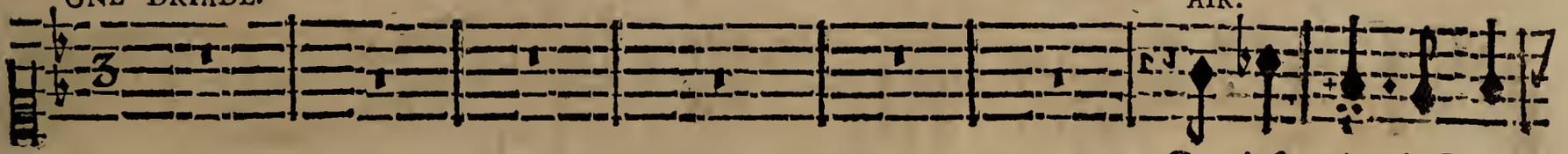


FLÛTES ET VIOLONS.


sirs: Chan- sirs: C'eſt pour les Jeux, & les Plai- sirs C'eſt pour l'A-
sirs: Chan- sirs: C'eſt pour les Jeux, & les Plai- sirs C'eſt pour l'A-
sirs: Chan- sirs: C'eſt pour les Jeux, & les Plai- sirs,

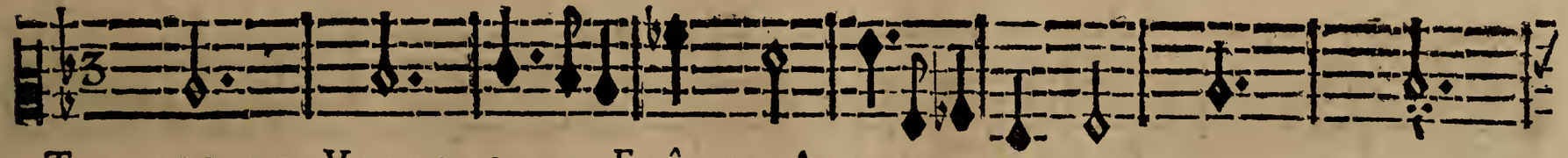

mour qu'elles ſont faites. C'eſt pour les. tes.
mour qu'elles ſont faites. C'eſt pour les. tes.
C'eſt pour l'Amour qu'elles ſont faites. C'eſt pour les. tes.

UNE DRIADE. AIR.

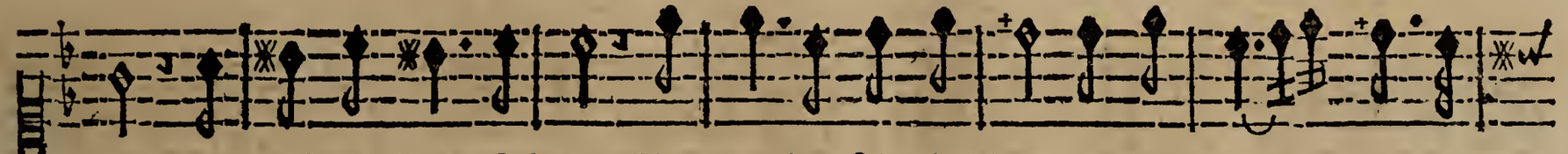


Ce n'eſt point le Prin-

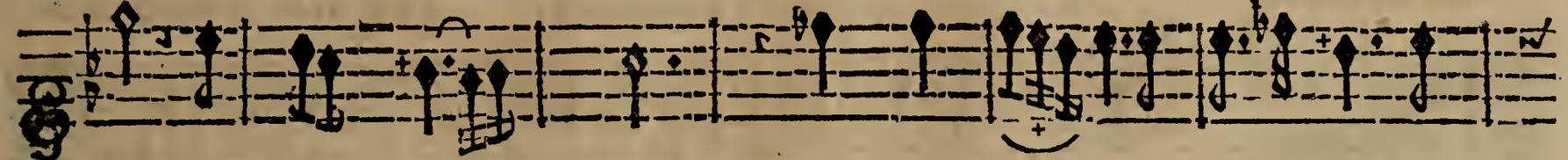
FLÛTES.

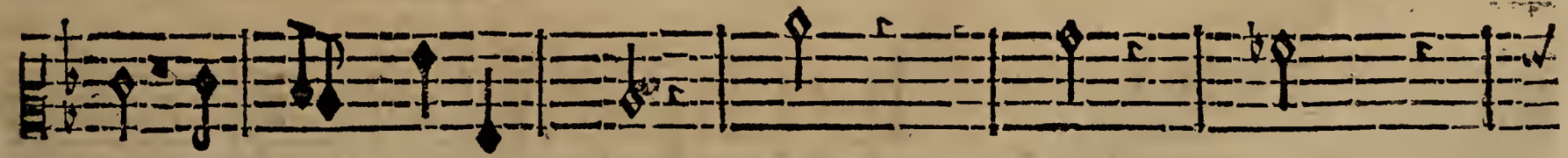


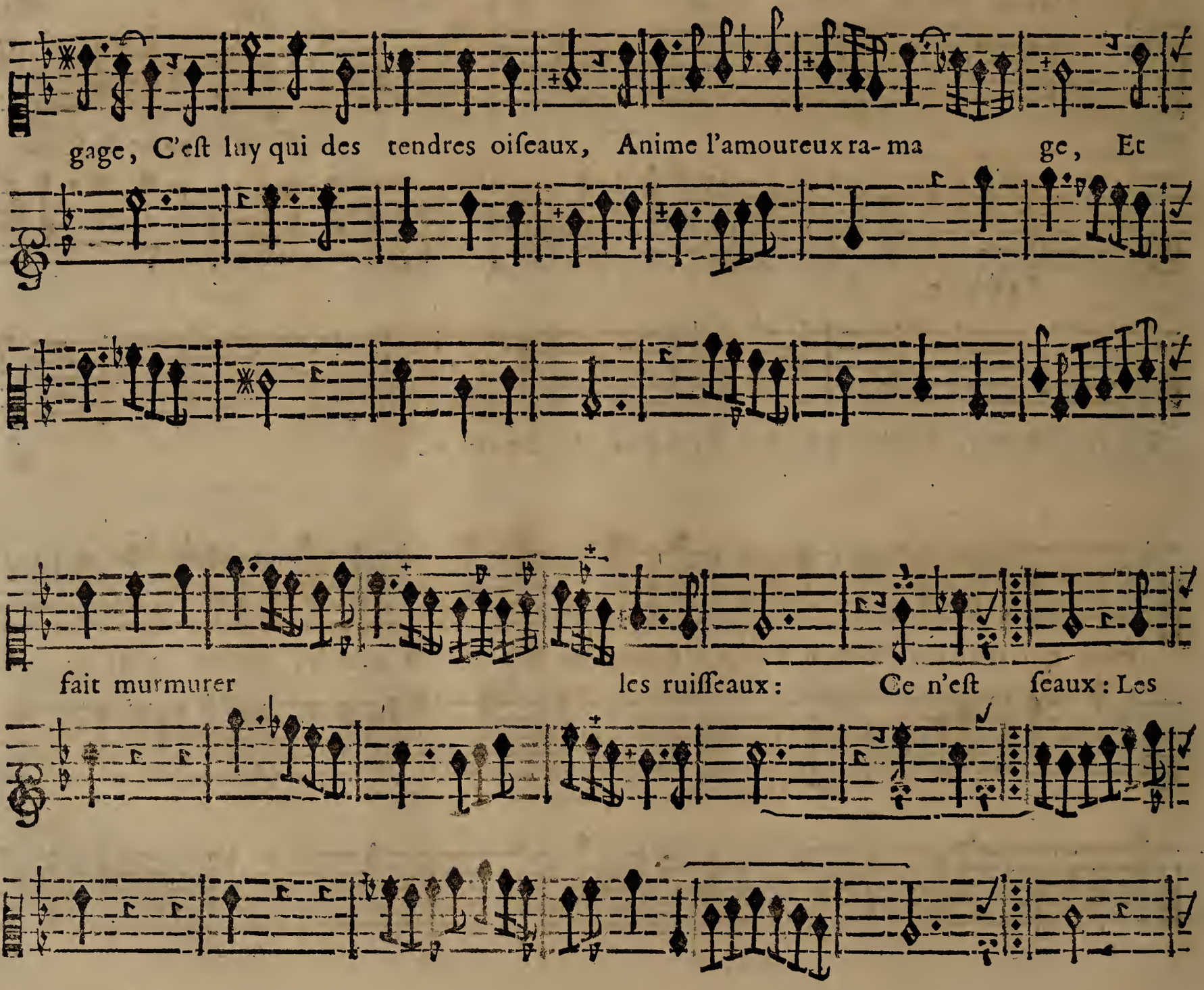
TAILLES DE VIOLONS ET FLÛTES ALLEMANDES.

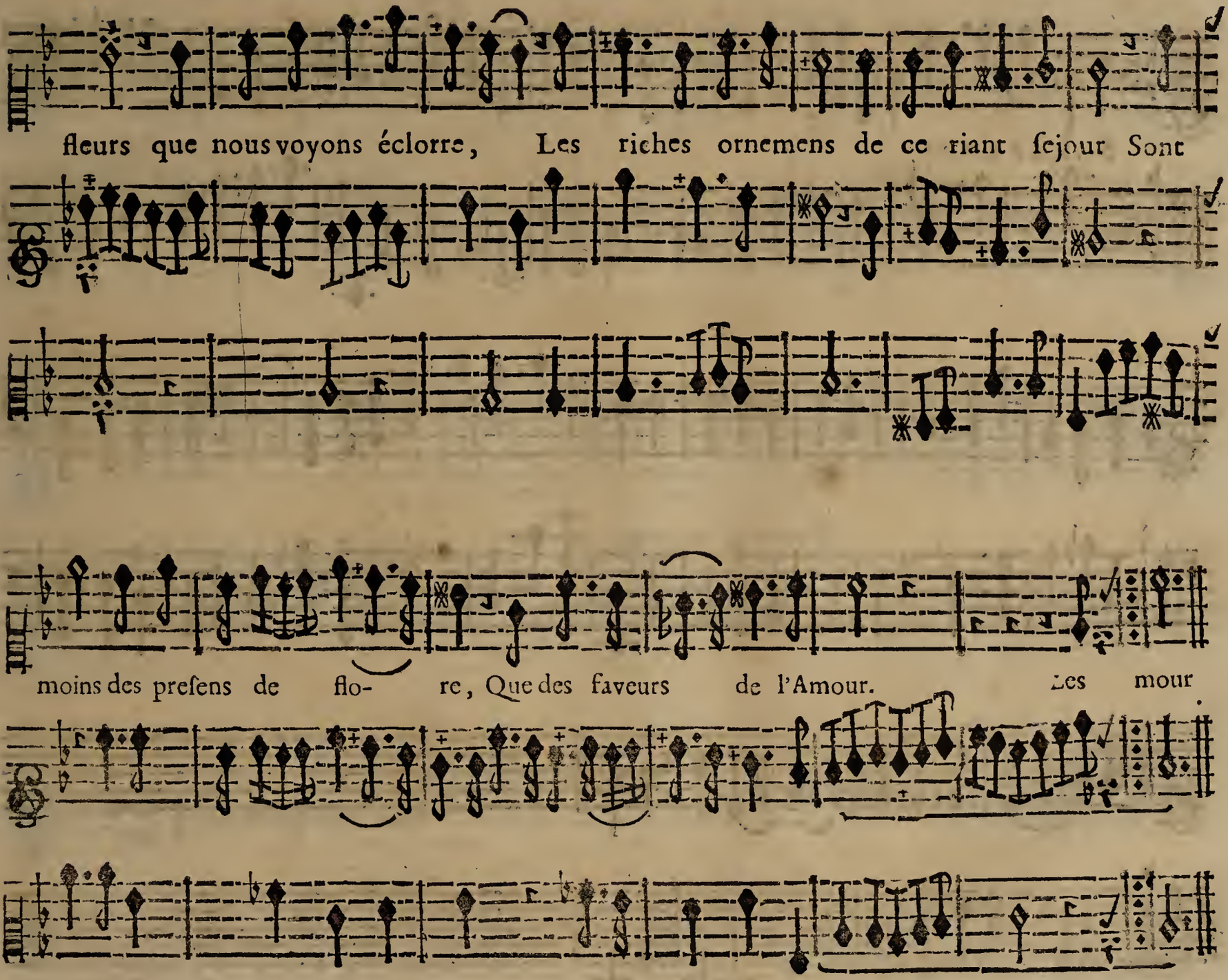


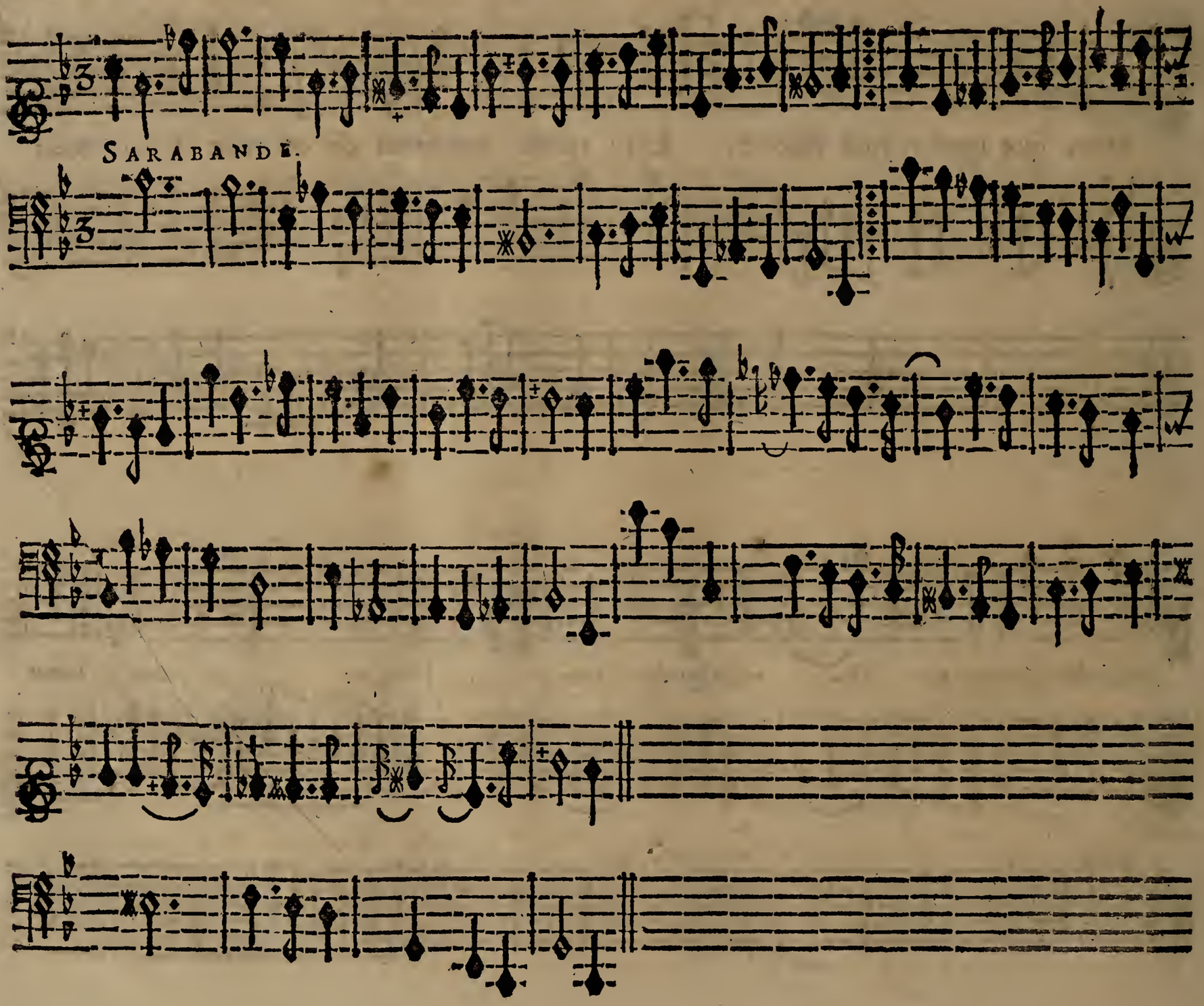
tems qui rend ces lieux ſi beaux, L'Amour les fait briller pour les cœurs qu'il en-

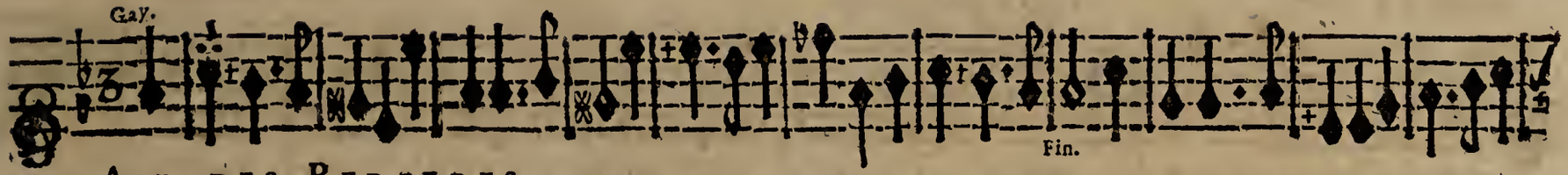




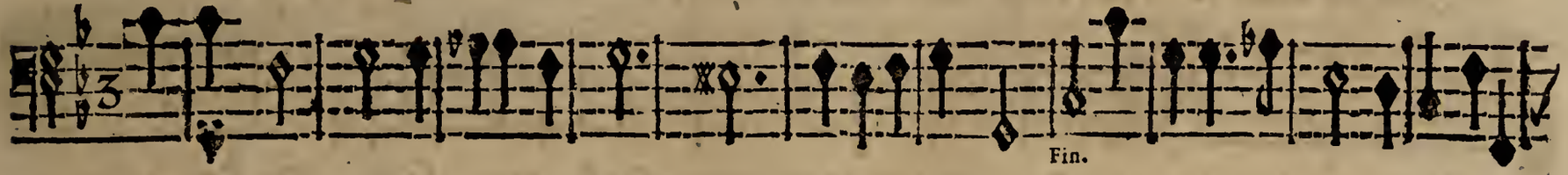

gage, C'eſt luy qui des tendres oiſeaux, Anime l'amoureux ra- ma ge, Et
fait murmurer les ruiſſeaux: Ce n'eſt ſeaux: Les

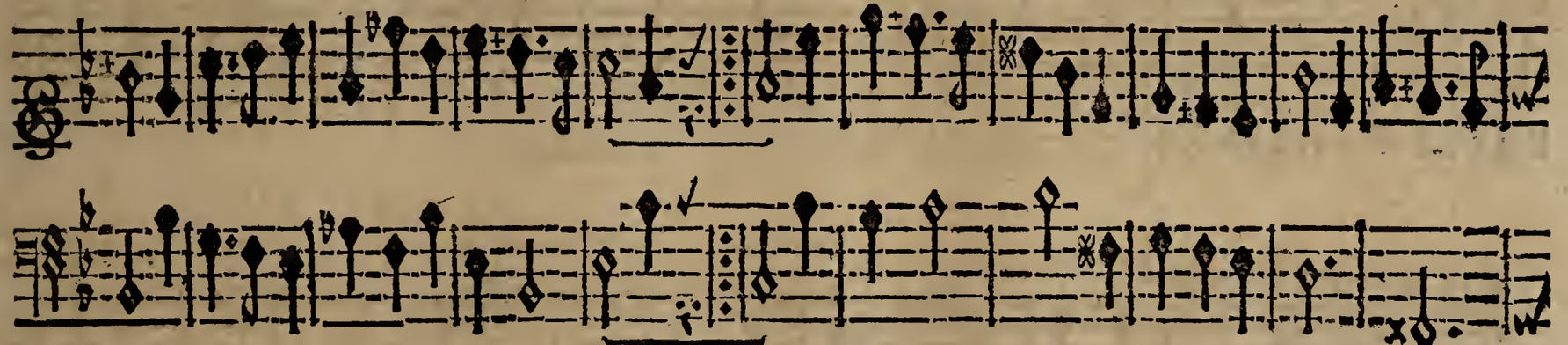

fleurs que nous voyons éclorre, Les riches ornemens de ce riant ſejour Sont
moins des preſens de flo- re, Que des faveurs de l'Amour. Les mour

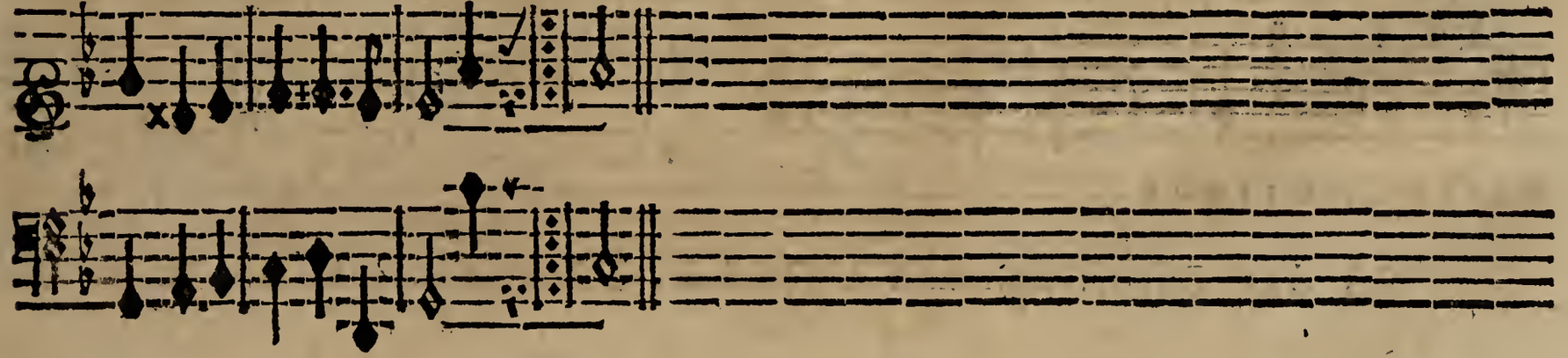

SARABANDE.



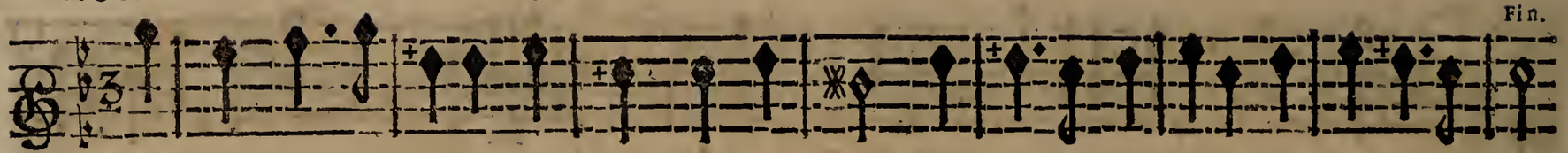
AIR DES BERGERES.



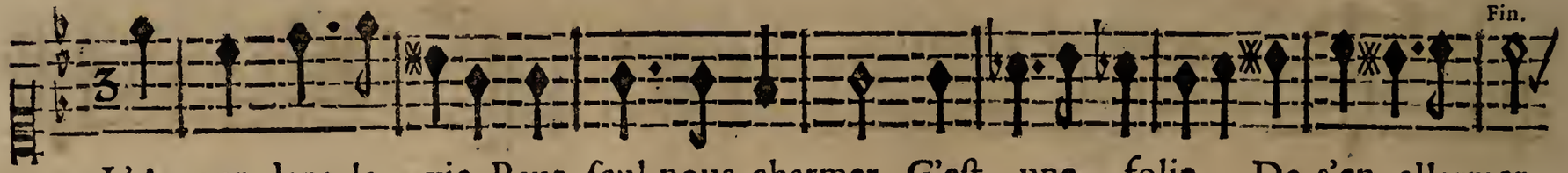




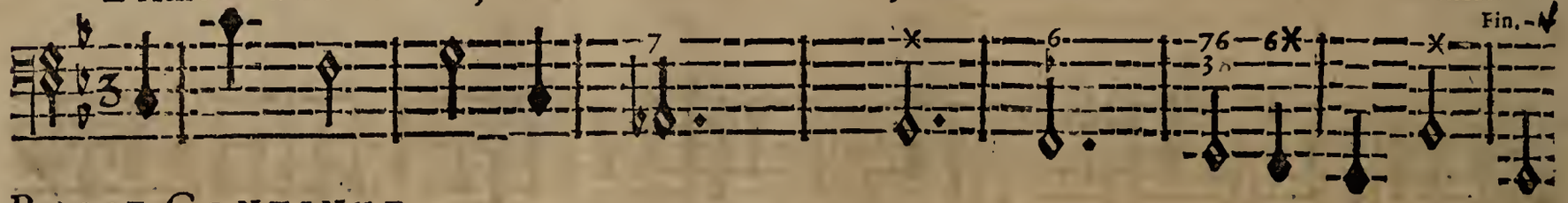
RONDEAU. DEUX BERGERES.



L'Amour dans la vie, Peut ſeul nous charmer, C'eſt une folie De s'en allarmer.

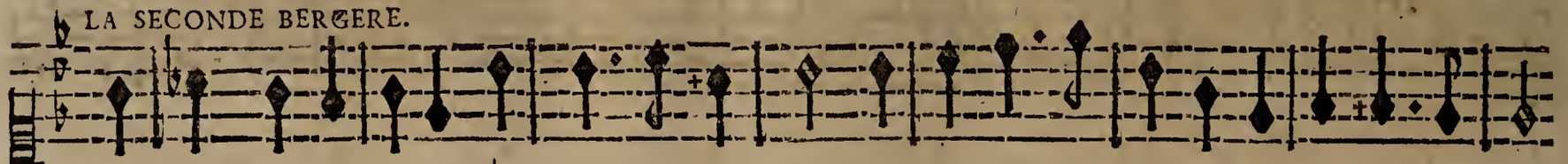


L'Amour dans la vie, Peut ſeul nous charmer, C'eſt une folie De s'en allarmer.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

LA SECONDE BERGERE.

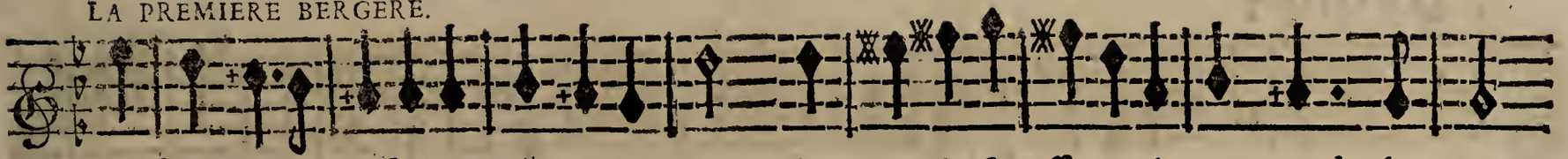


La grandeur ſuprême N'eſt qu'un bien trompeur, Aimer qui nous aime, Fait nôtre bonheur.

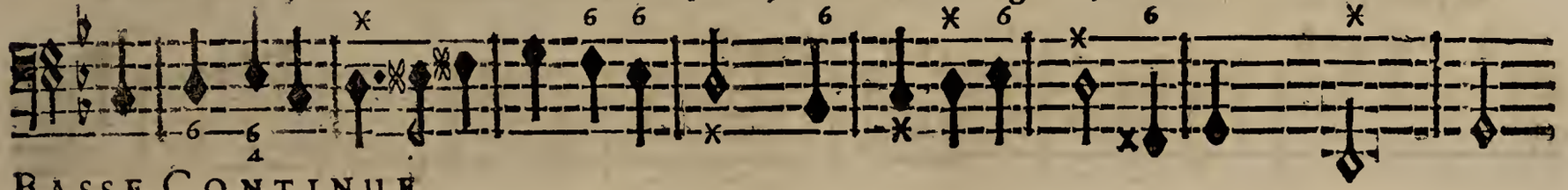
BASSE-CONTINUE.

Les deux Bergeres reprennent le Rondeau, L'Amour dans la vie, &c.

LA PREMIERE BERGERE.



Paſſons la jeuneſſe Dans d'aimables Jeux, Bornons la ſageſſe, A nous rendre heureux.



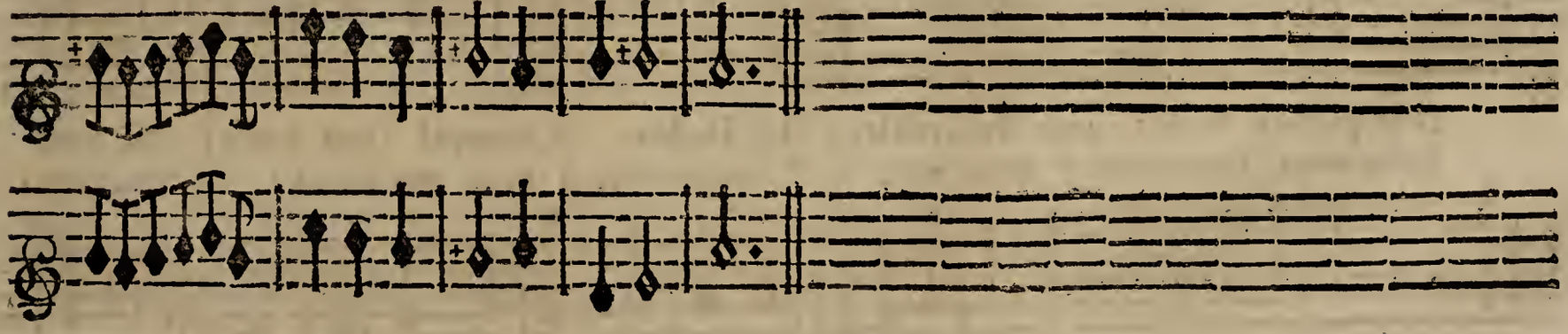
BASSE-CONTINUE.

Les deux Bergeres reprennent leur Rondeau L'Amour, &c. *& les Violons rejoüent le leur.*

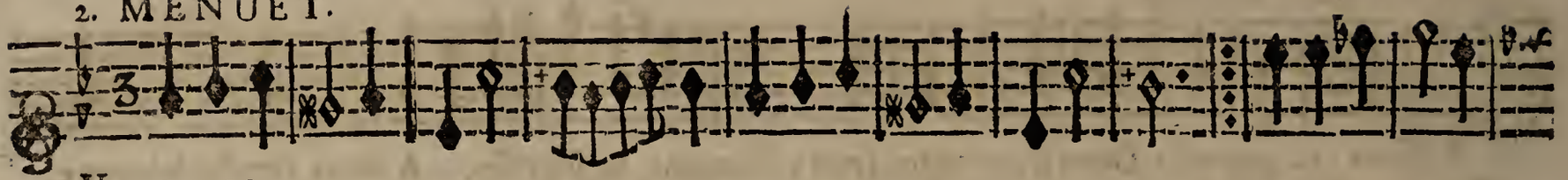
MENUET.

PETITES FLÛTES.

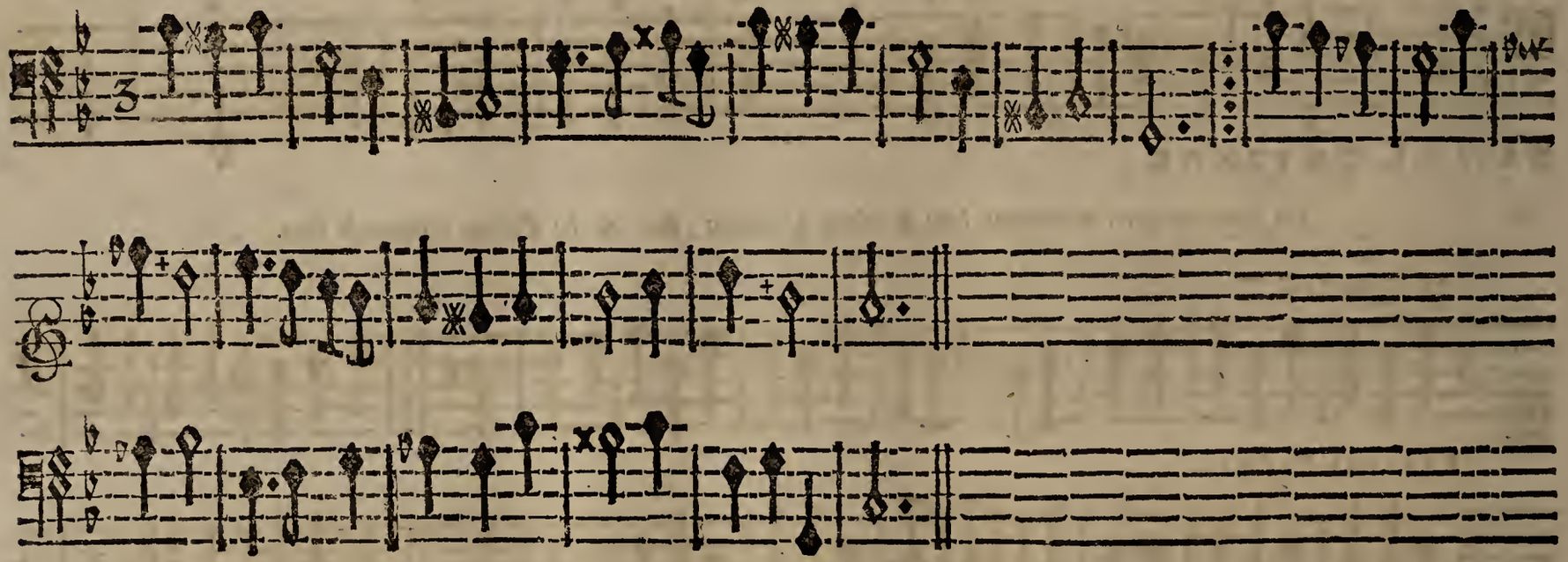
TAILLES DE FLÛTES.



2. MENUET.

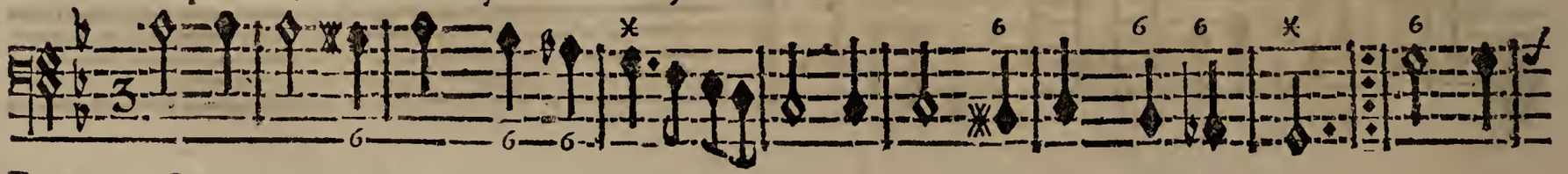


VIOLONS.

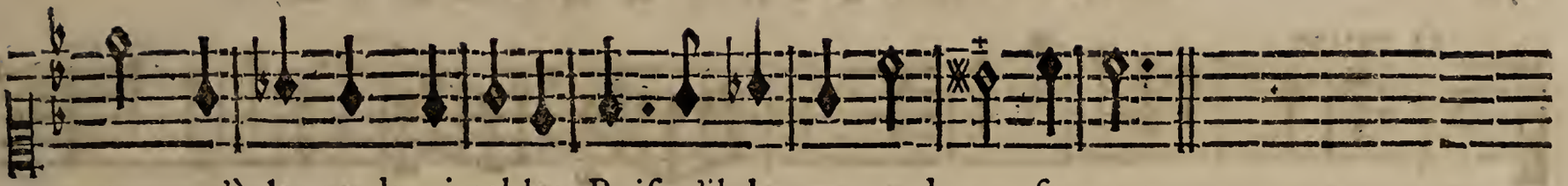


UNE DRIADE.

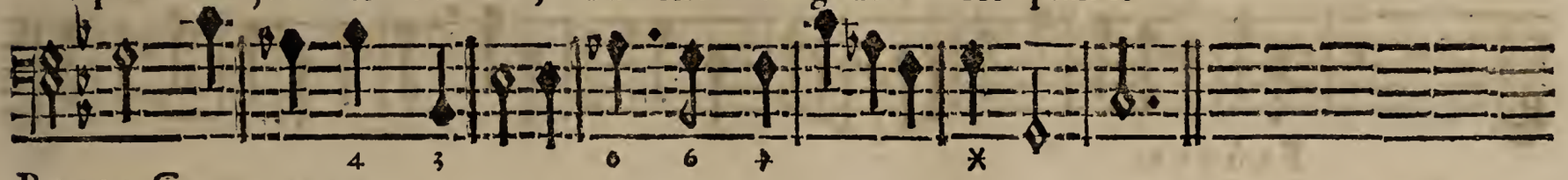
Nos plaiſirs ſeront peu du- rables, Le Deſtin a compté nos jours! Ne ſon-
Soûpirons, tout nous y con- vie, Livrons-nous à tous nos deſirs: Sans com-



BASSE CONTINUE.

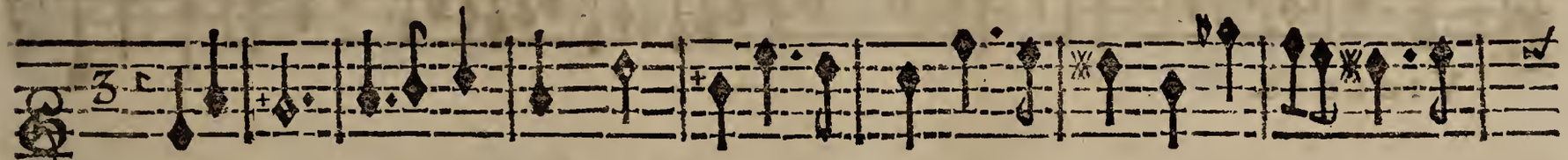


geons qu'à les rendre aimables, Puiſqu'il les a rendus ſi courts.
pter les jours de la vie, Cherchons à goûter ſes plaiſirs.

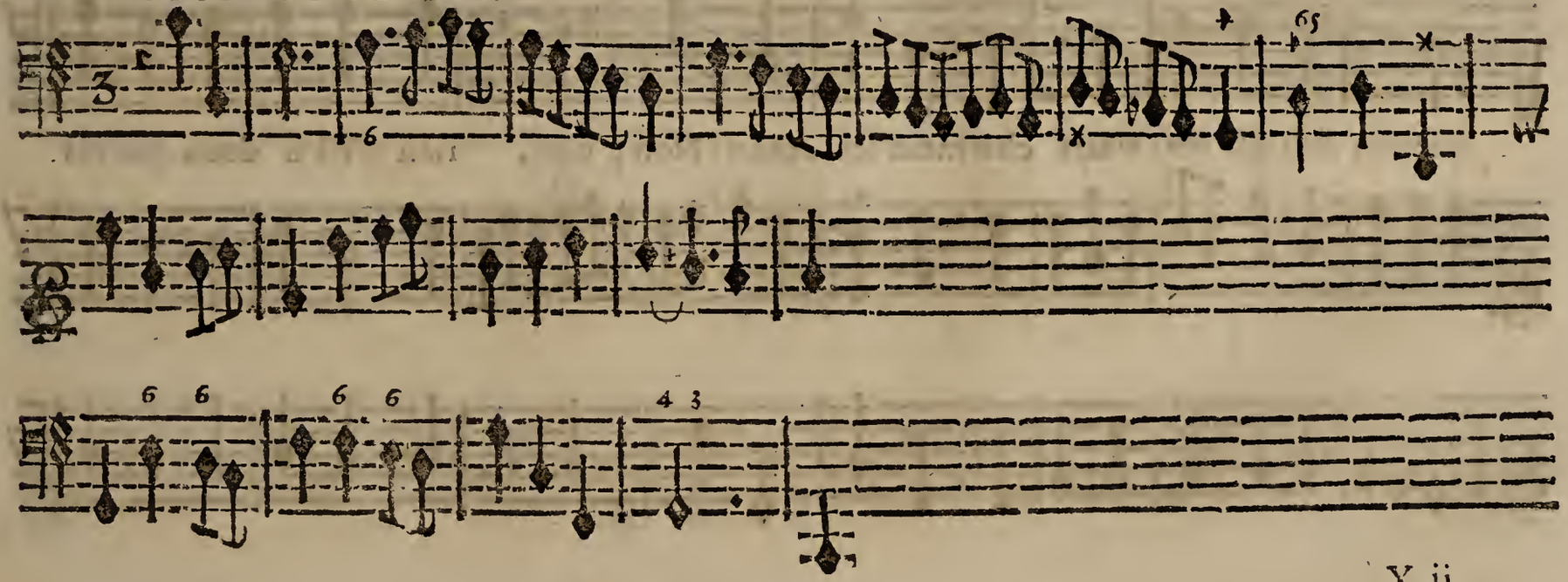


BASSE CONTINUE.

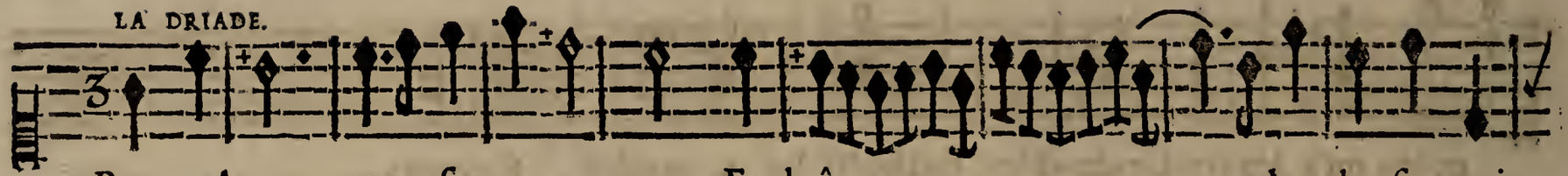
On reprend le Menuet des Violons, La Driade chante ſon Second Couplet, & l'on reprend le Menuet des Flûtes.



VIOLONS ET FLÛTES.



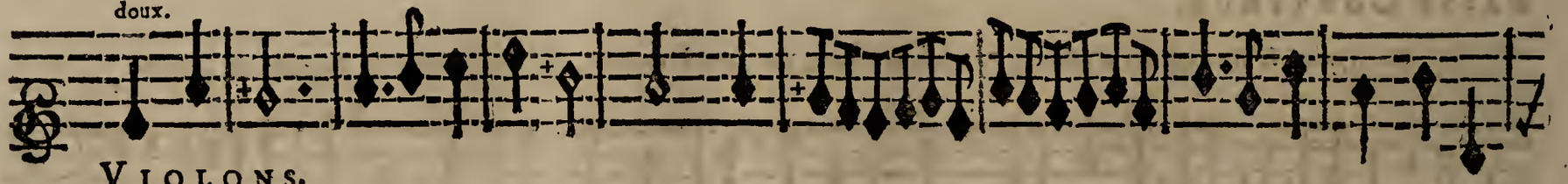
LA DRIADE.



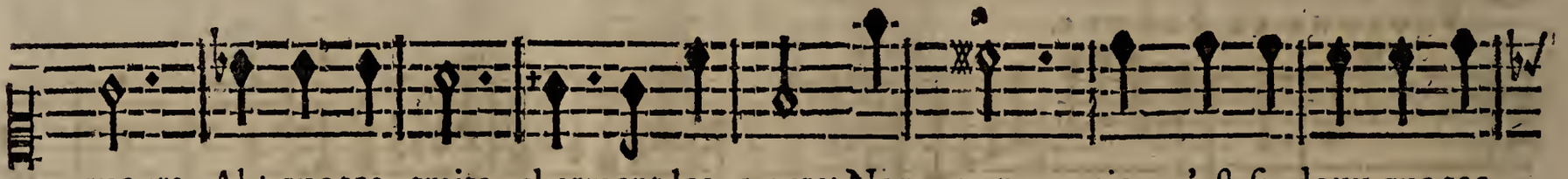
Regne, Amour, regne ſur nos a- mes, Enchaî- ne les plus fiers vain-

FLÛTES.

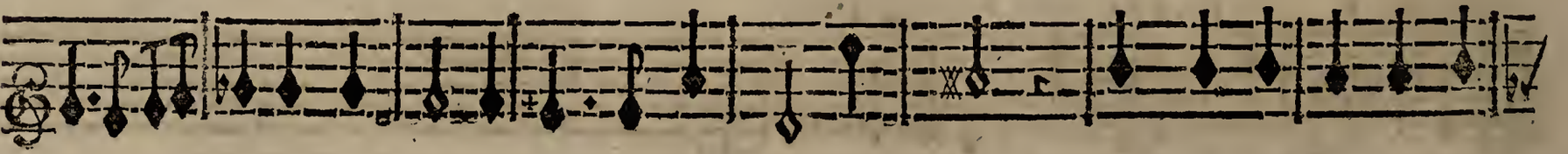
doux.

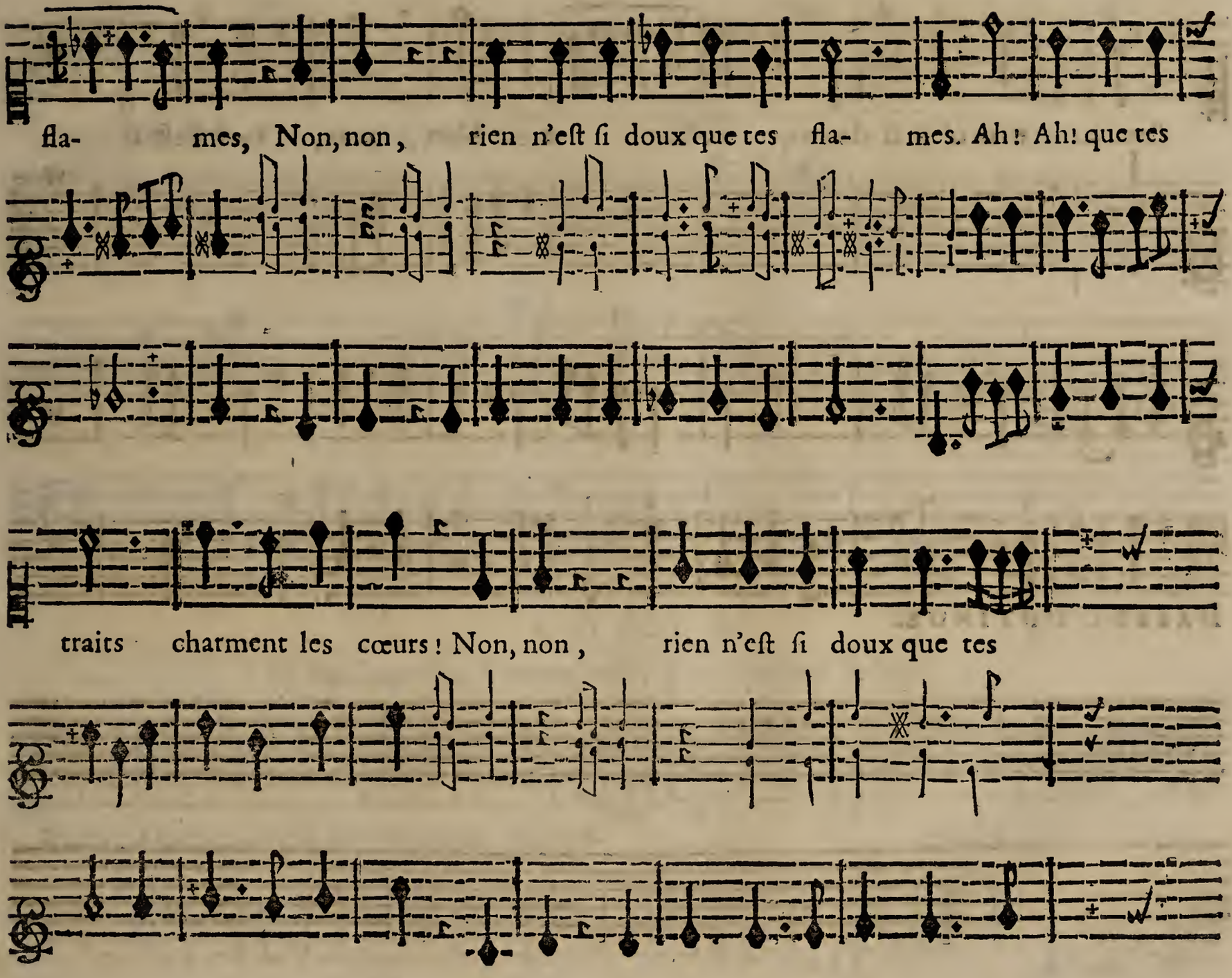


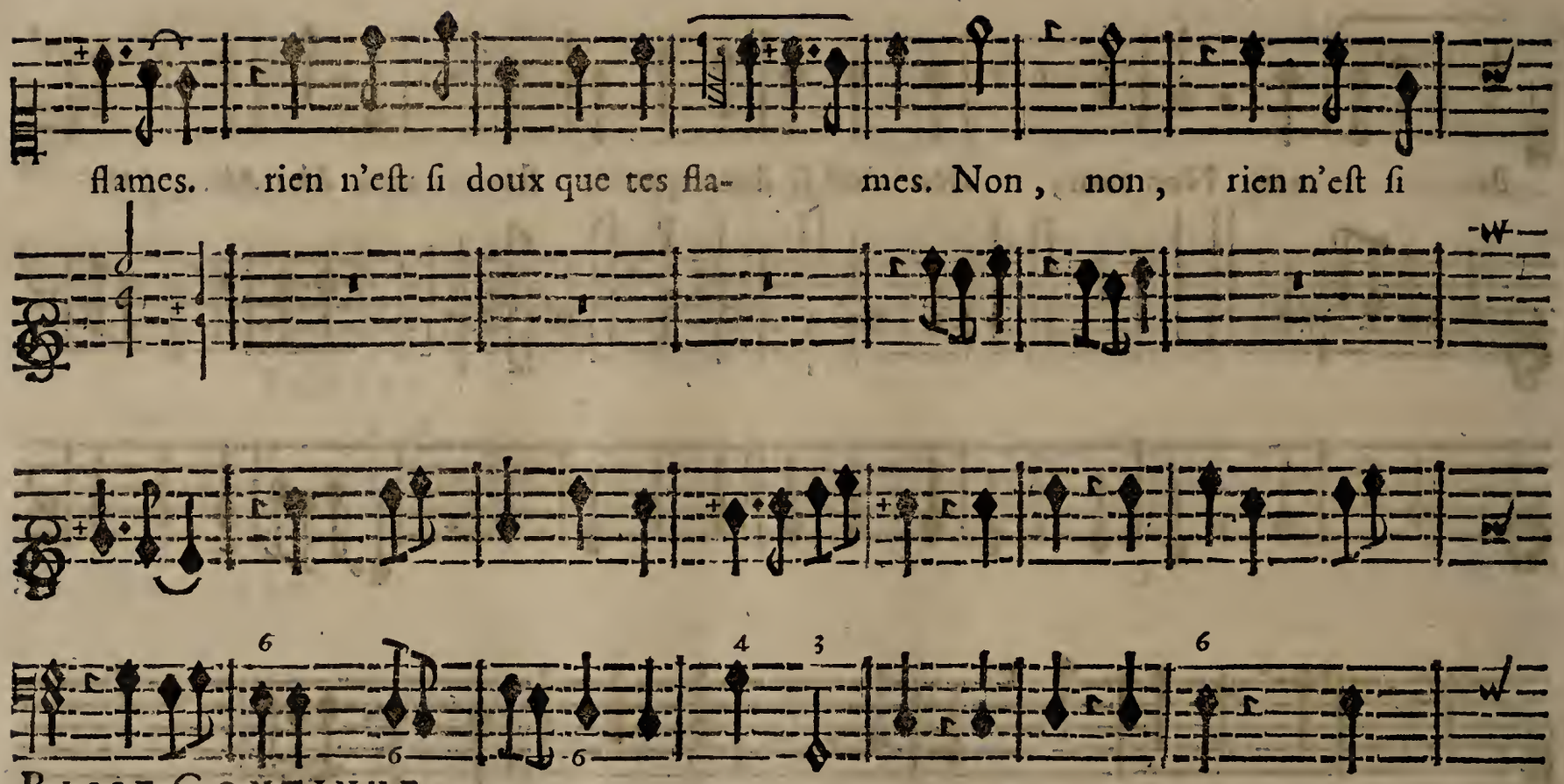
VIOLONS.

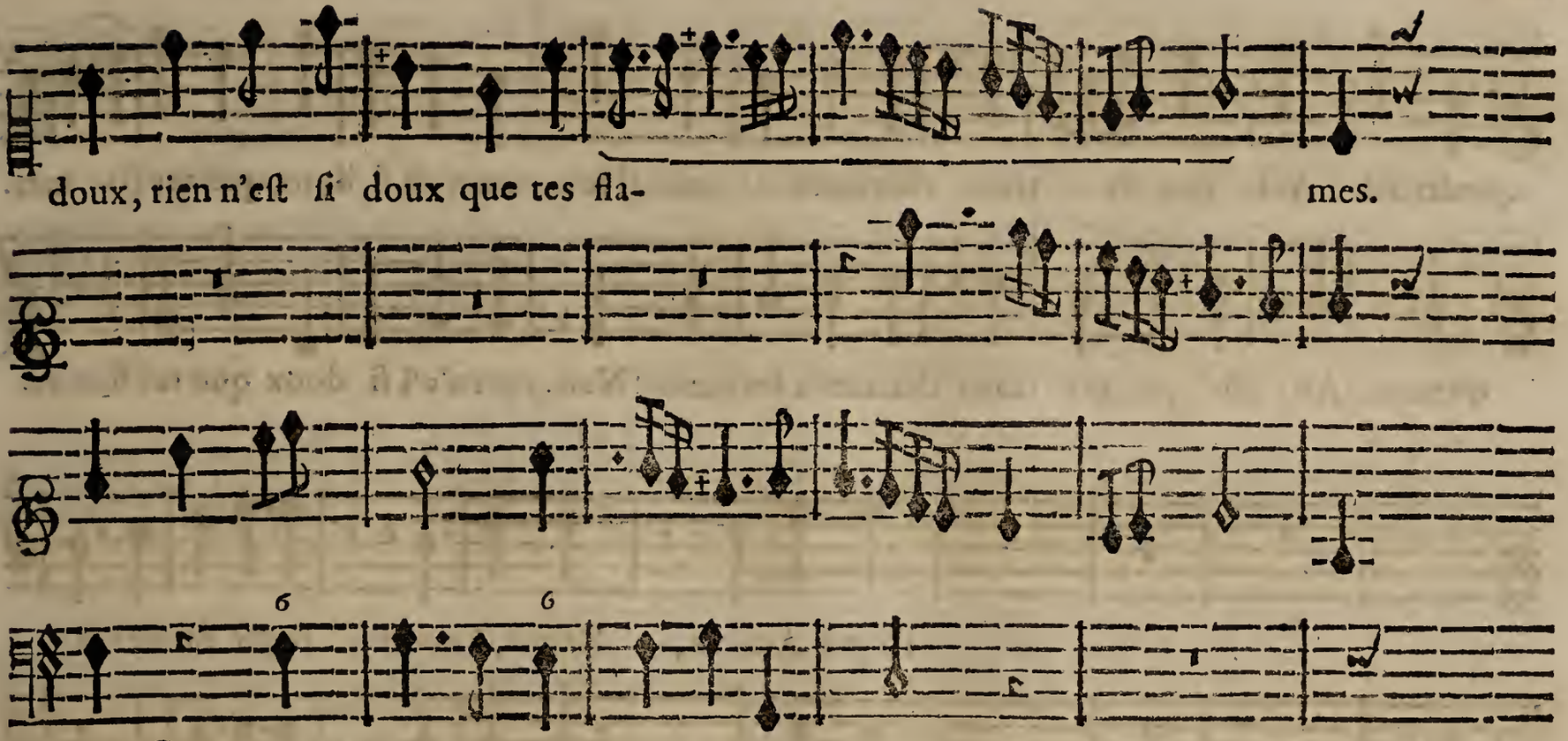


queurs; Ah! que tes traits charment les cœurs! Non, non, rien n'eſt ſi doux que tes




fla- mes, Non, non, rien n'eſt ſi doux que tes fla- mes. Ah! Ah! que tes
traits charment les cœurs! Non, non, rien n'eſt ſi doux que tes

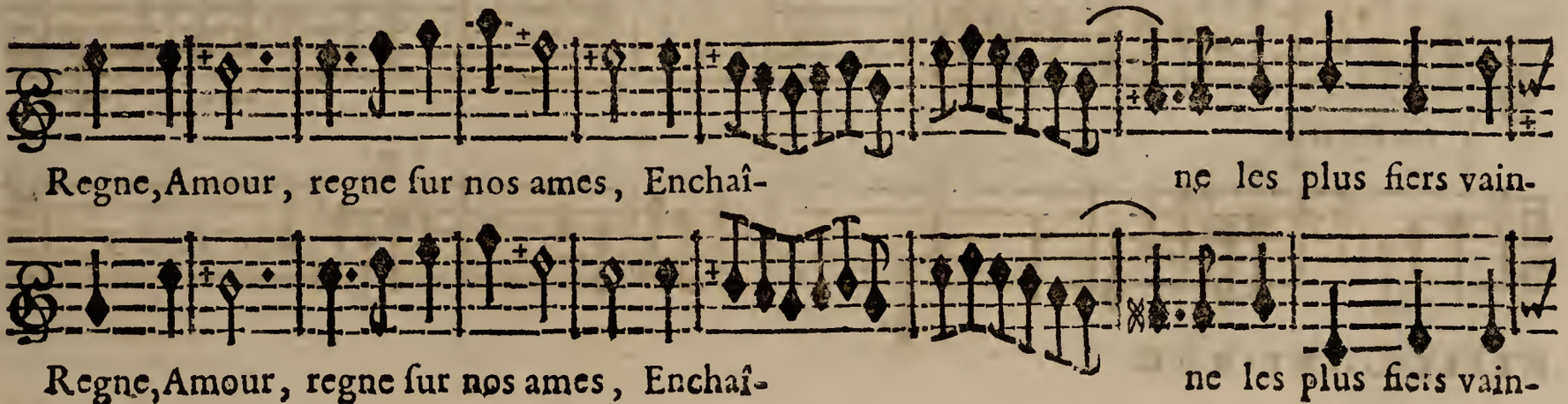

flames. rien n'eſt ſi doux que tes fla- mes. Non, non, rien n'eſt ſi
Basse-Continue.

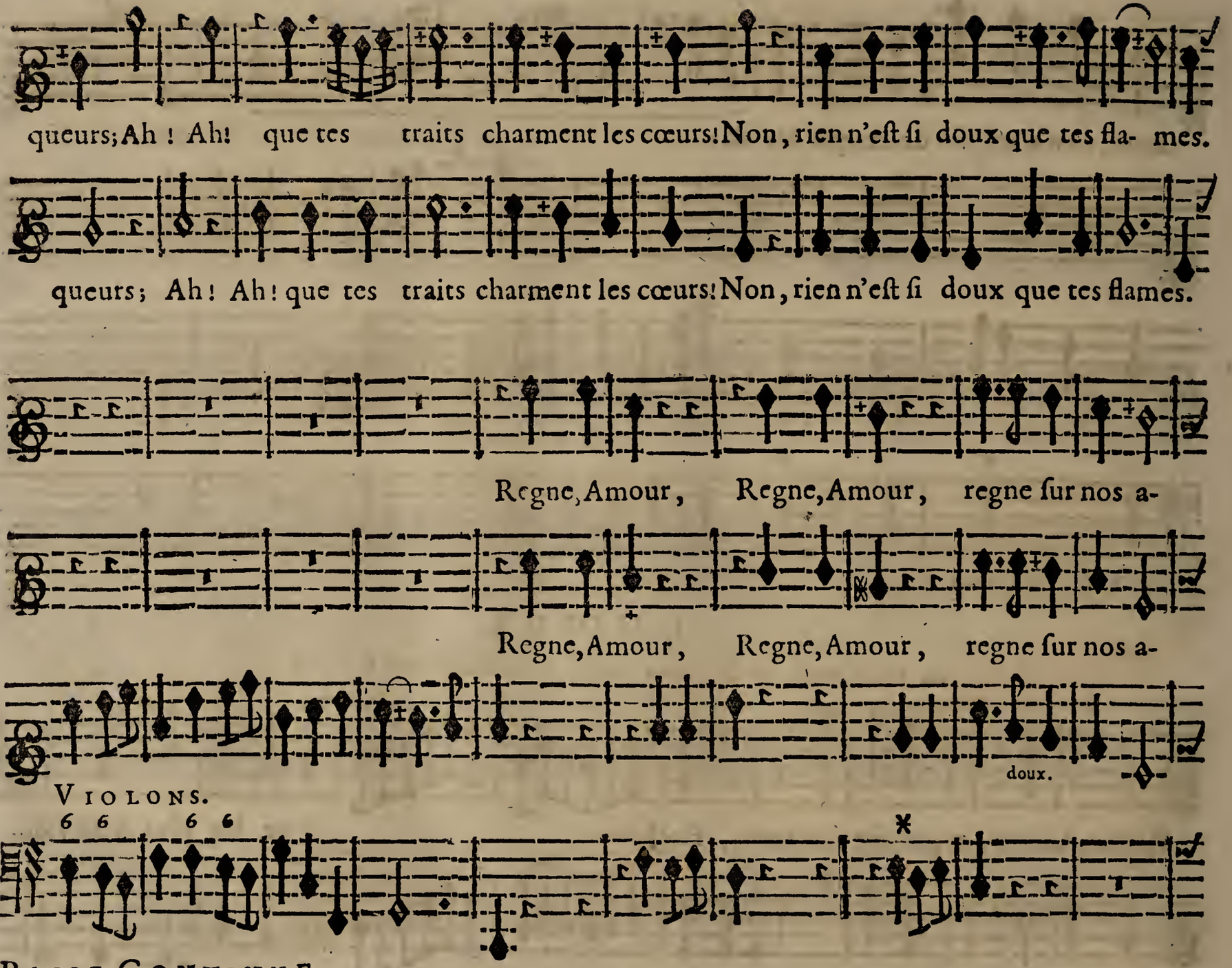


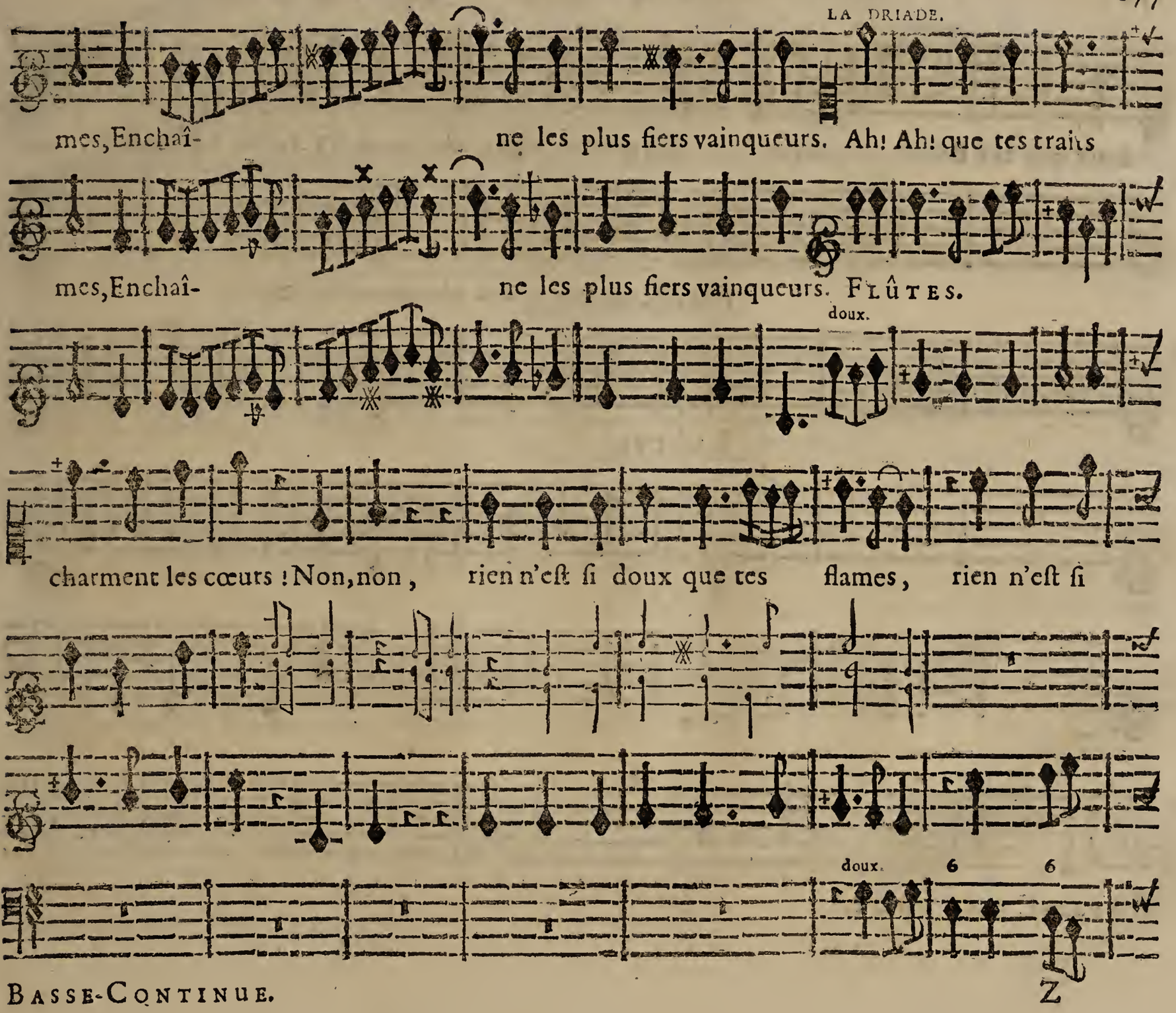
BASSE-CONTINUE.

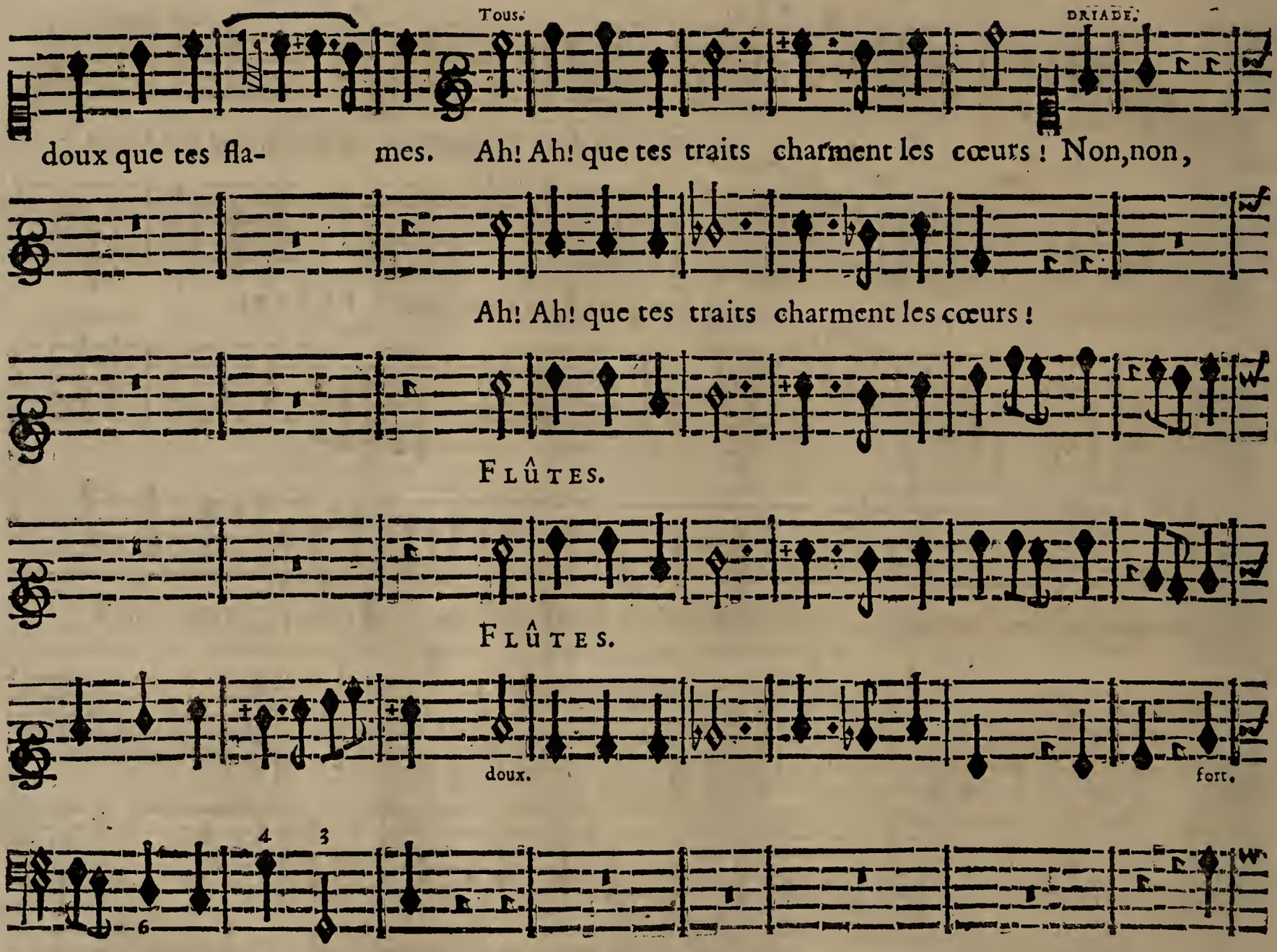
CHOEUR.

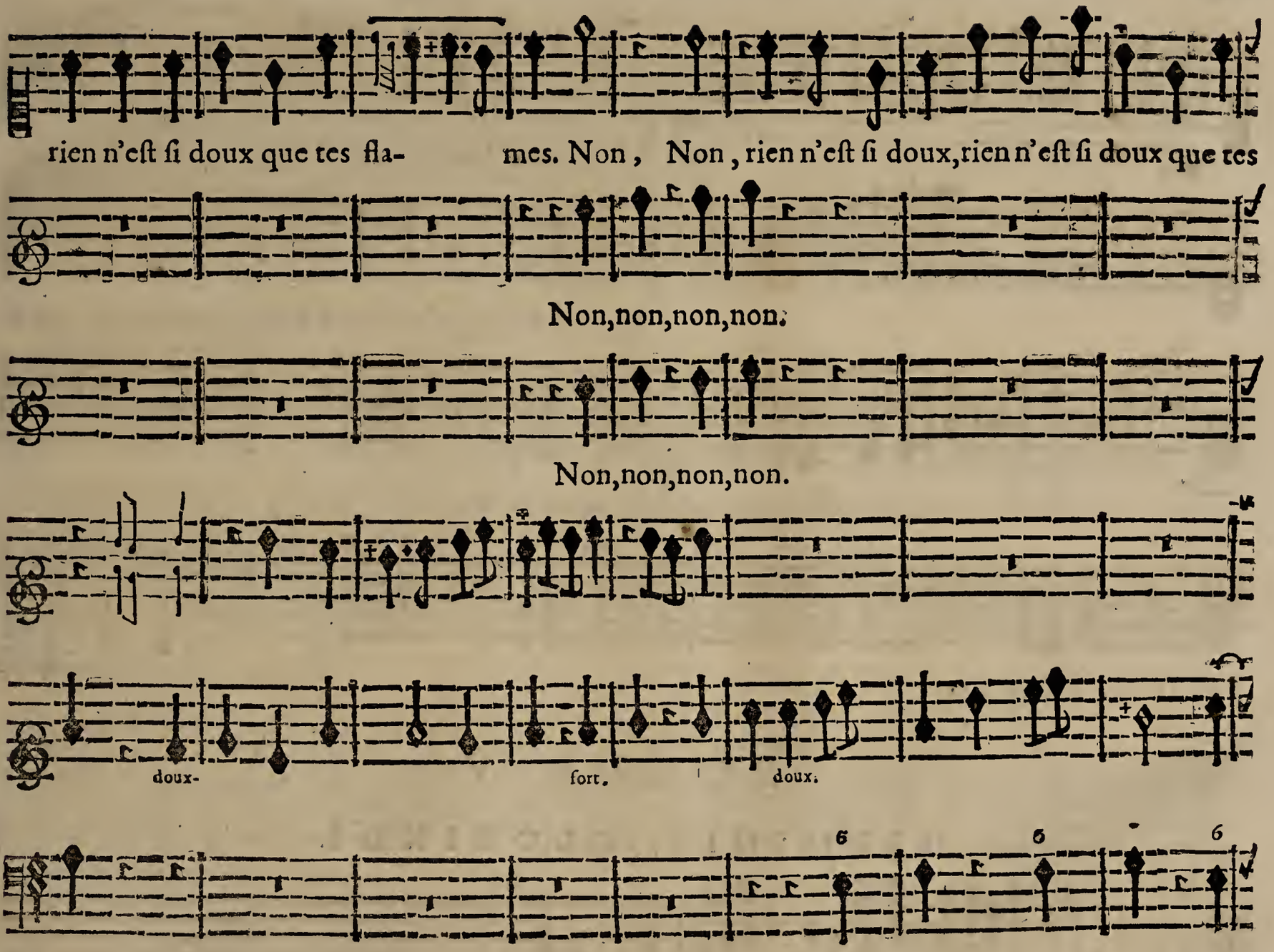
Les Flûtes joüent avec le Premier Deſſus, & les Violons avec le Second.



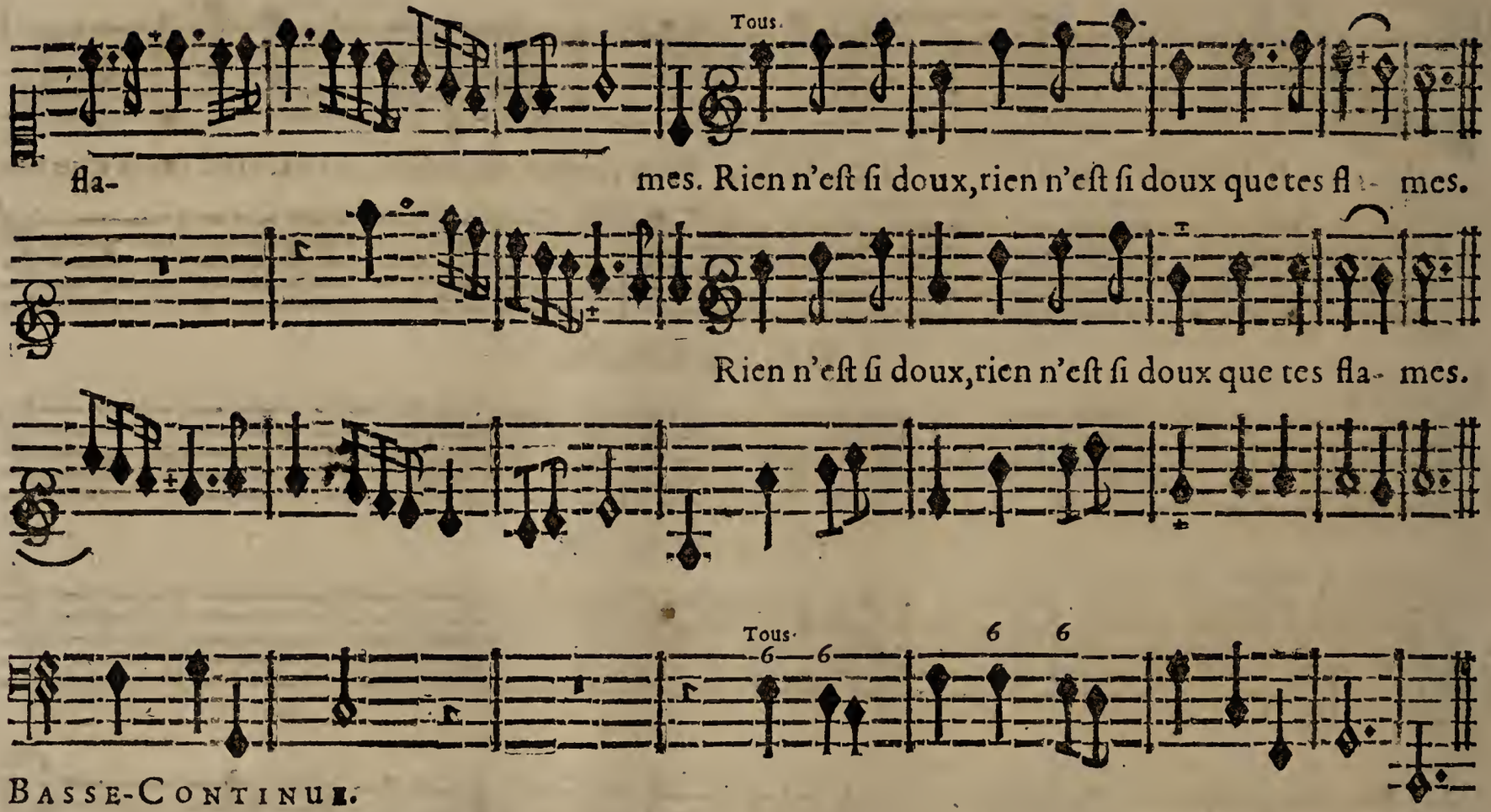

queurs; Ah ! Ah! que tes traits charment les cœurs! Non, rien n'eſt ſi doux que tes fla- mes.
queurs; Ah! Ah! que tes traits charment les cœurs! Non, rien n'eſt ſi doux que tes flames.
Regne, Amour, Regne, Amour, regne ſur nos a-
Regne, Amour, Regne, Amour, regne ſur nos a-
doux.
VIOLONS.
6 6 6 6
BASSE-CONTINUE.


LA DRIADE.
mes, Enchaî- ne les plus fiers vainqueurs. Ah! Ah! que tes traits
mes, Enchaî- ne les plus fiers vainqueurs. FLÛTES.
doux.
charment les cœurs ! Non, non, rien n'eſt ſi doux que tes flames, rien n'eſt ſi
doux. 6 6
BASSE-CONTINUE.


Tous.
DRIADE.
doux que tes fla- mes. Ah! Ah! que tes traits charment les cœurs ! Non,non,
Ah! Ah! que tes traits charment les cœurs !
FLÛTES.
FLÛTES.
doux.
fort.
4
3
6
BASSE-CONTINUE.



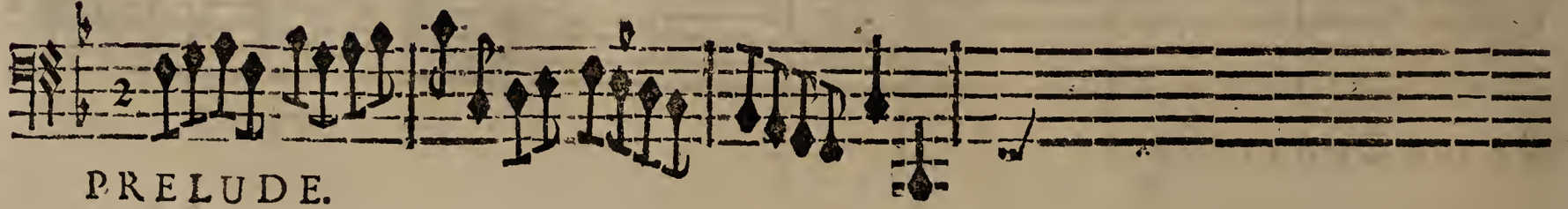
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

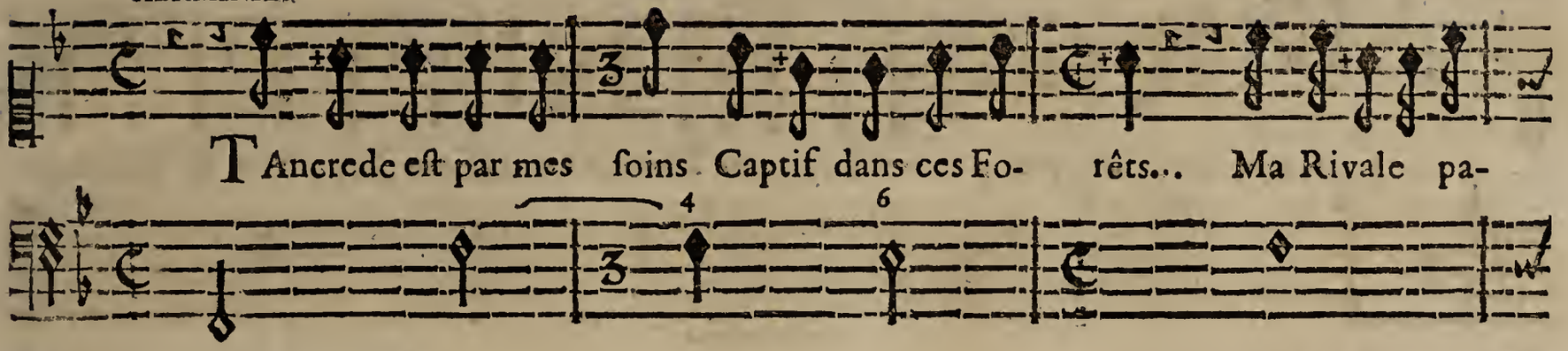
SCENE V.

HERMINIE, CLORINDE.

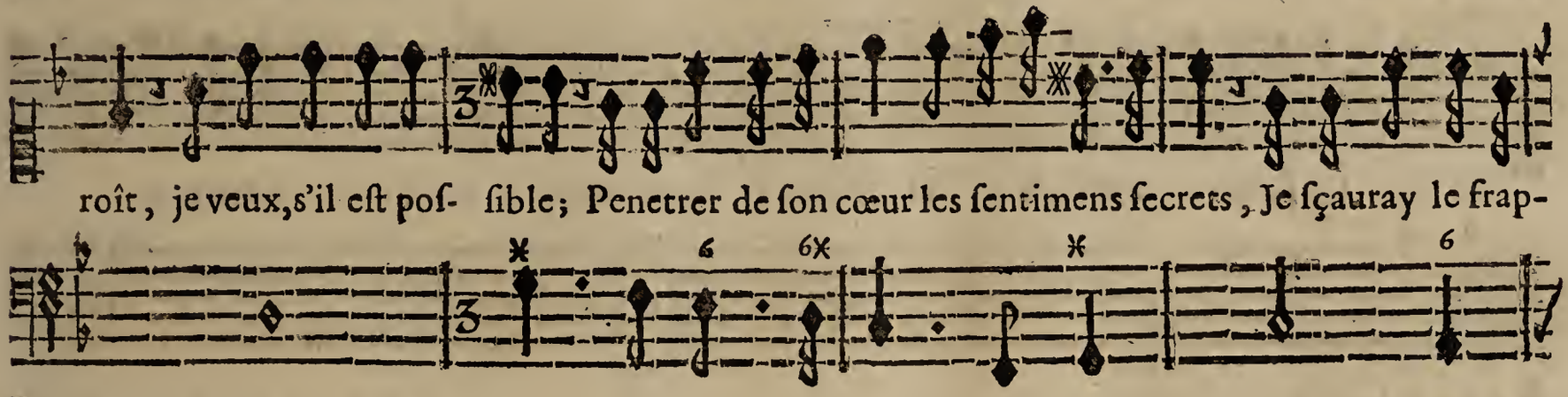


PRELUDE.

HERMINIE.

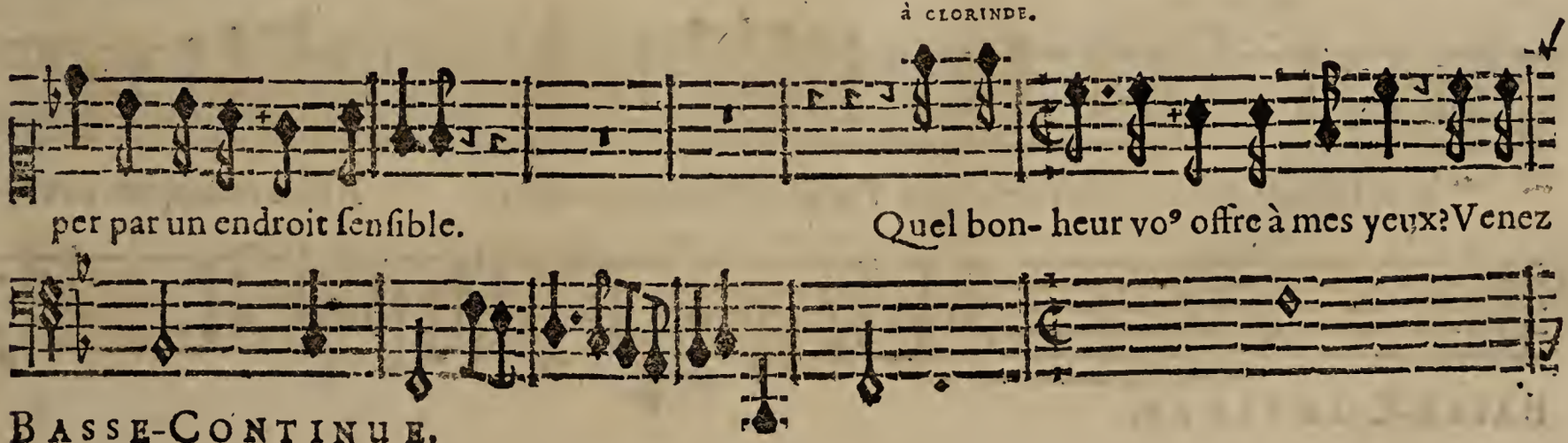


BASSE-CONTINUE.



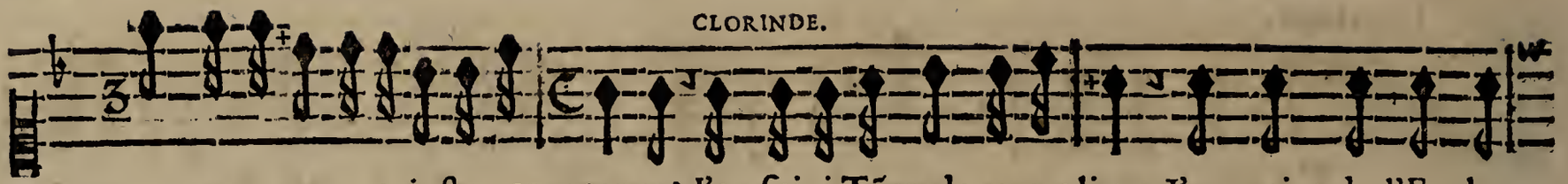
BASSE-CONTINUE.

à CLORINDE.

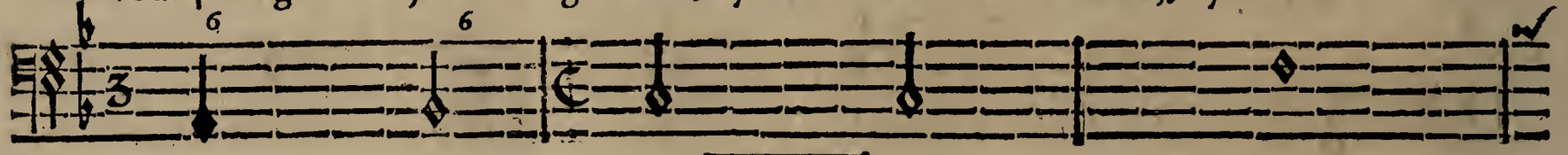


BASSE-CONTINUE.

CLORINDE.

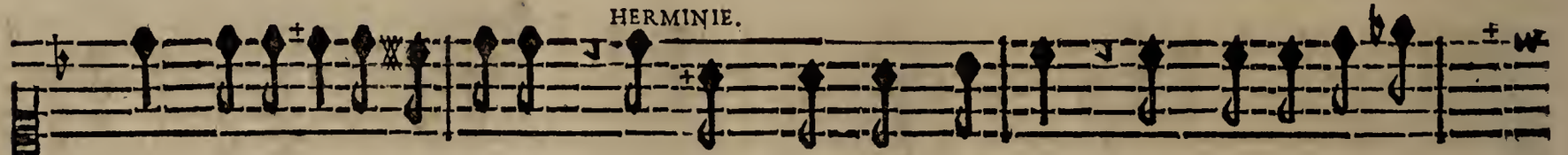


vous partager une juſte ven-geance? J'ay ſuivi Tãcrede en ces lieux, J'ay craint de l'Enchan-

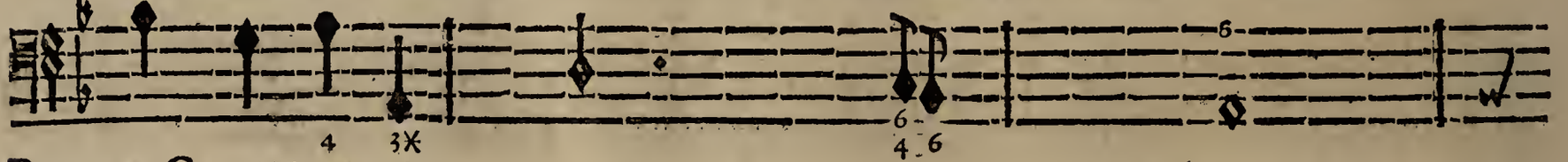


BASSE-CONTINUE.

HERMINIE.

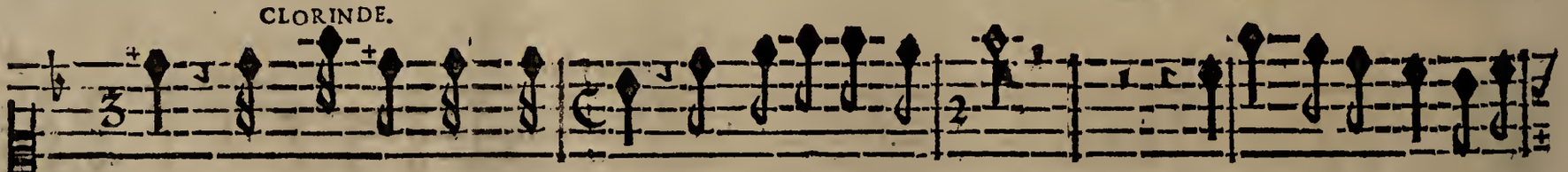


teur la fatale puiſſance. Il cherche à vous venger, Vous en allarmez-

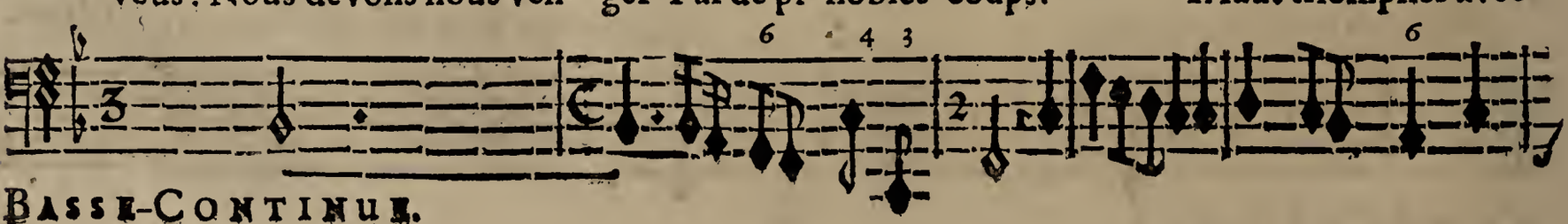


BASSE-CONTINUE.

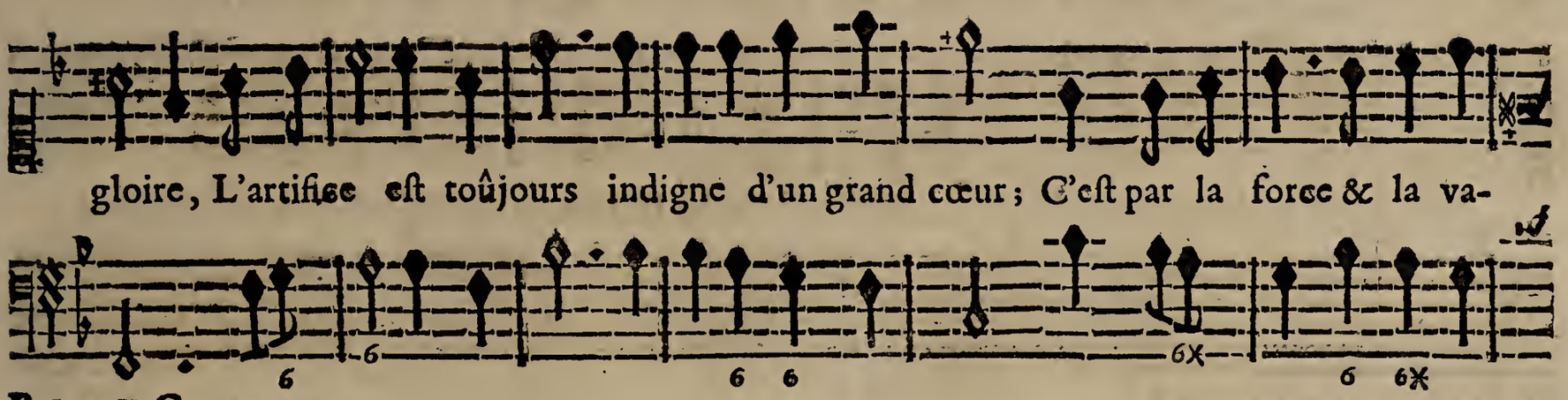
CLORINDE.



vous? Nous devons nous ven- ger Par de plus nobles coups. Il faut triompher avec

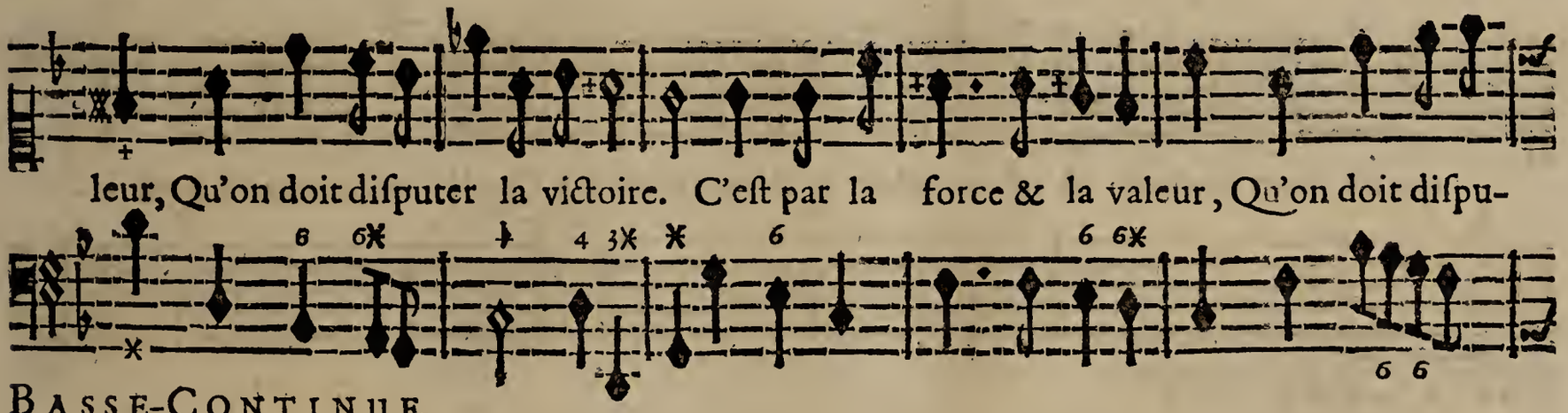


BASSE-CONTINUE.



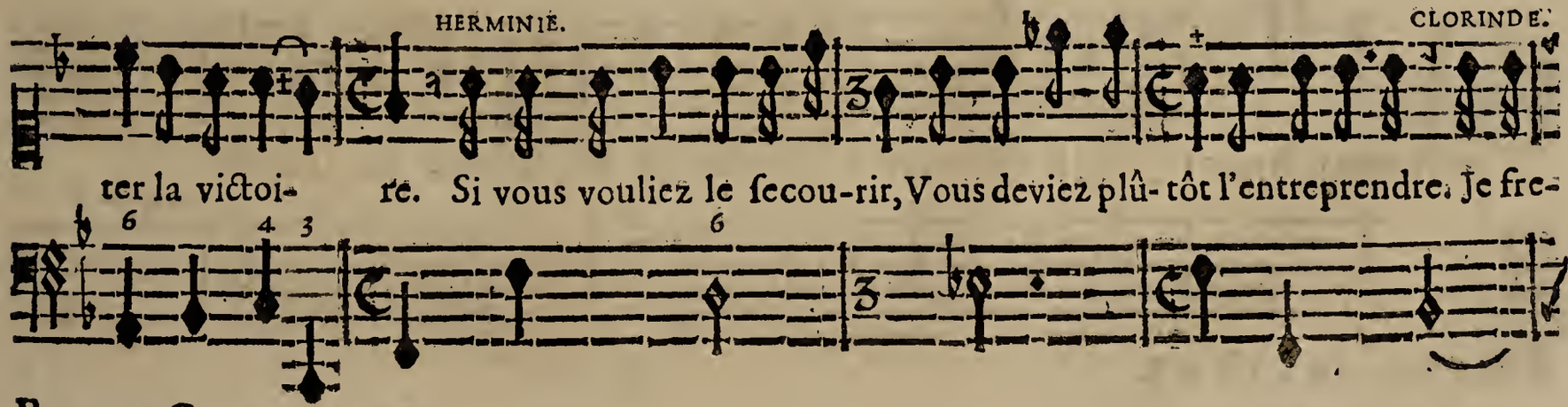
gloire, L'artifice est toûjours indigne d'un grand cœur; C'est par la force & la va-

BASSE-CONTINUE.



leur, Qu'on doit disputer la victoire. C'est par la force & la valeur, Qu'on doit dispu-

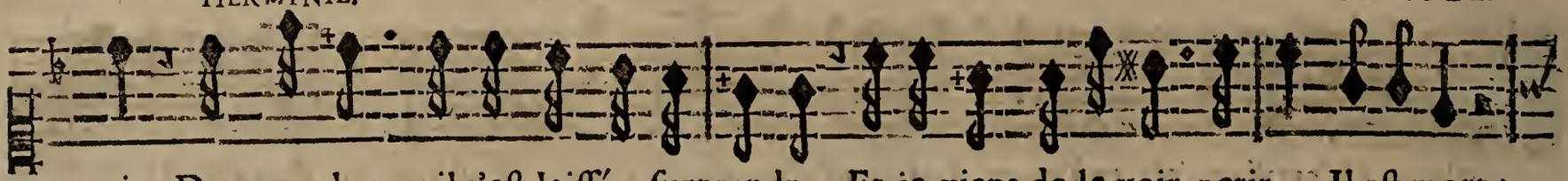
BASSE-CONTINUE.



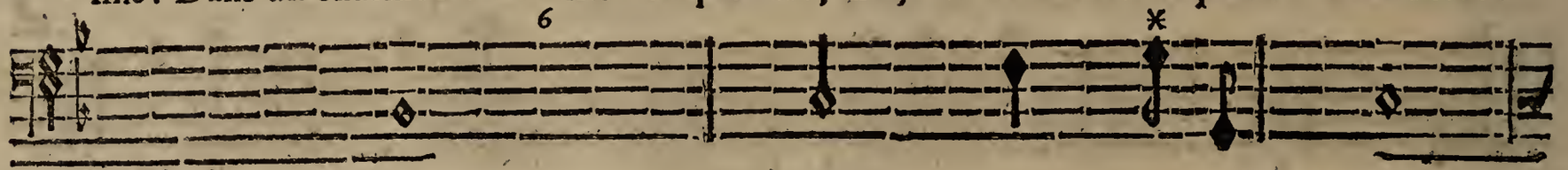
ter la victoi- re. Si vous vouliez le secou-rir, Vous deviez plû- tôt l'entreprendre. Je fre-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

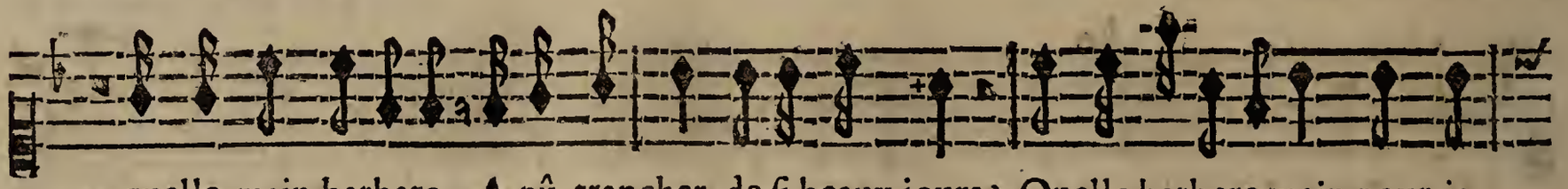
HERMINIE. CLORINDE.



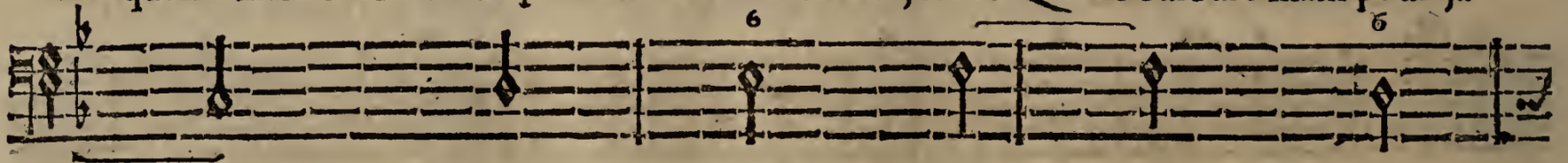
mis ! Dans un charme il s'eſt laiſſé ſurprendre, Et je viens de le voir perir. Il eſt mort !



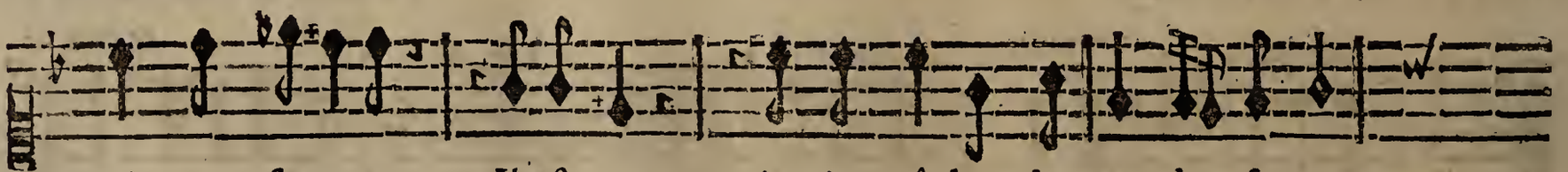
BASSE-CONTINUE.



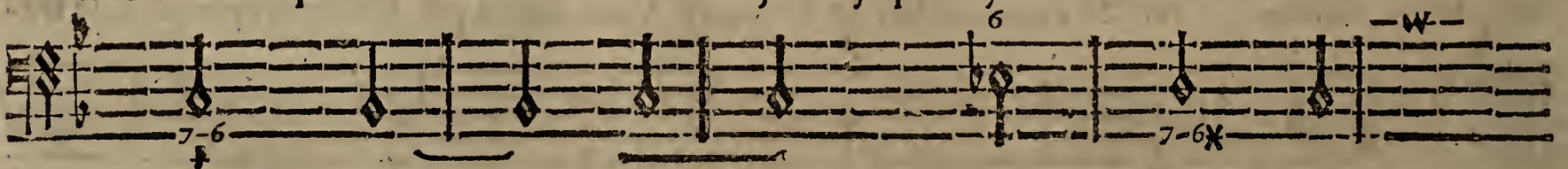
quelle main barbare A pû trancher de ſi beaux jours ? Quelle barbare main pour ja-



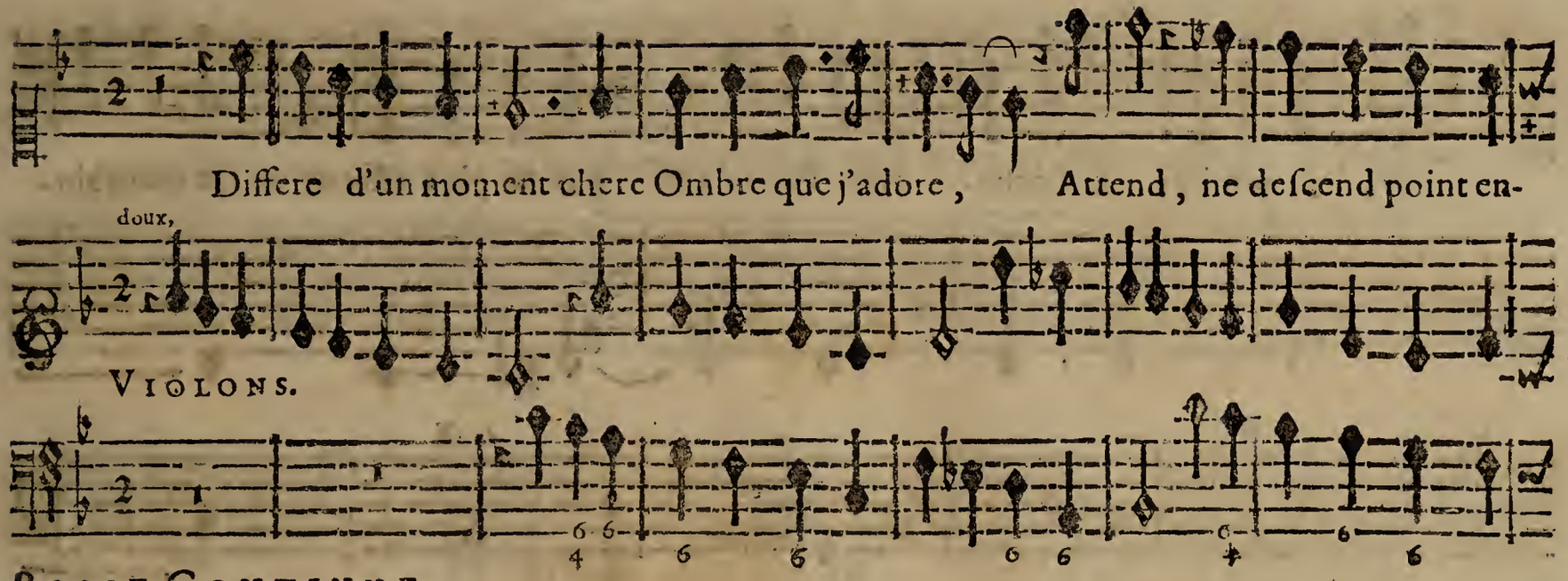
BASSE-CONTINUE.

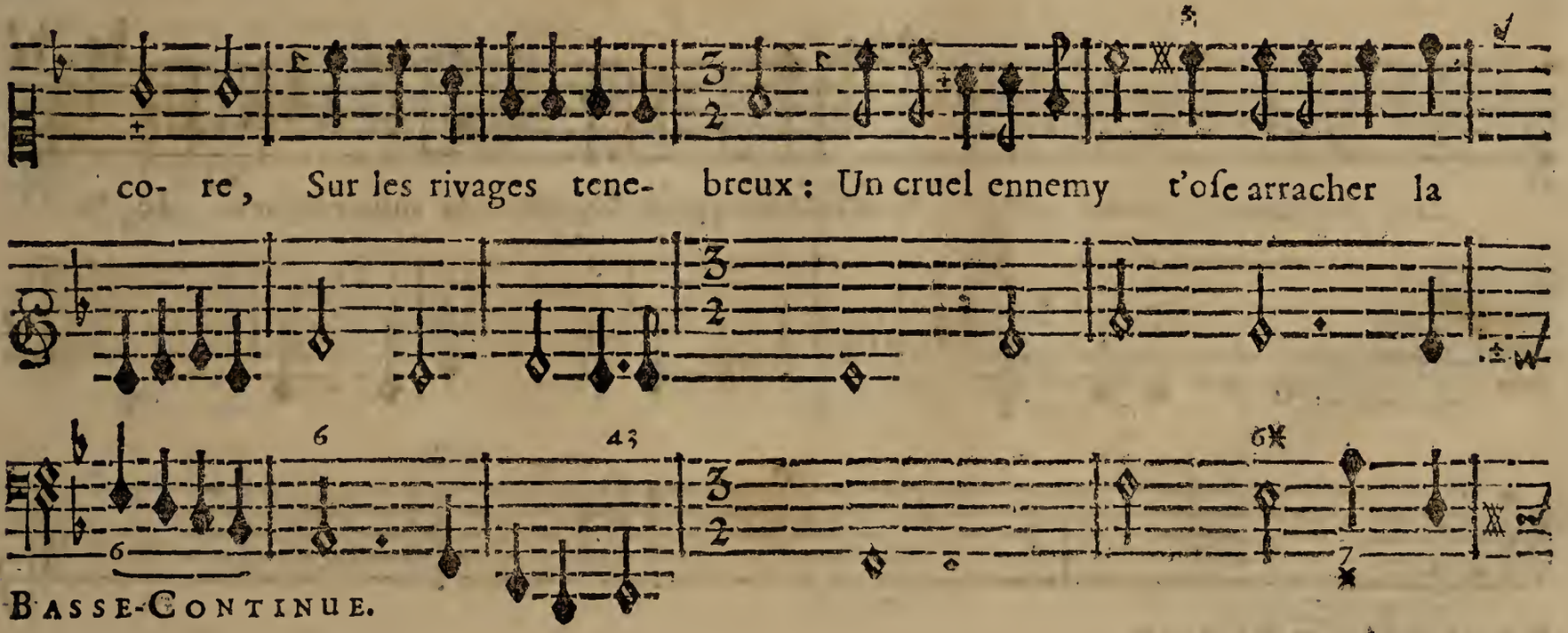


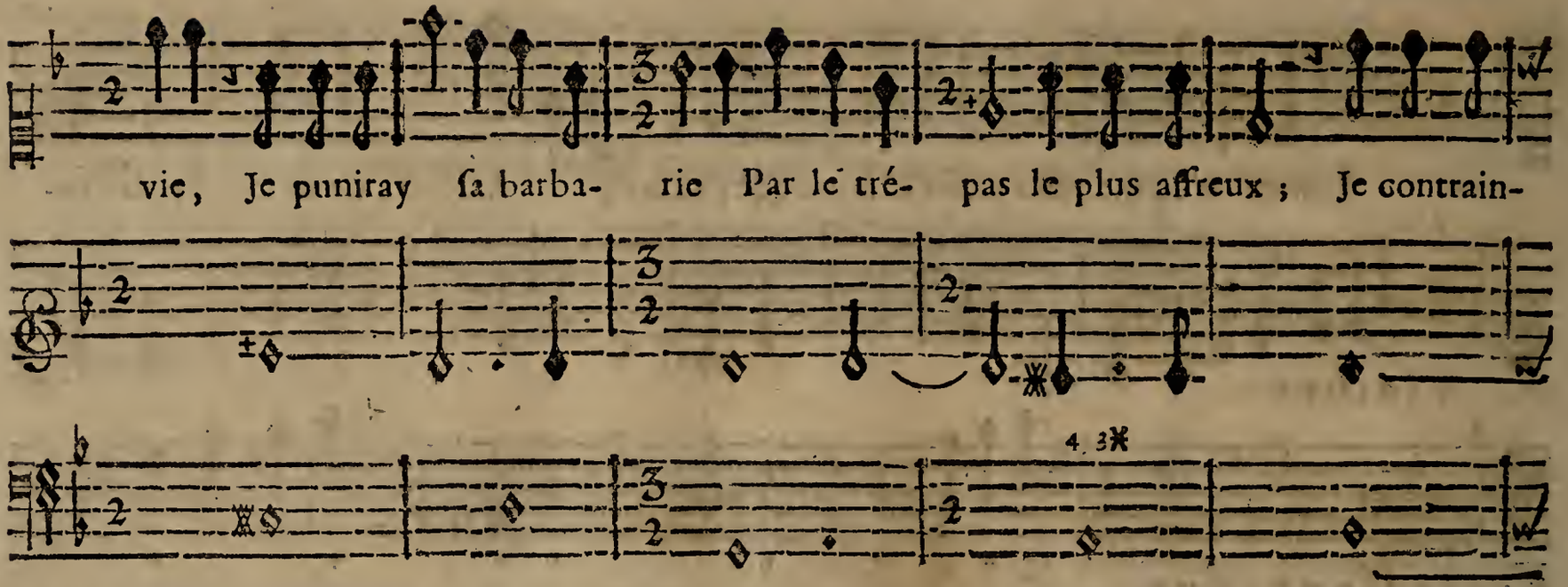
mais nous ſepare ? Il eſt mort ! je n'ay pû luy donner de ſecours.



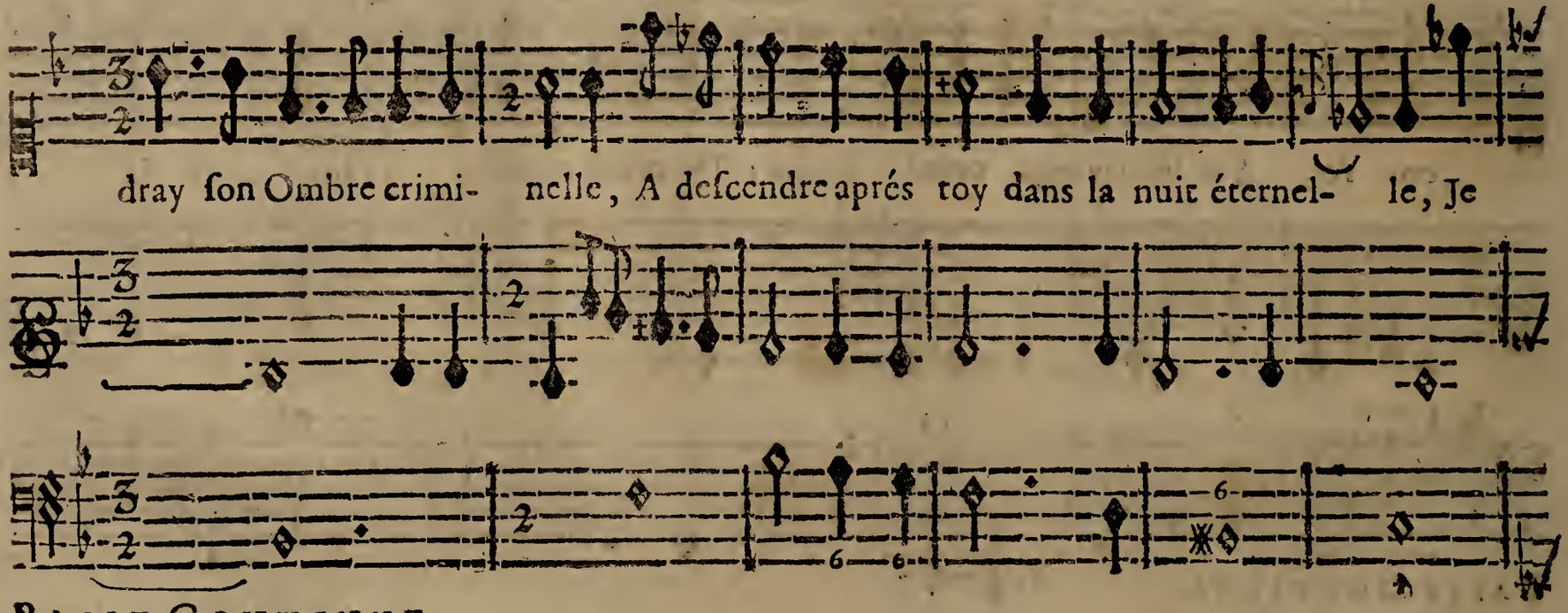
BASSE-CONTINUE.


Differe d'un moment chere Ombre que j'adore, Attend, ne deſcend point en-
doux,
VIOLONS.
BASSE-CONTINUE.

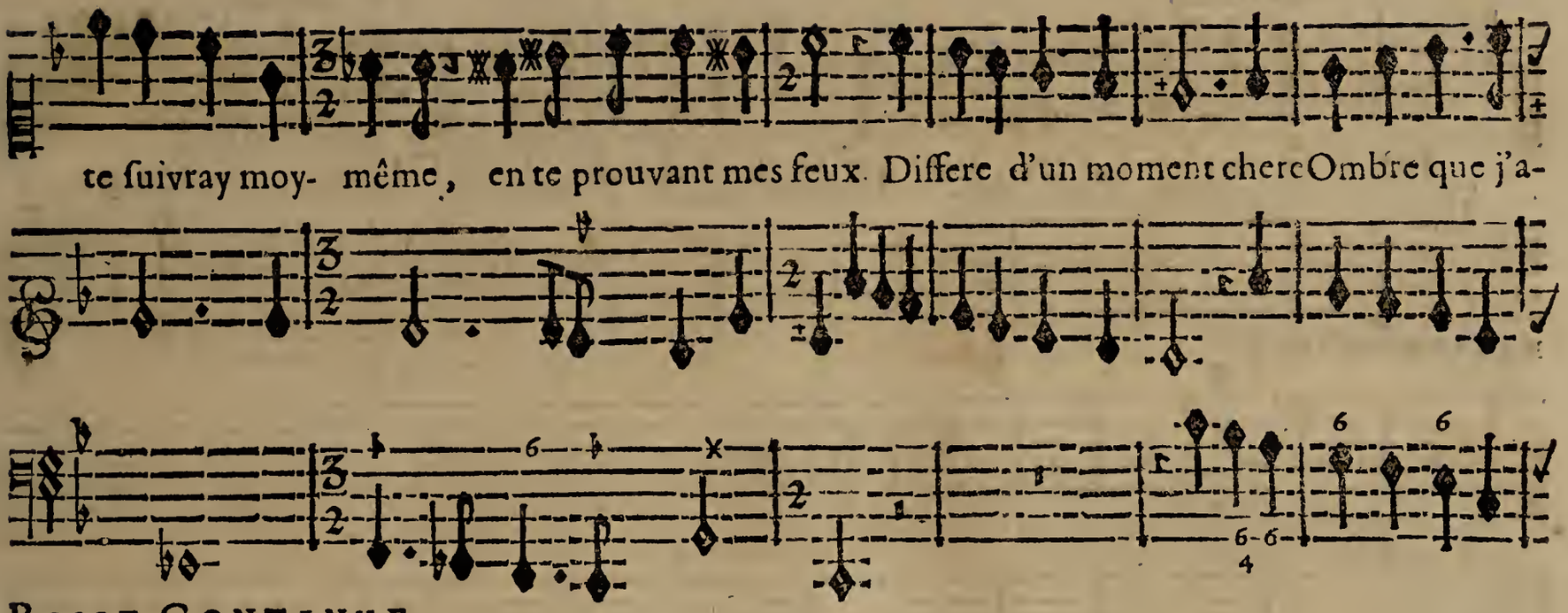

co- re, Sur les rivages tene- breux: Un cruel ennemy t'oſe arracher la
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

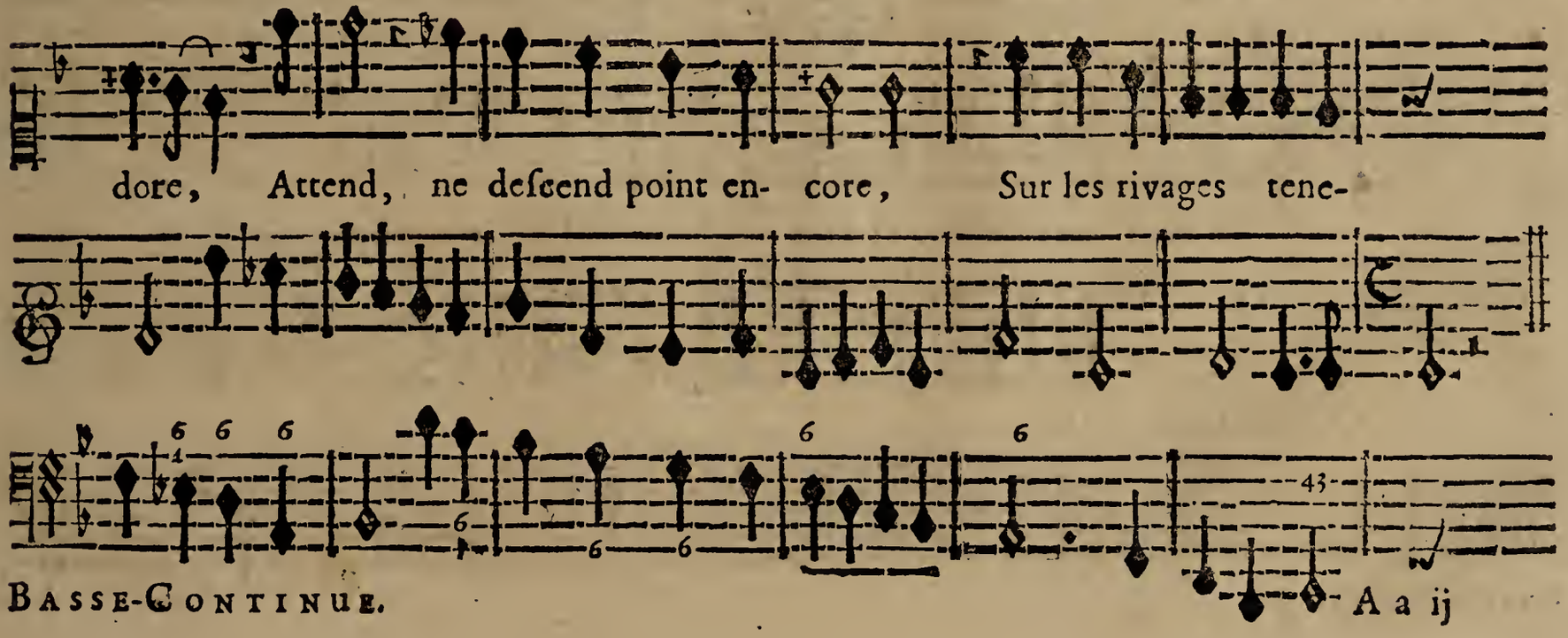


BASSE-CONTINUE.



te ſuivray moy- même, en te prouvant mes feux. Differe d'un moment chere Ombre que j'a-

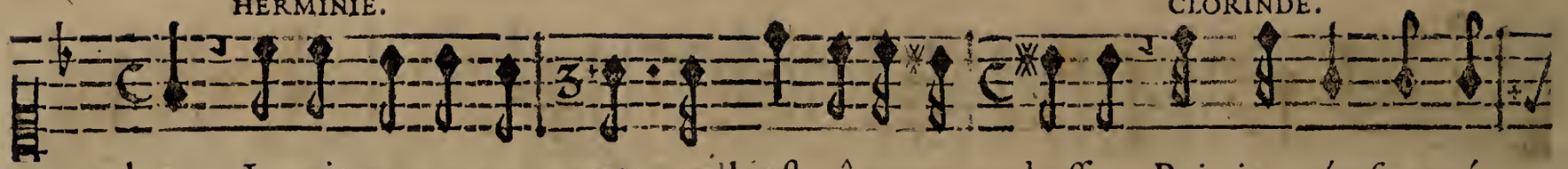
BASSE-CONTINUE.



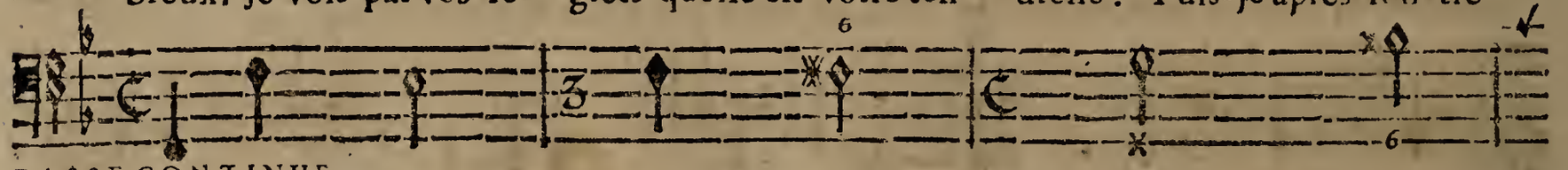
dore, Attend, ne deſcend point en- core, Sur les rivages tene-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

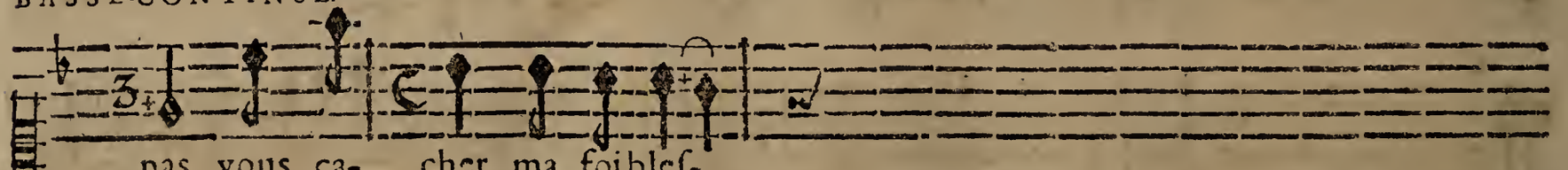
HERMINIE. CLORINDE.



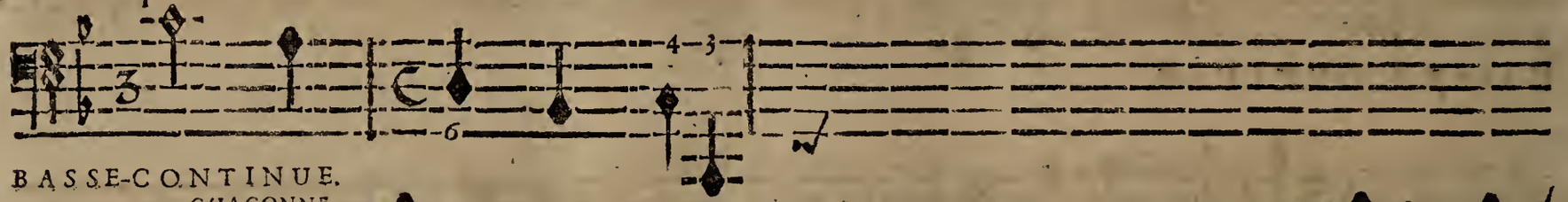
breux. Je vois par vos re- grets quelle eſt vôtre ten- dreſſe ! Puis-je aprés ſon tré



BASSE-CONTINUE.

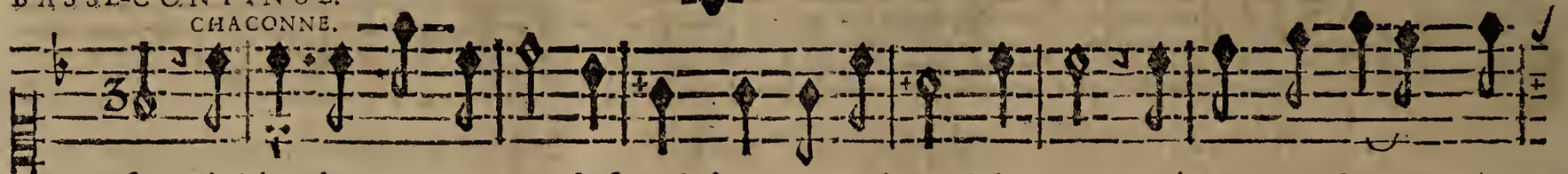


pas vous ca- cher ma foibleſ-

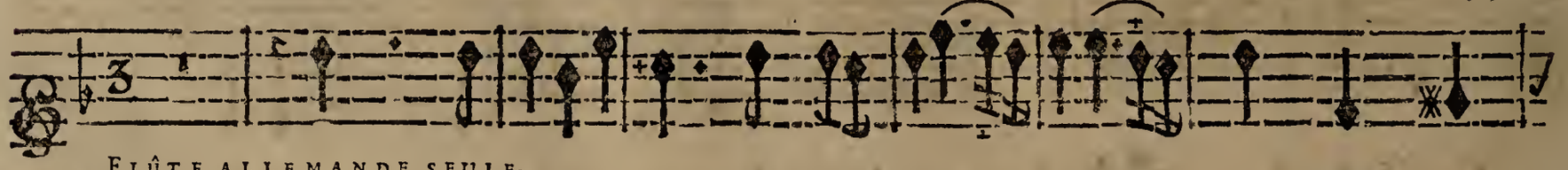


BASSE-CONTINUE.

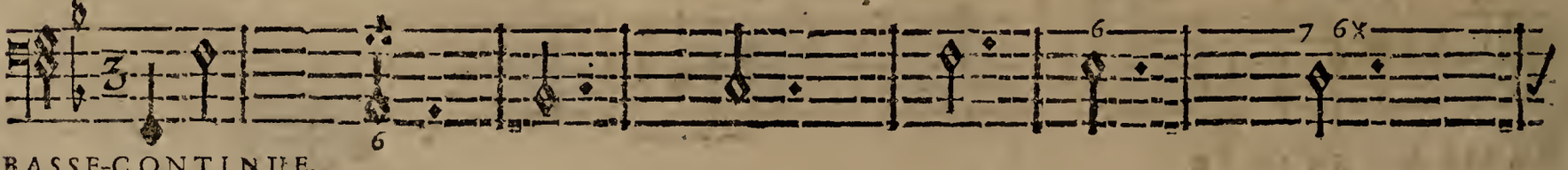
CHACONNE.



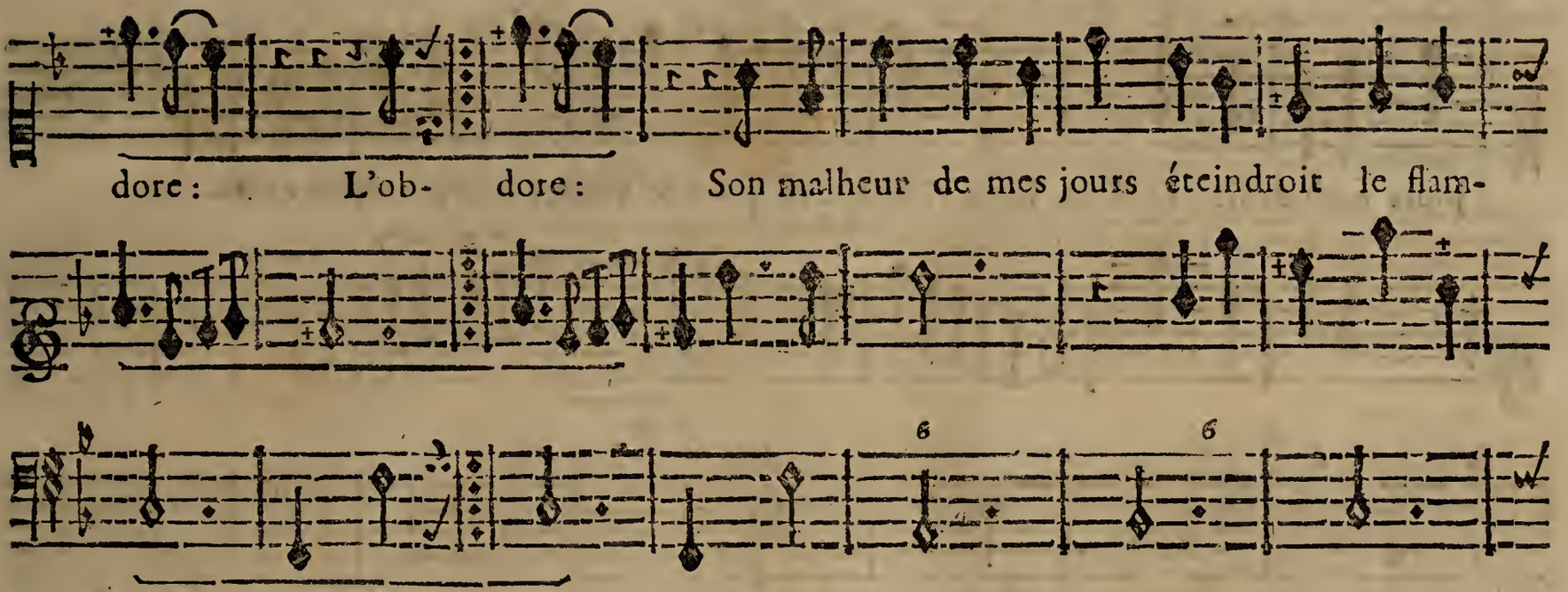
ſe. L'objet de mon amour deſcend dans le tombeau, Mon cœur toûjours conſtant l'a-



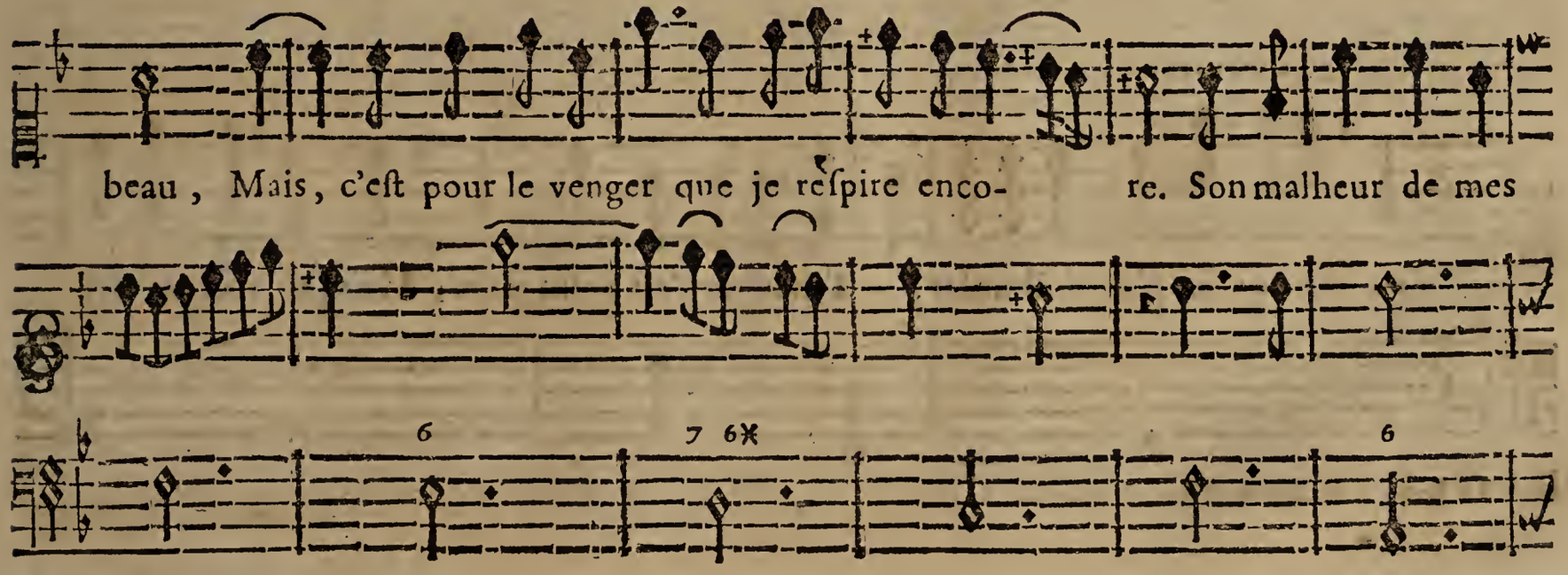
FLÛTE ALLEMANDE SEULE.



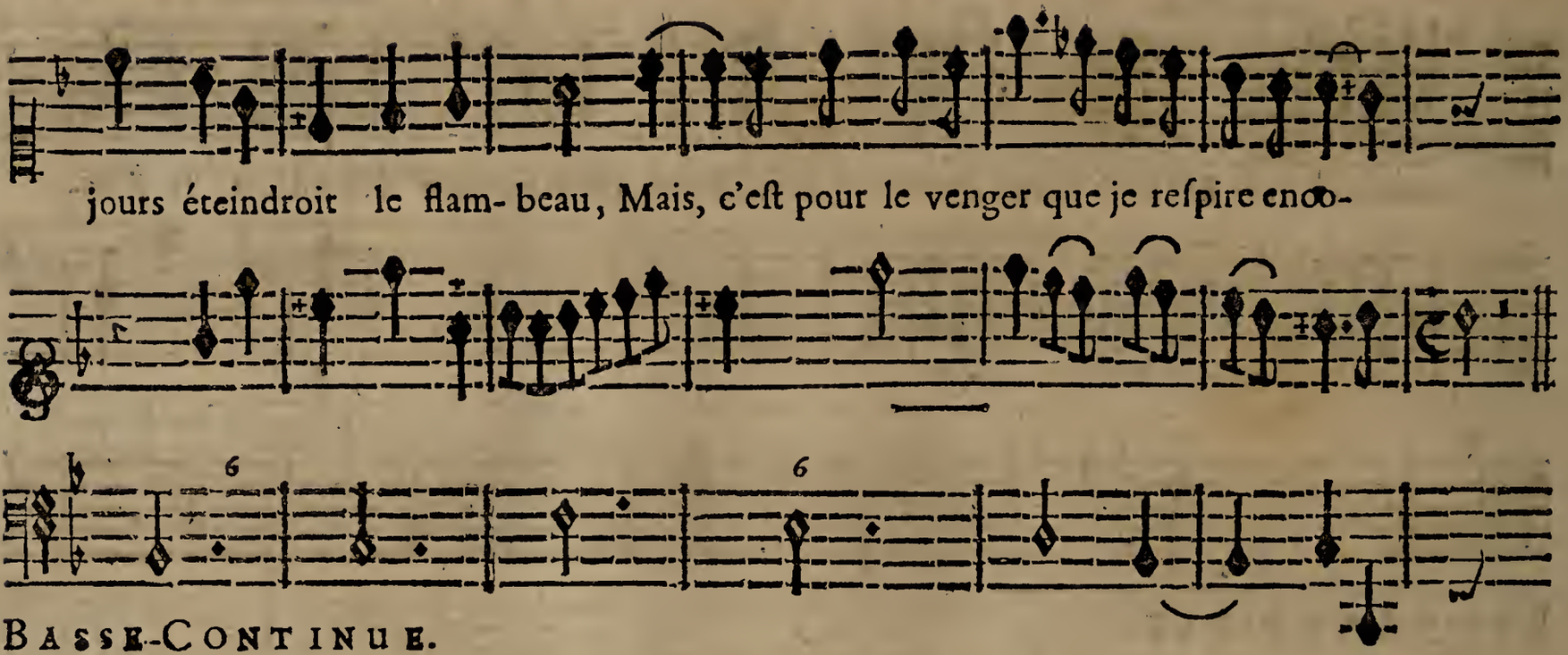
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.



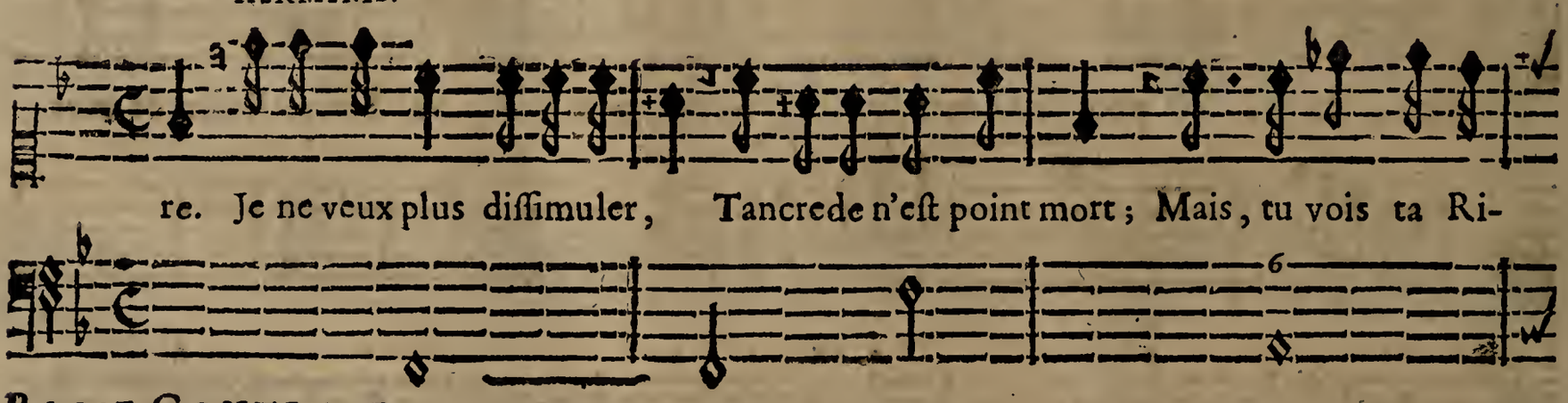
BASSE-CONTINUE.



jours éteindroit le flam- beau, Mais, c'eſt pour le venger que je reſpire enco-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

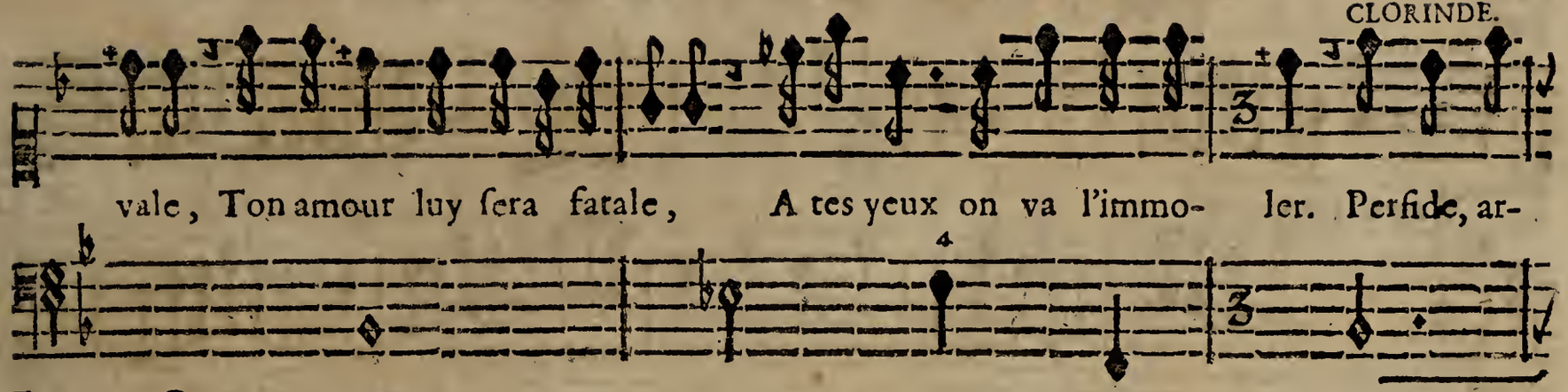
HERMINIE.



re. Je ne veux plus diſſimuler, Tancrede n'eſt point mort ; Mais, tu vois ta Ri-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

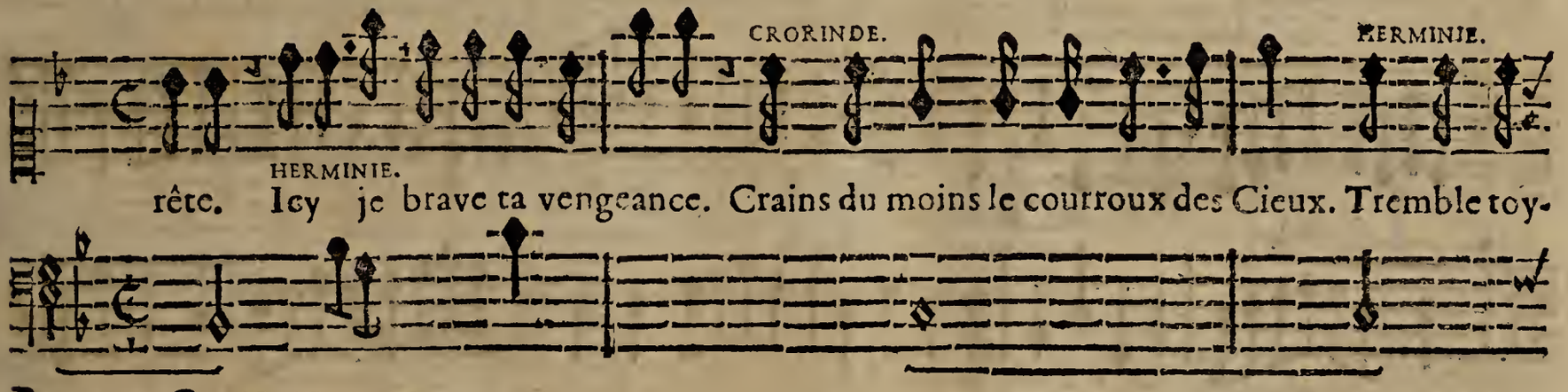
CLORINDE.



vale, Ton amour luy ſera fatale, A tes yeux on va l'immo- ler. Perfide, ar-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

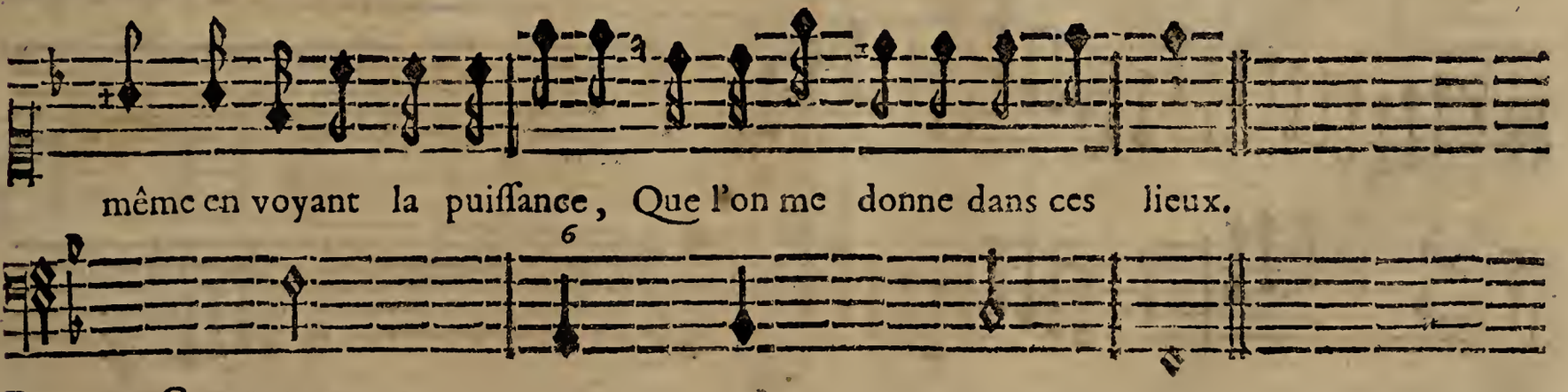
CRORINDE. HERMINIE.



HERMINIE.

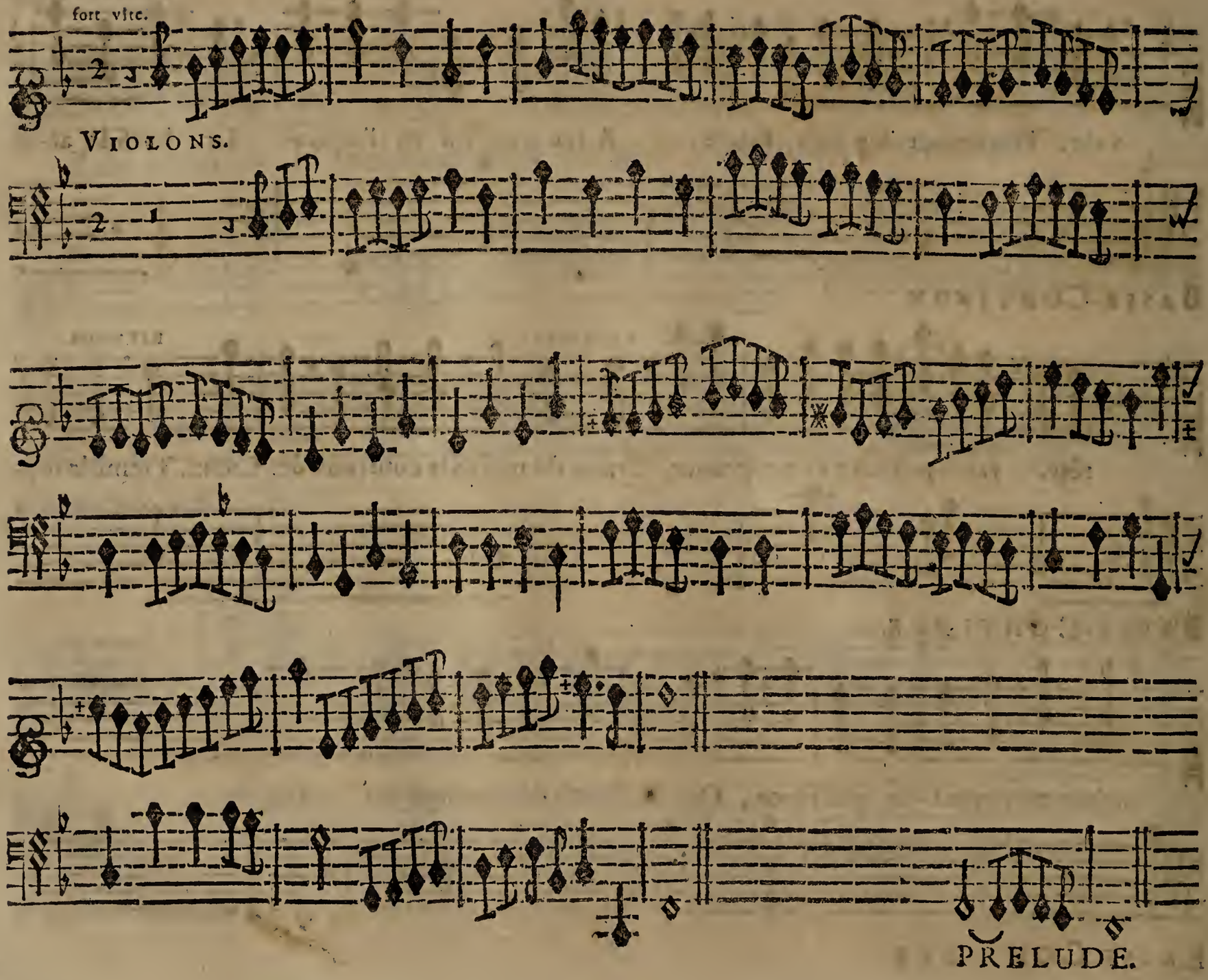
rête. Icy je brave ta vengeance. Crains du moins le courroux des Cieux. Tremble toy-

BASSE-CONTINUE.



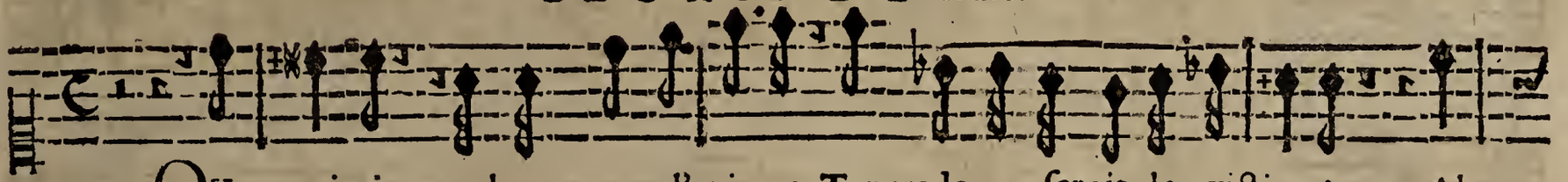
même en voyant la puiſſance, Que l'on me donne dans ces lieux.

BASSE-CONTINUE.

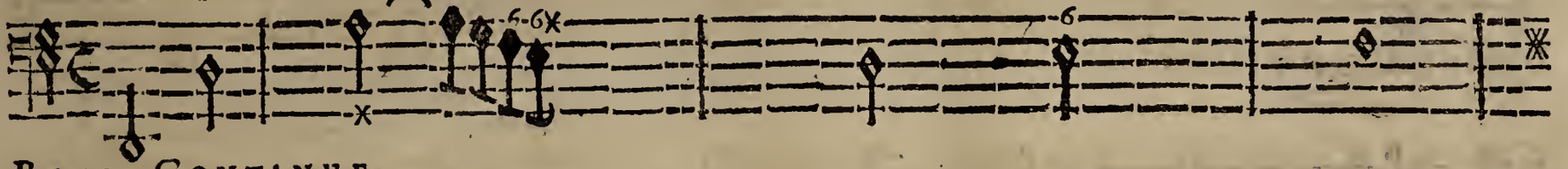

fort vite.
VIOLONS.
PRELUDE.

SCENE VI.

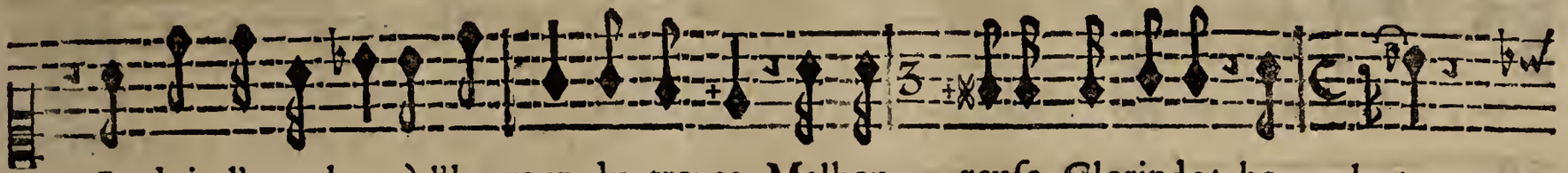
CLORINDE seule.



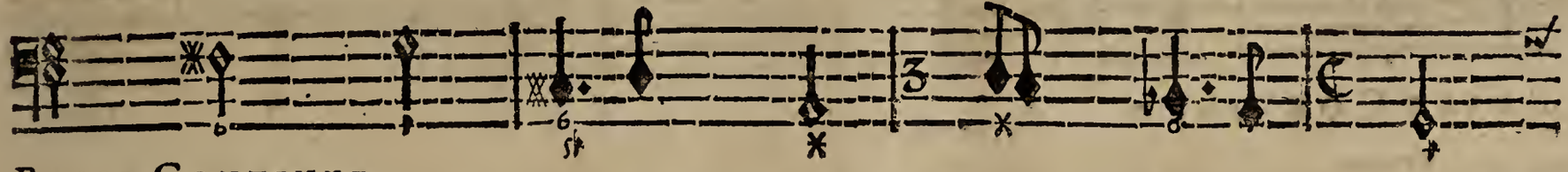
QUe vois-je! quel courroux l'anime! Tancrede en seroit la victime? Ah!



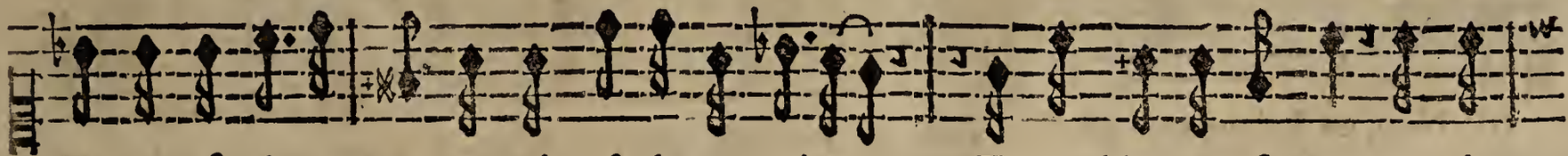
BASSE-CONTINUE.



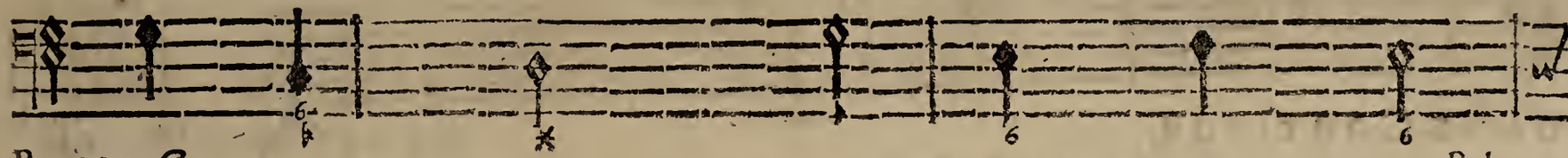
Je dois l'arracher à l'horreur du trepas; Malheu- reuse Clorinde! he- las!



BASSE-CONTINUE.

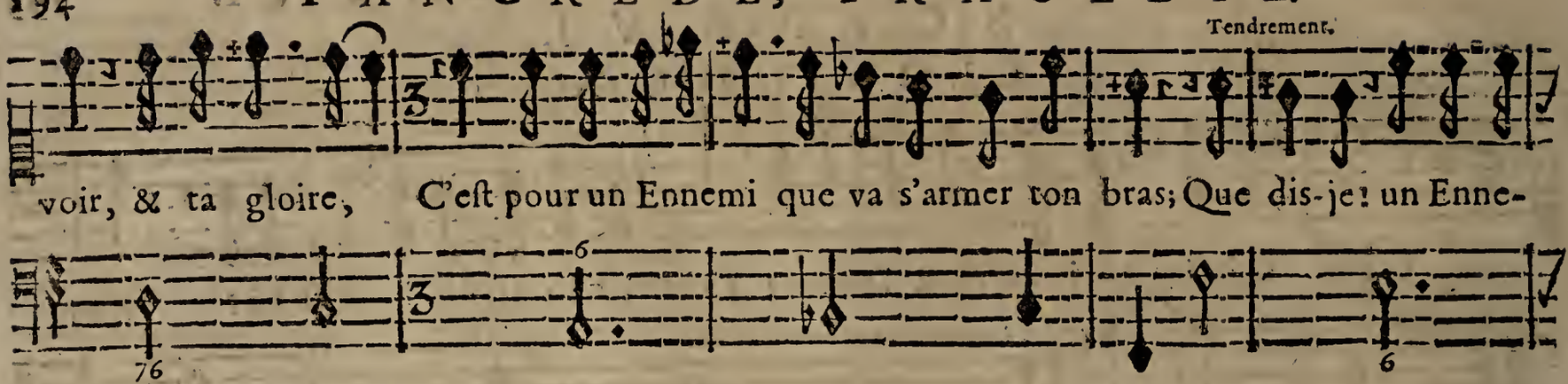


De ton fatal amour pers plutoſt la memoire, Tu trahis tes ſujets, ton de-



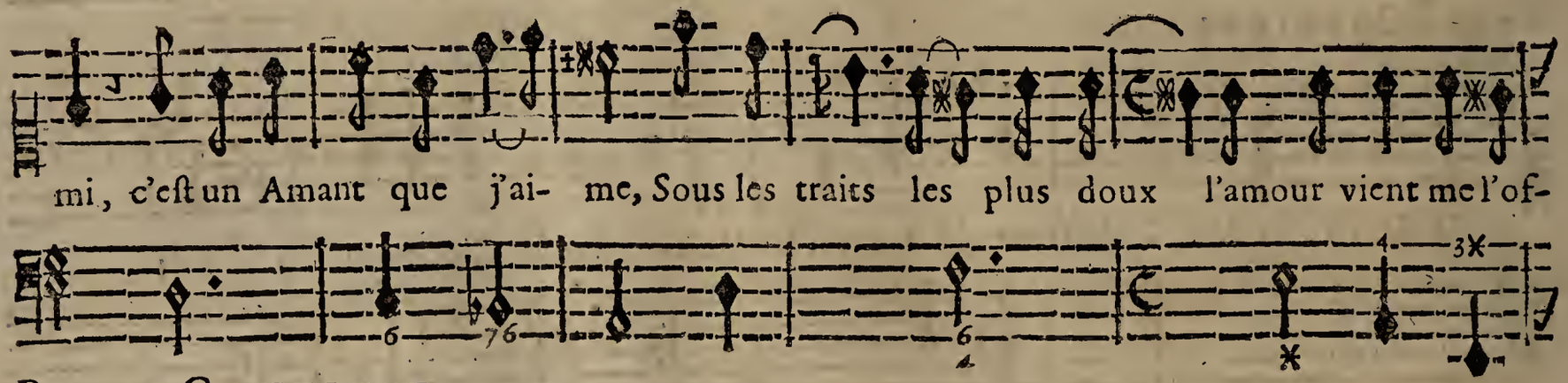
BASSE-CONTINUE.

Tendrement.



voir, & ta gloire, C'eſt pour un Ennemi que va s'armer ton bras; Que dis-je! un Enne-

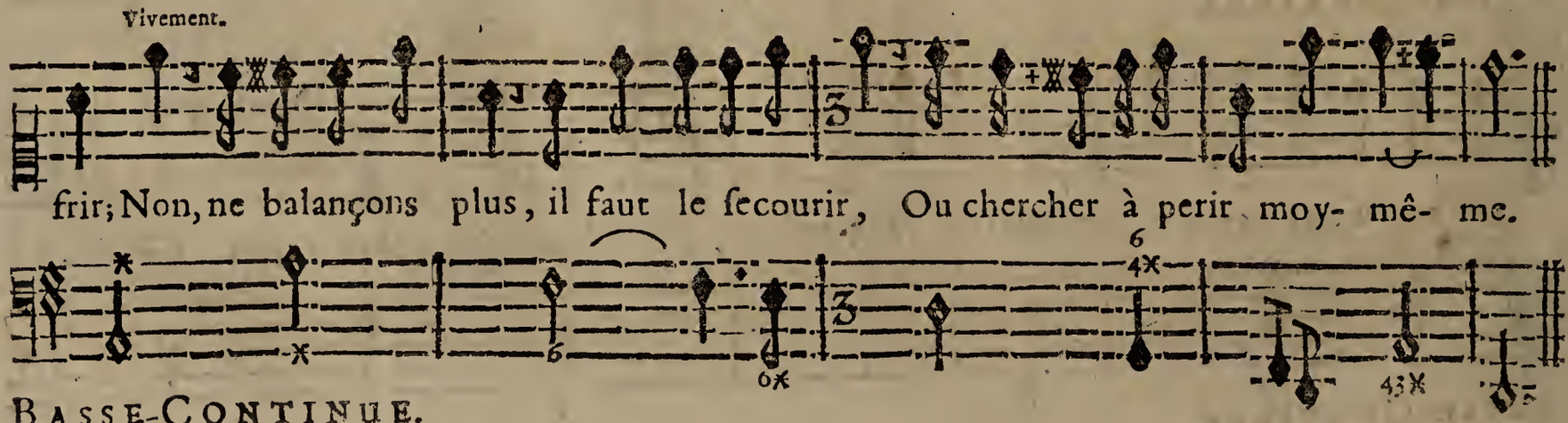
BASSE-CONTINUE.



mi, c'eſt un Amant que j'ai- me, Sous les traits les plus doux l'amour vient me l'of-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

Vivement.



frir; Non, ne balançons plus, il faut le ſecourir, Ou chercher à perir moy- mê- me.

BASSE-CONTINUE.

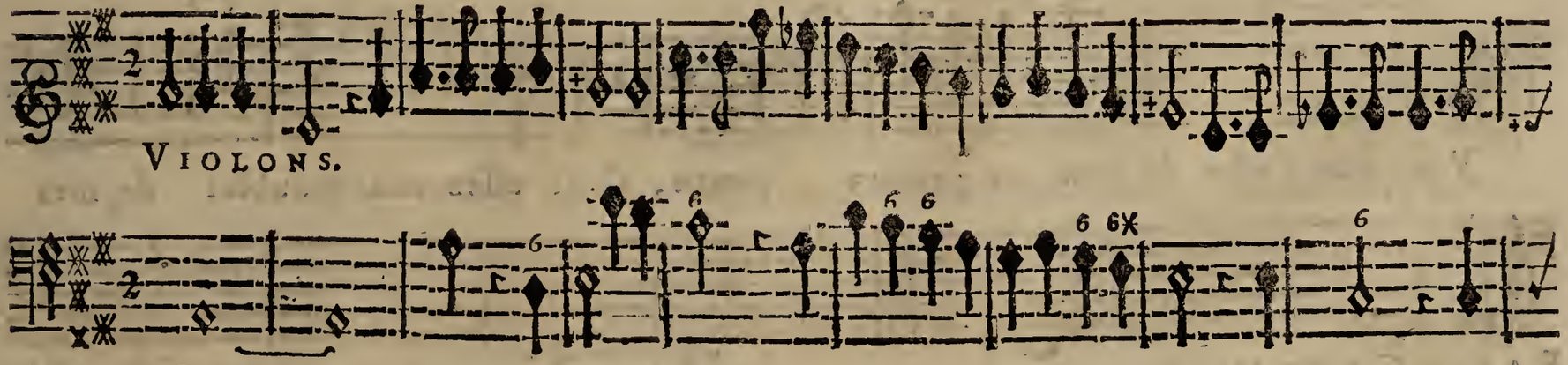
FIN DU TROISIE'ME ACTE.

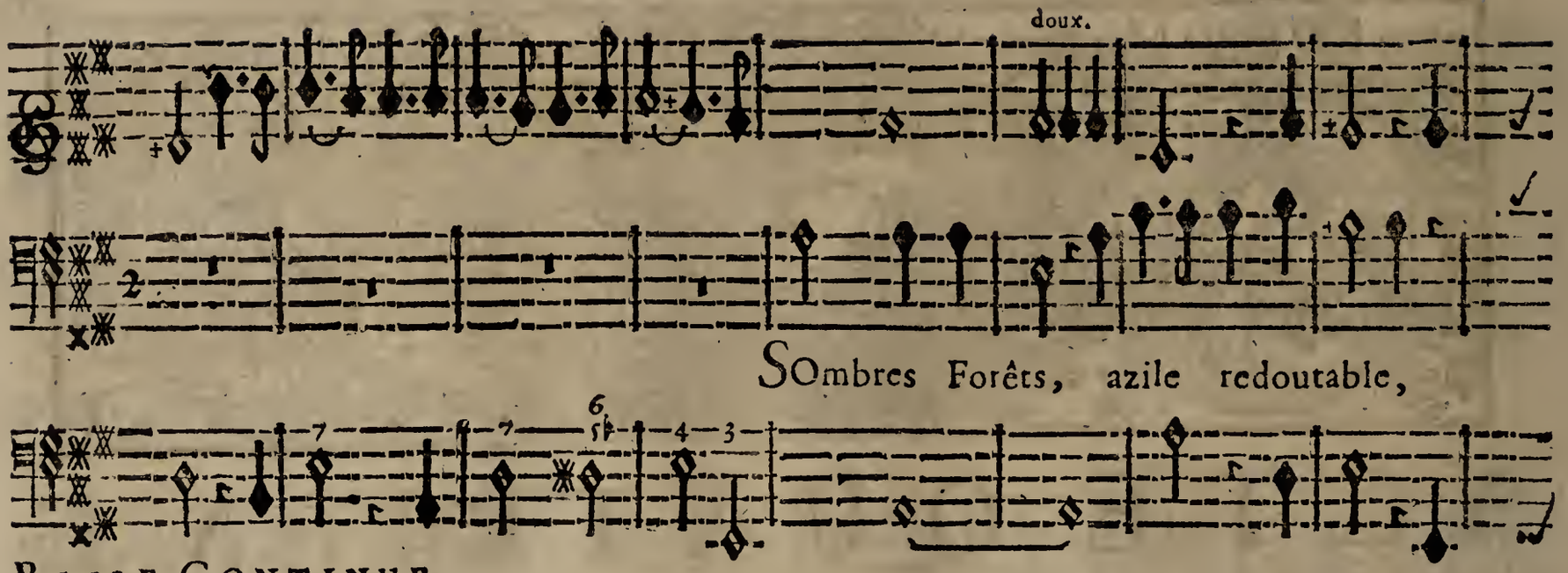
ACTE QUATRIE'ME.

Le Theatre repreſente une Caverne magique, au milieu de la Forêt enchantée.

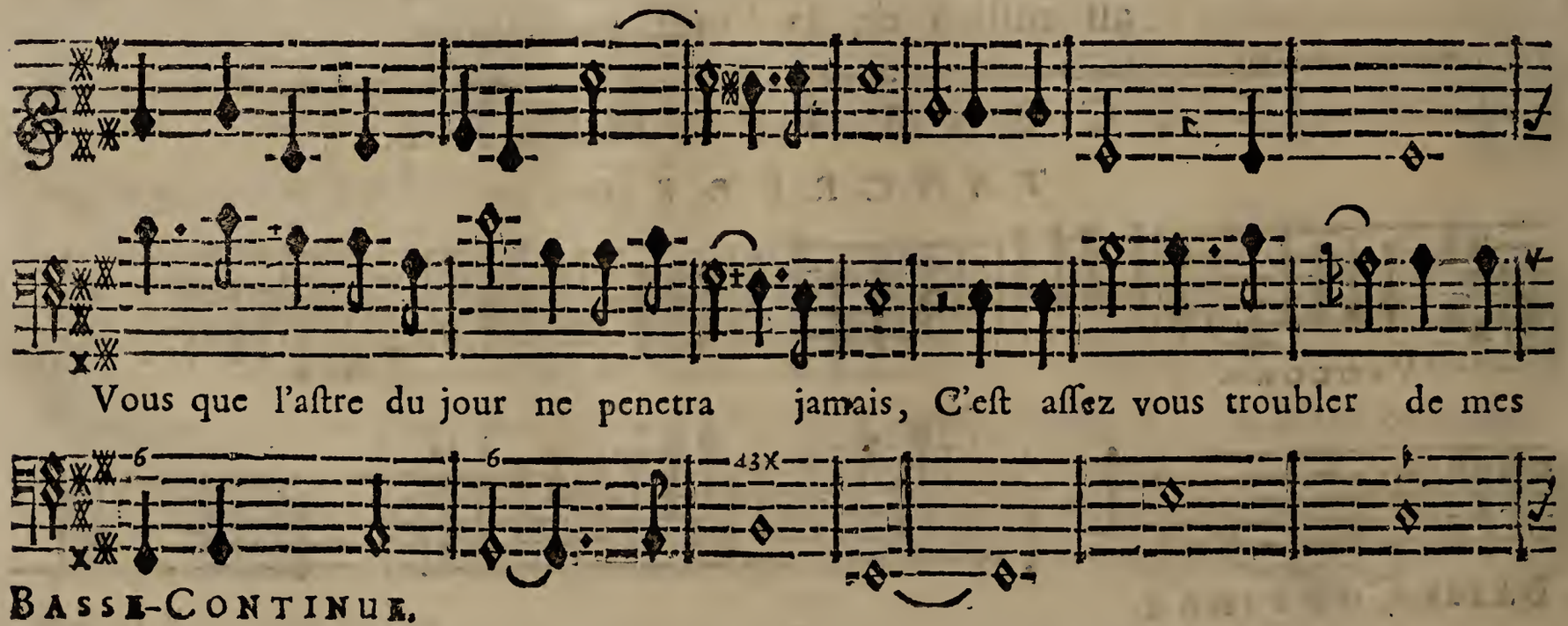
SCENE PREMIERE.

TANCREDE ſeul.

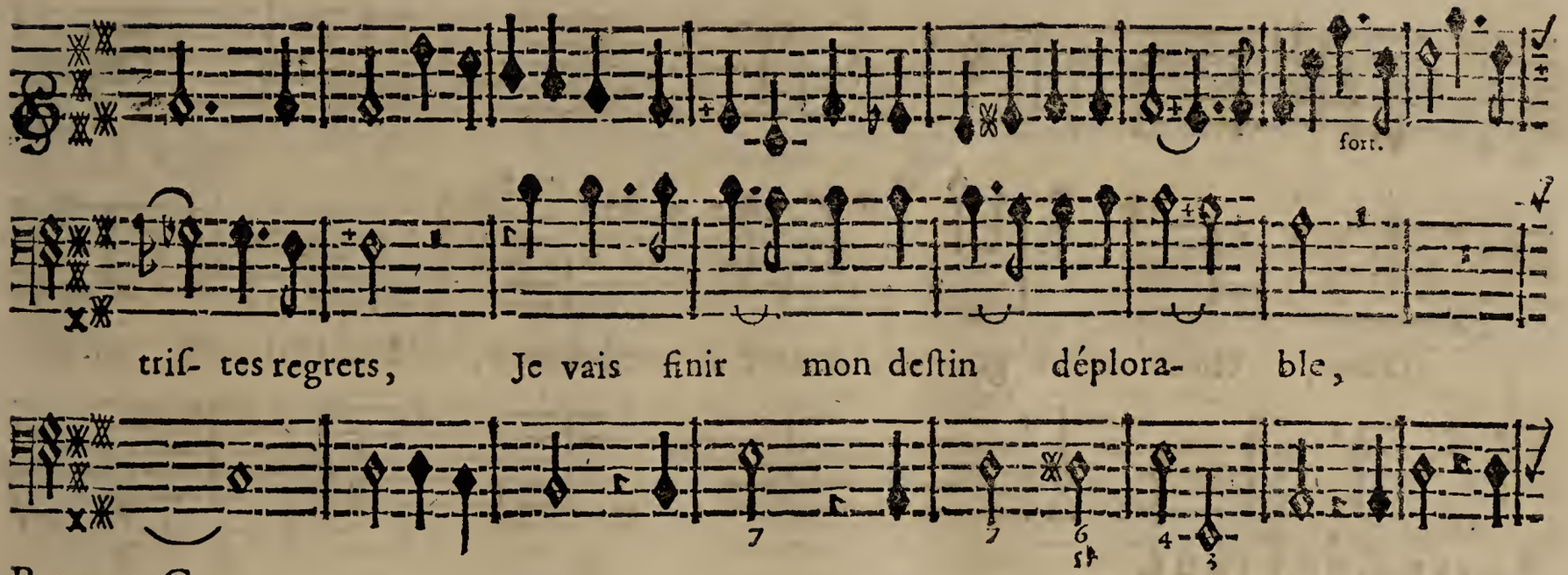


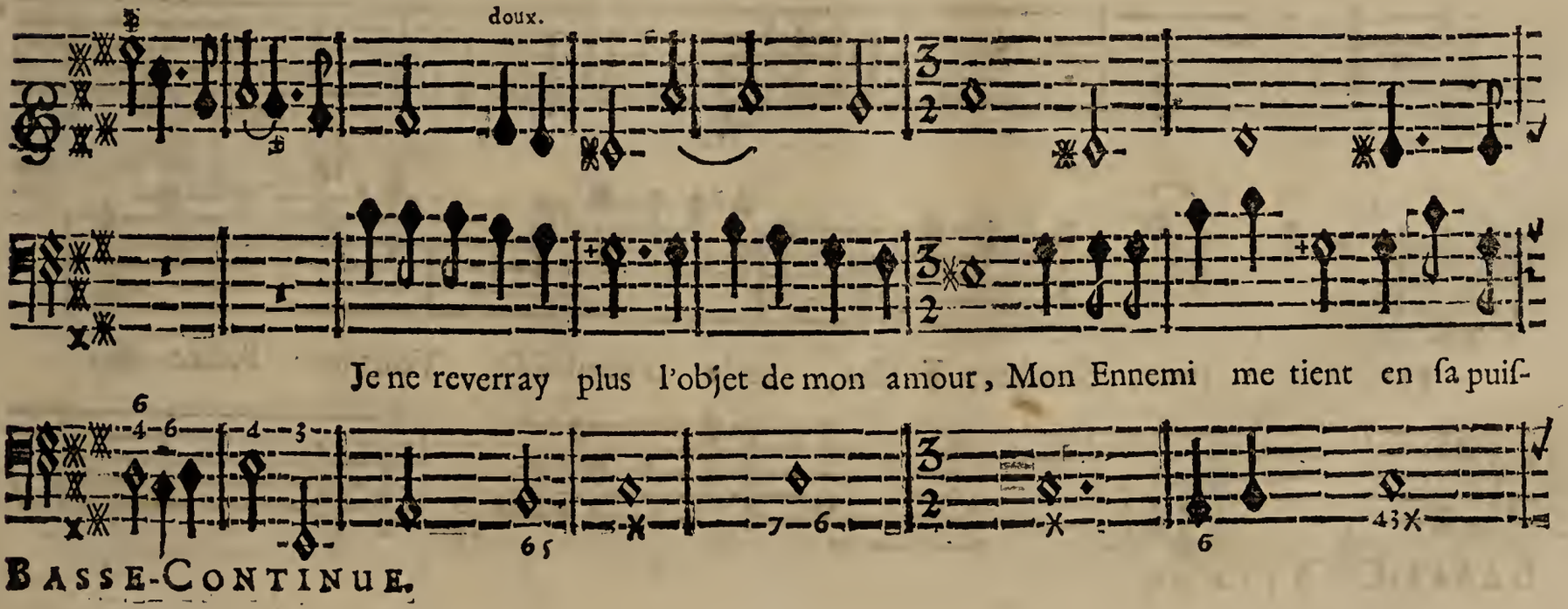


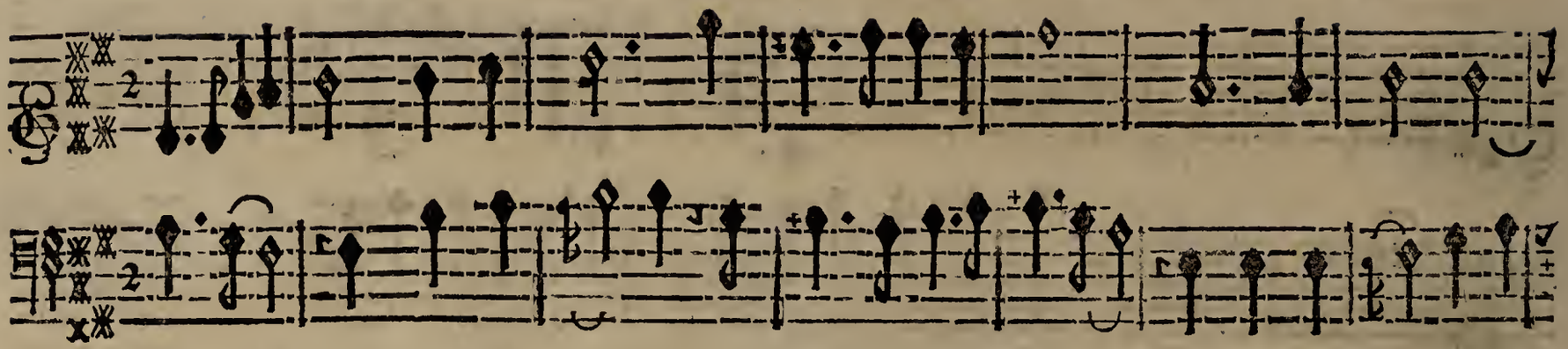
BASSE-CONTINUE.



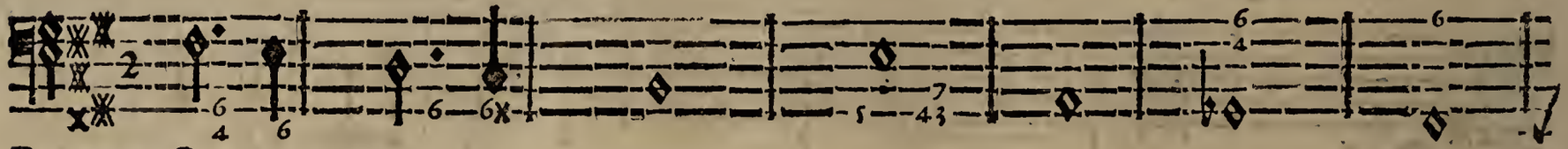
BASSE-CONTINUE.


fort.
tris- tes regrets, Je vais finir mon destin déplora- ble,
BASSE-CONTINUE.

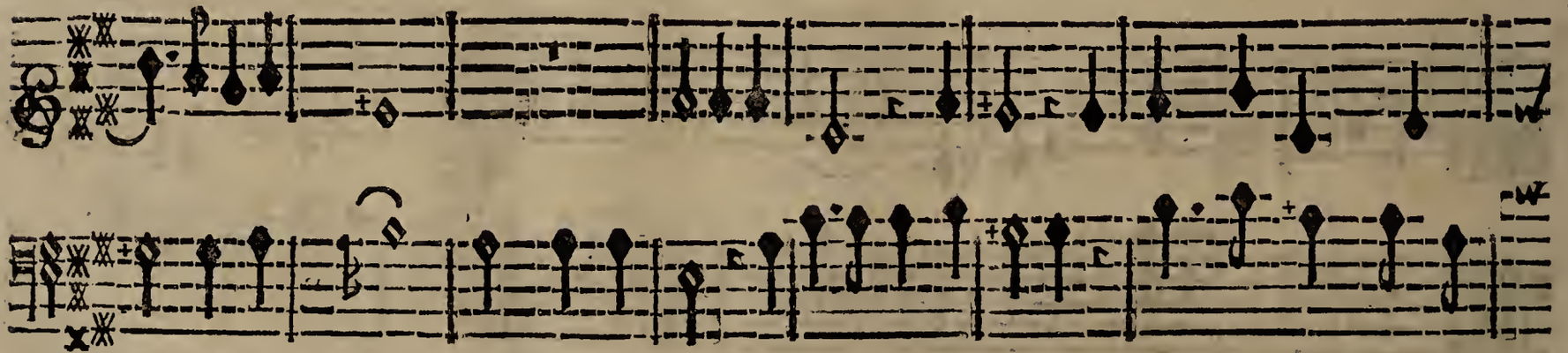

doux.
Je ne reverray plus l'objet de mon amour, Mon Ennemi me tient en sa puis-
BASSE-CONTINUE.



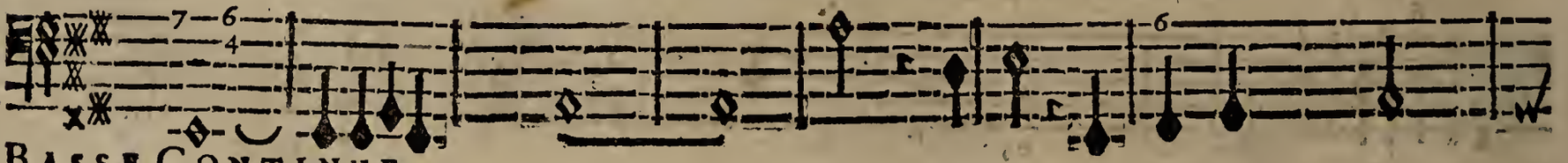
ſance, Guerrier ſans gloi- re, Amant ſans eſperance, M on ſeul deſir eſt de



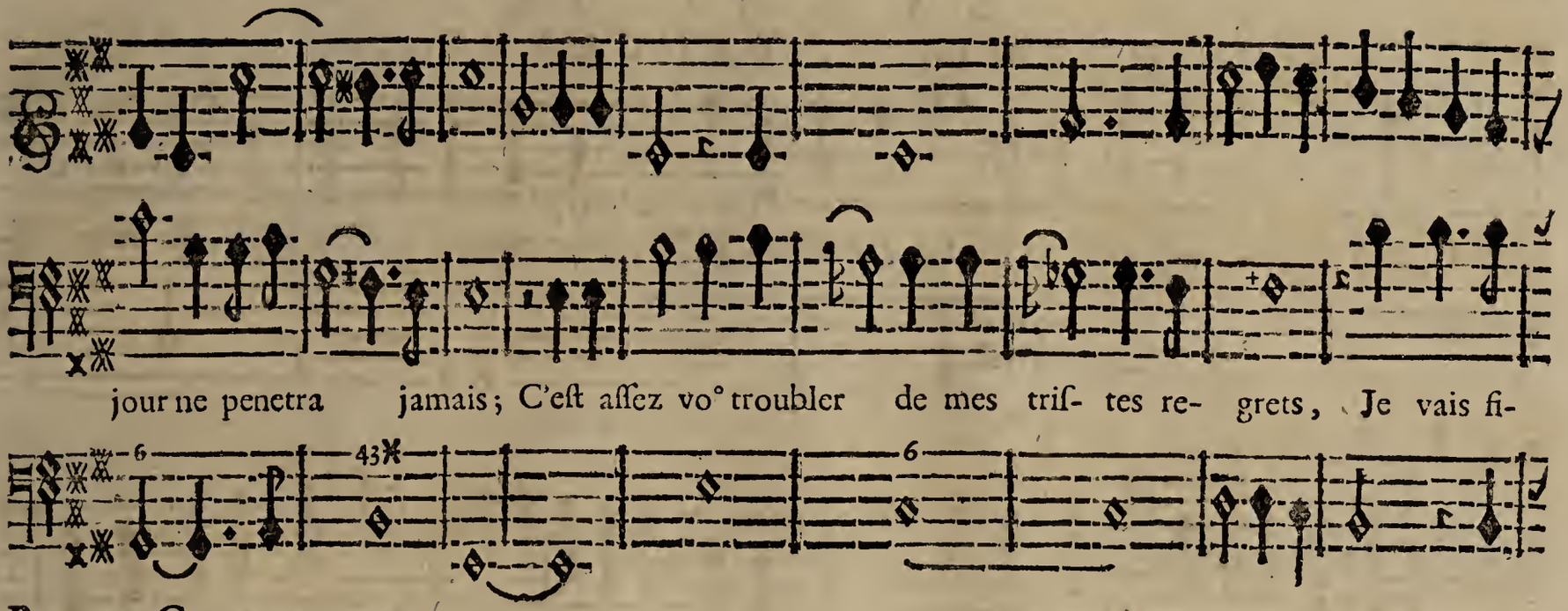
BASSE-CONTINUE.



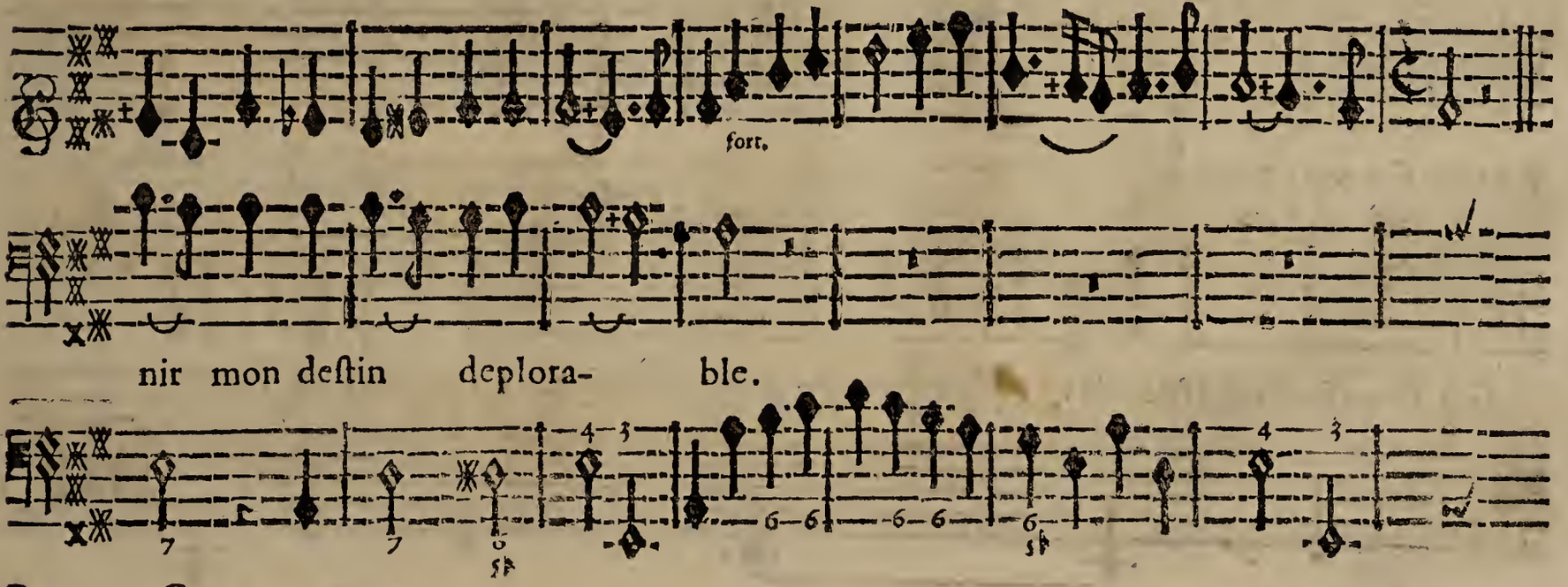
perdre le jour, Sombres Forêts, azile redoutable, Vous que l'aſtre du



BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

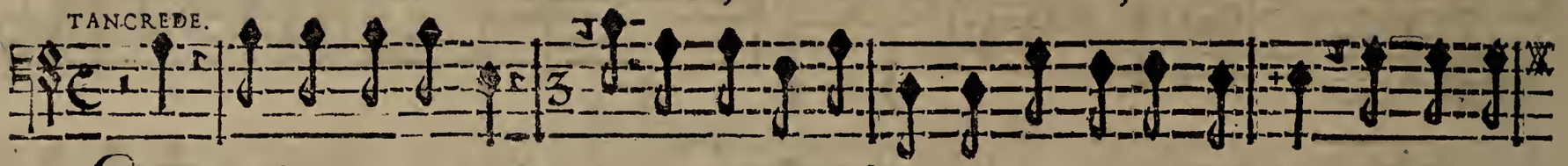


BASSE-CONTINUE.

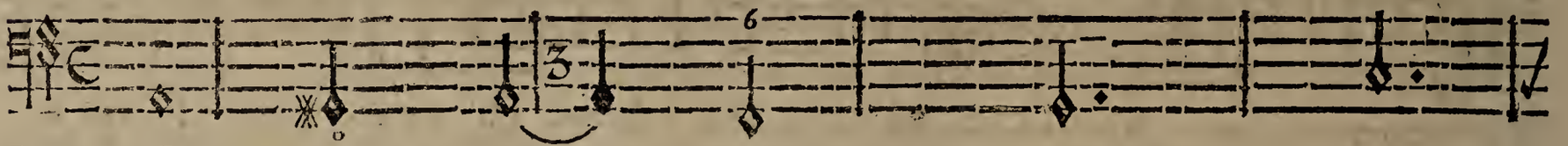
SCENE II.

HERMINIE, TANCREDE,

TANCREDE.

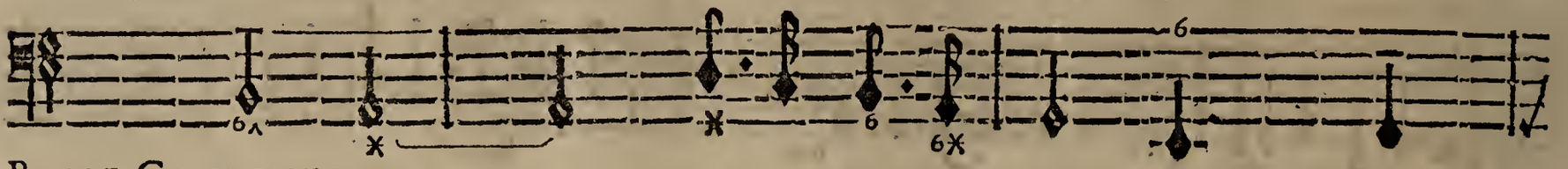


Ciel! qu'eſt-ce que je voy? La terre, les enfers tout s'arme contre moy, Et vous auſ-

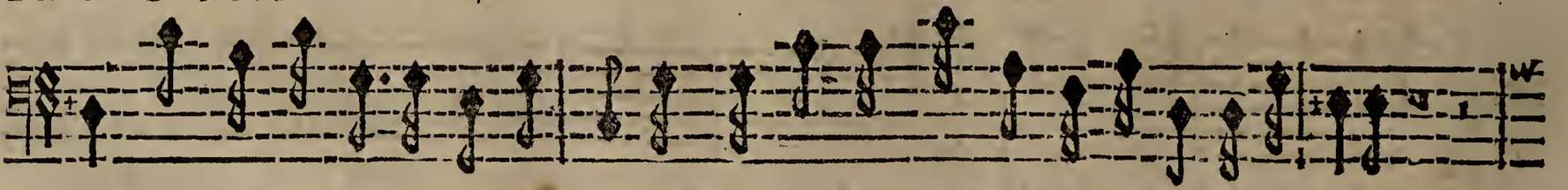


BASSE-CONTINUE.

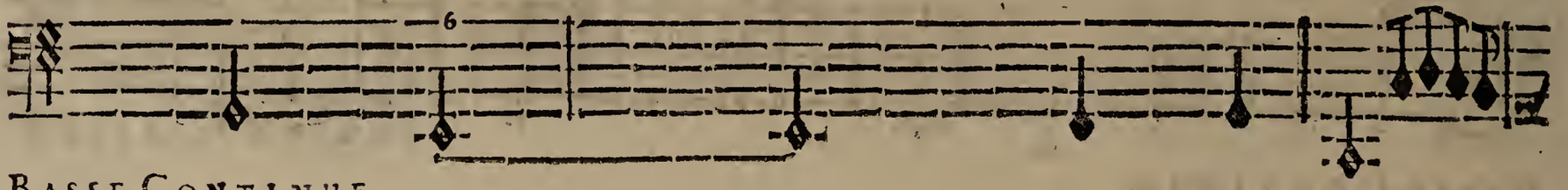
ſi, belle Herminie? La Guerre ſous mes loix vo⁹ tenoit aſſervie, Pour prix d'avoir briſé vos



BASSE-CONTINUE.

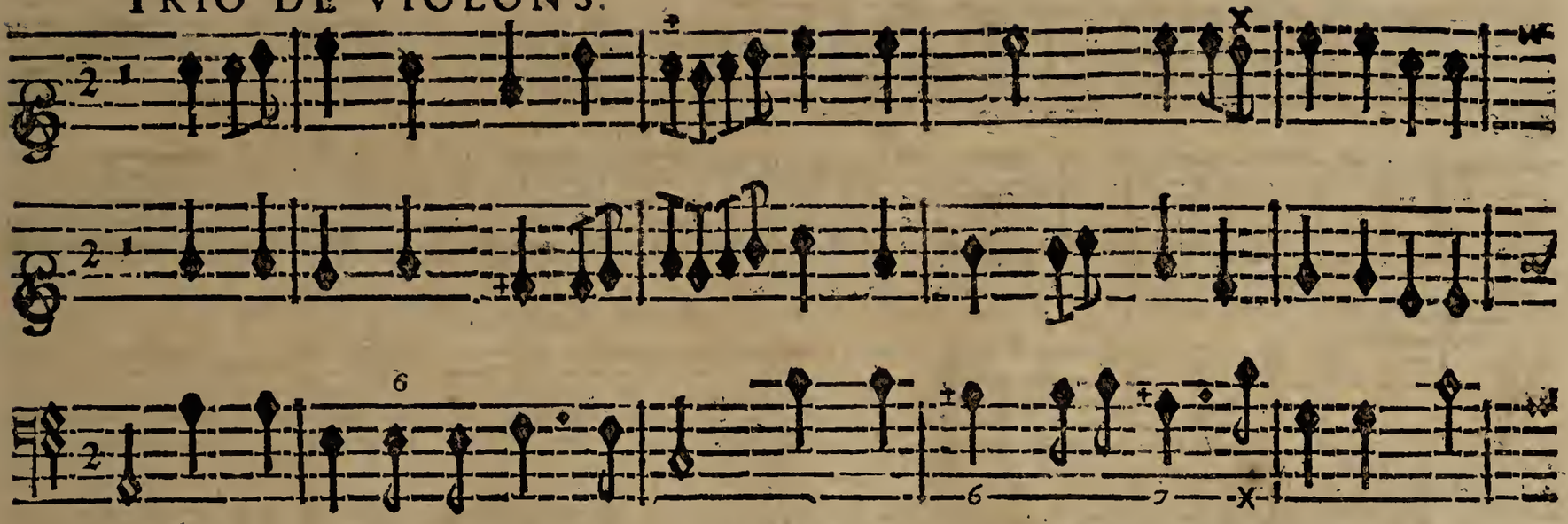


fers, D'un fier miniſtre des enfers Venez vous contre moy ſeconder la furie?

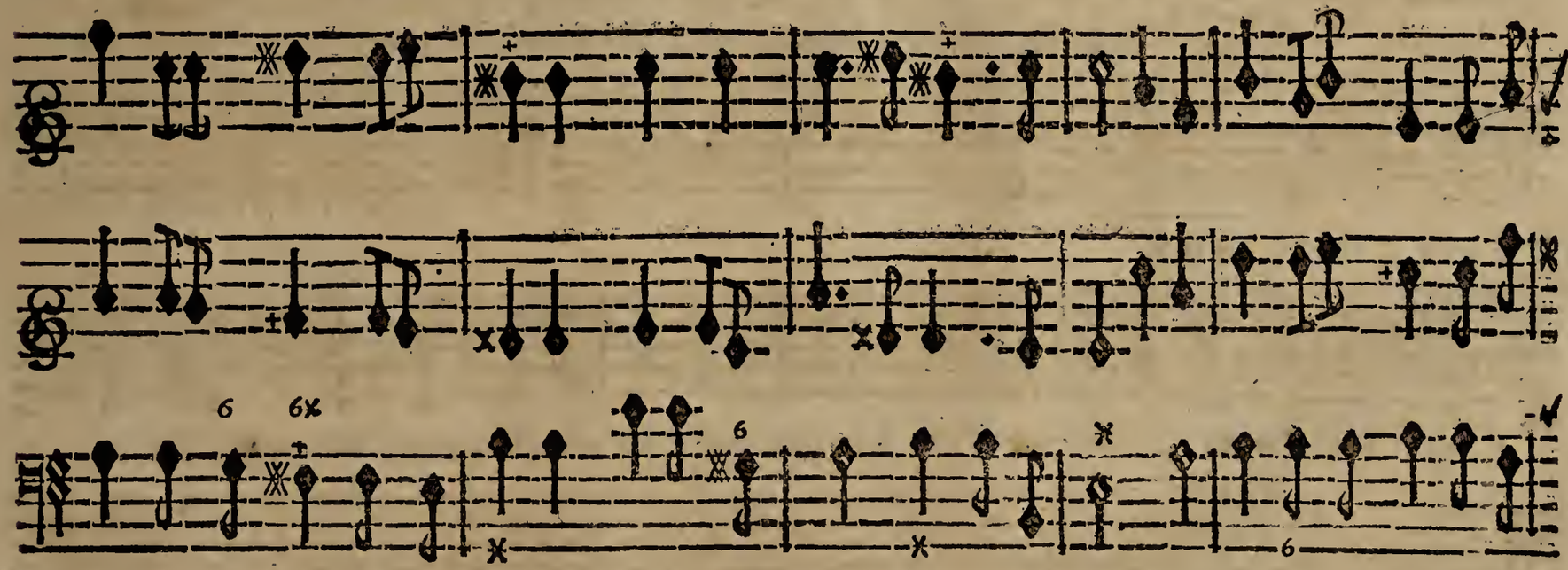


BASSE CONTINUE.

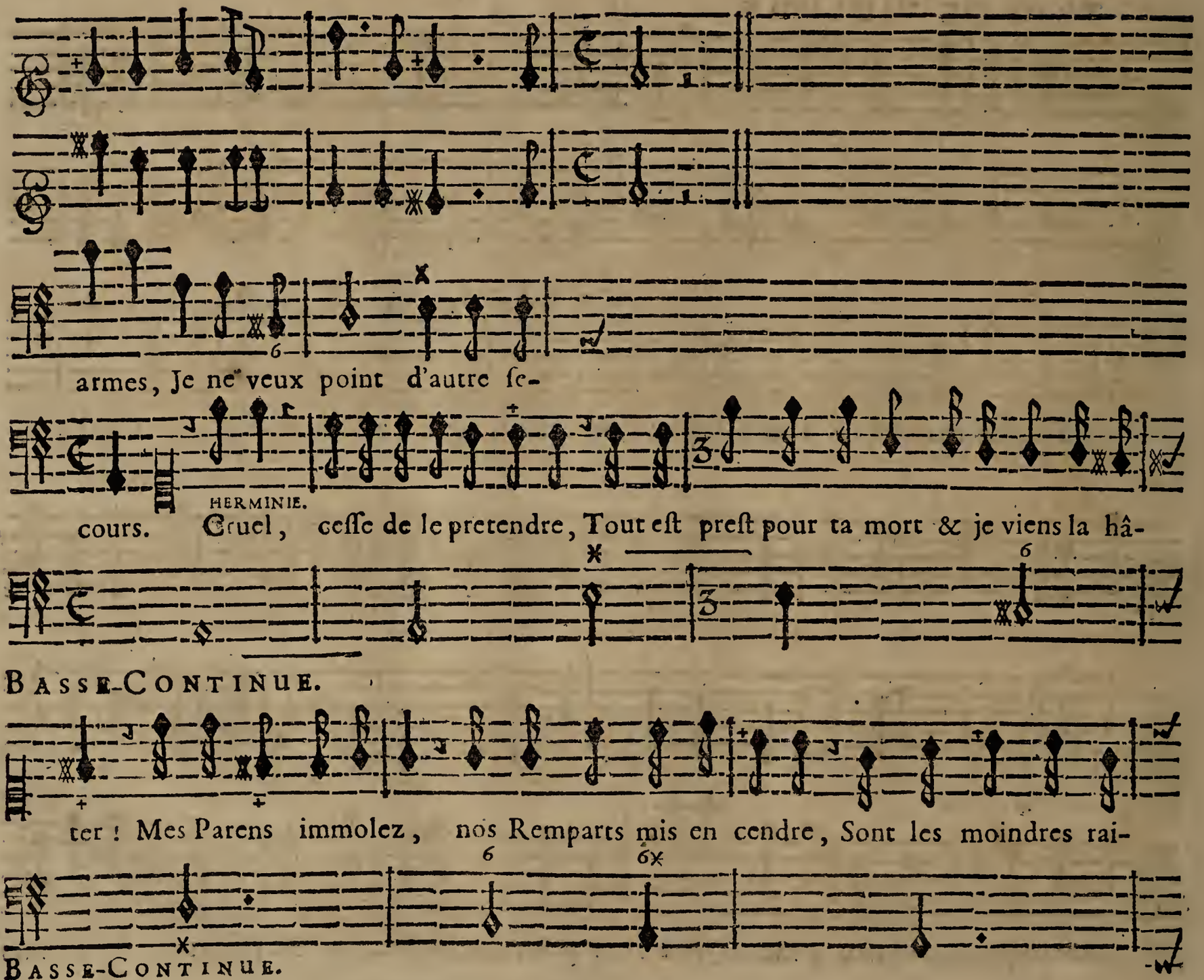
TRIO DE VIOLONS.

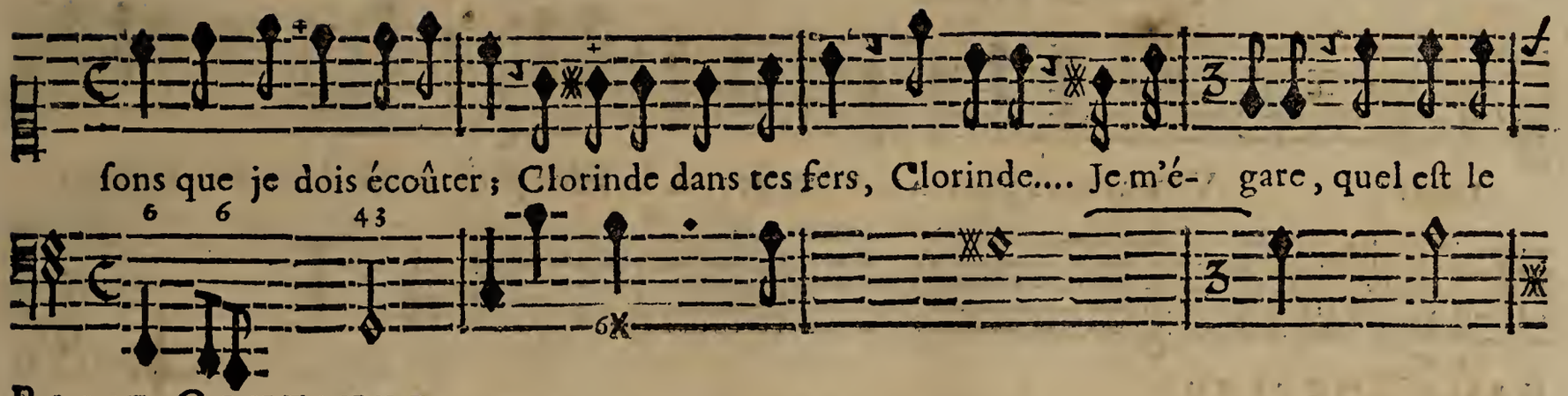


Tout menace en ces lieux mes jours, Mais mon cœur eſt exempt d'allarmes; Ah!

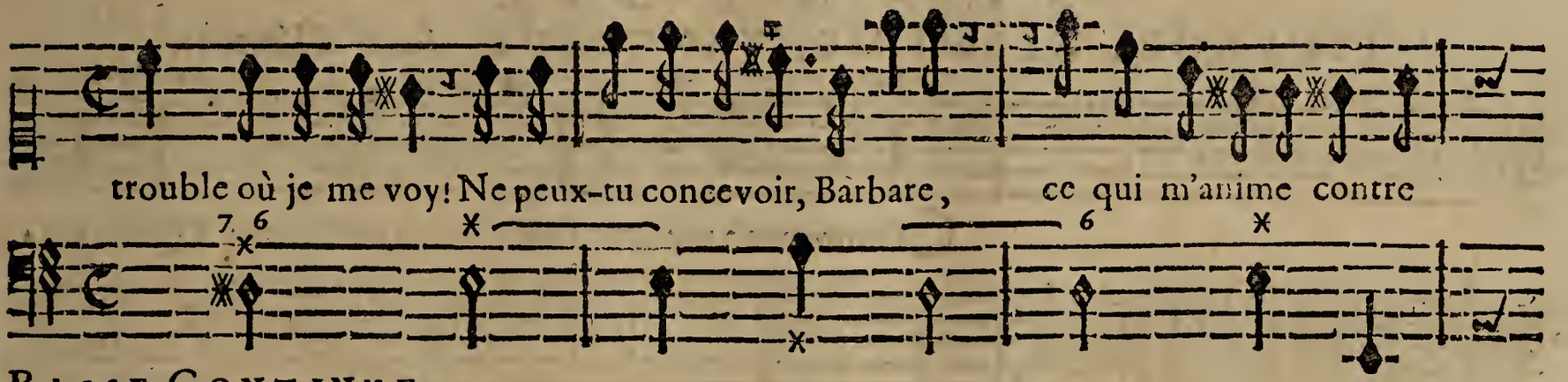


faites-moy rendre mes armes, Je ne veux point d'autre ſecours. Ah! faites-moy rẽdre mes

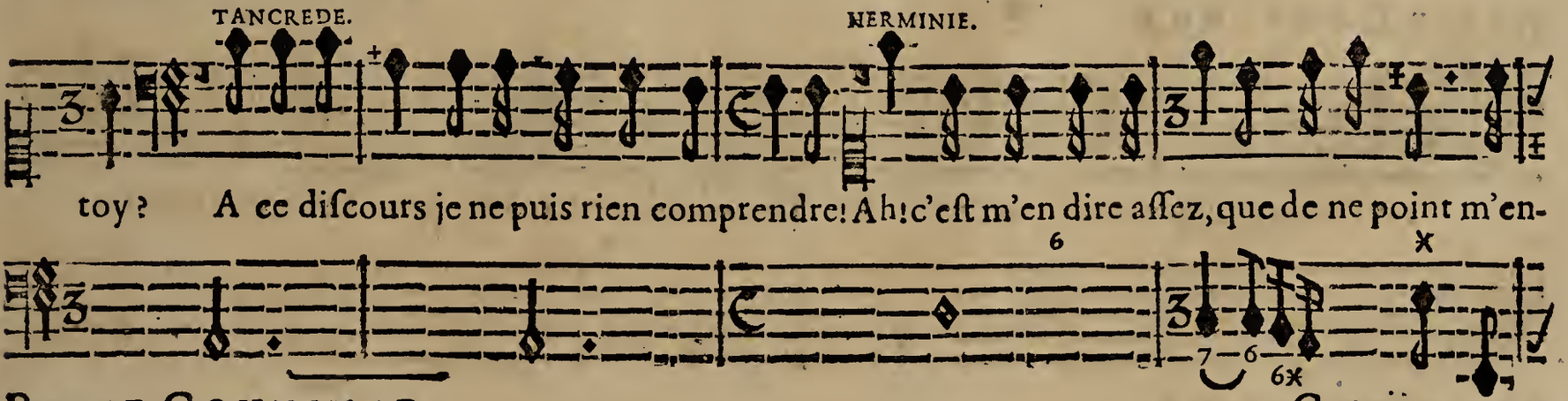

armes, Je ne veux point d'autre se-
HERMINIE.
cours. Cruel, cesse de le pretendre, Tout est prest pour ta mort & je viens la hâ-
BASSE-CONTINUE.
ter ! Mes Parens immolez, nos Remparts mis en cendre, Sont les moindres rai-
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

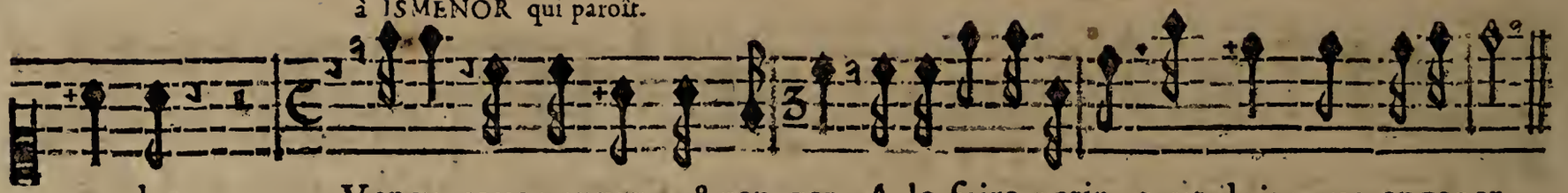


BASSE-CONTINUE.

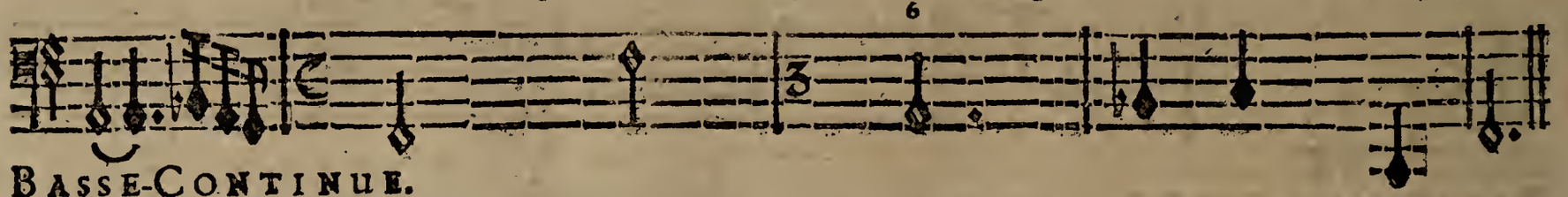


BASSE-CONTINUE.

à ISMENOR qui paroît.



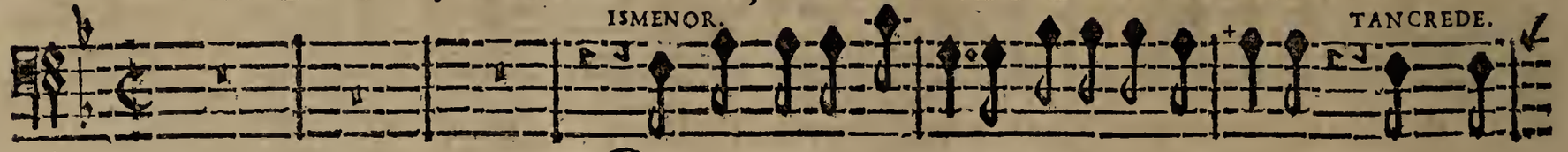
tendre. Venez, vous pouvez me venger, A le faire perir tout doit vous engager.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

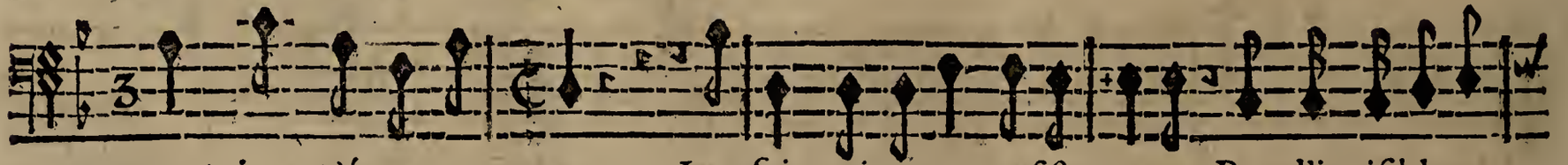
SCENE III.

ISMENOR, HERMINIE, TANCREDE. Suite d'Ismenor.

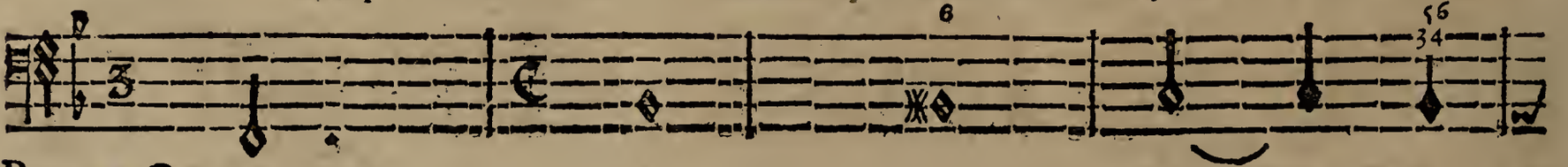


COmmence à ressentir l'effet de ma puissance ! Quelle hor-

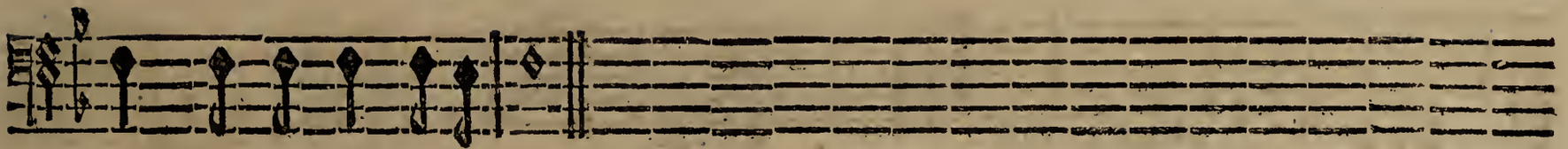
BASSE-CONTINUE.



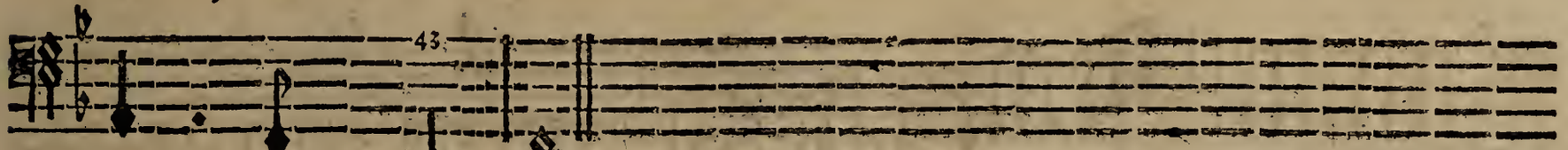
reur vient m'épouvan- ter ! Je fais vainement resistance, Par d'invisibles



BASSE-CONTINUE.



mains je me ſens arrêter.

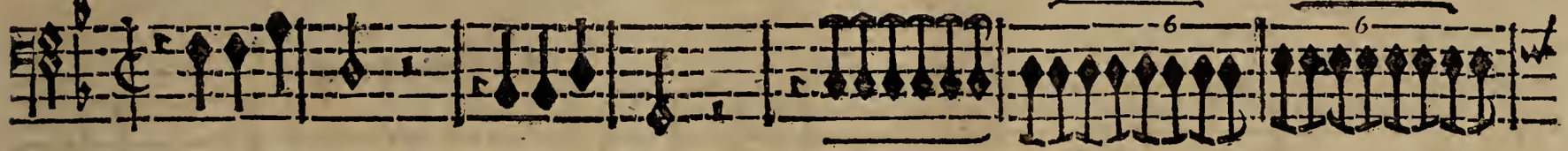


BASSE-CONTINUE.

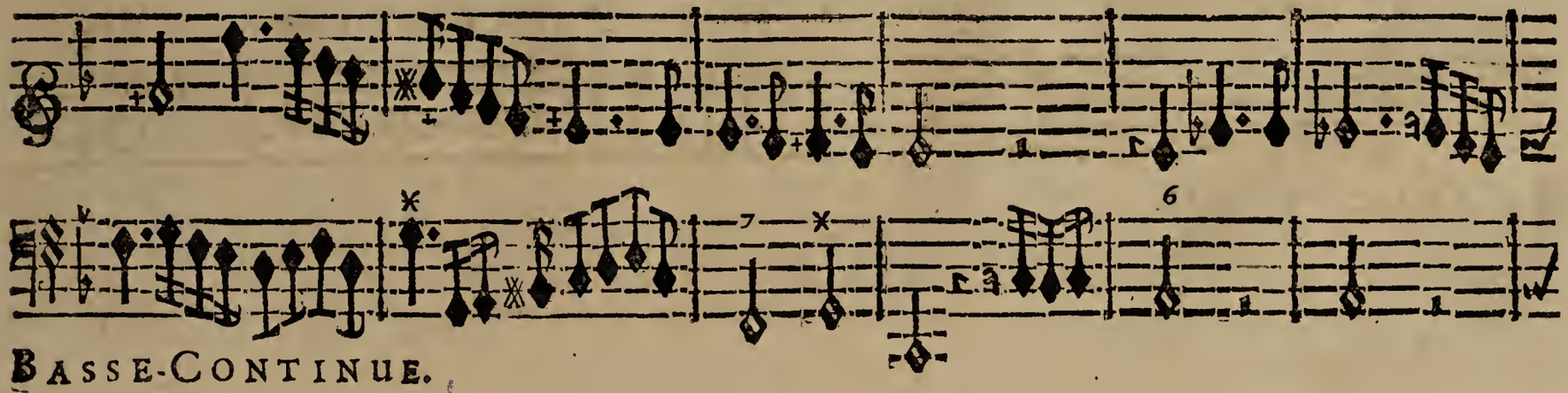
SCENE IV.

ISMENOR, TANCREDE, LA VENGEANCE, LA HAINE & leur ſuite.

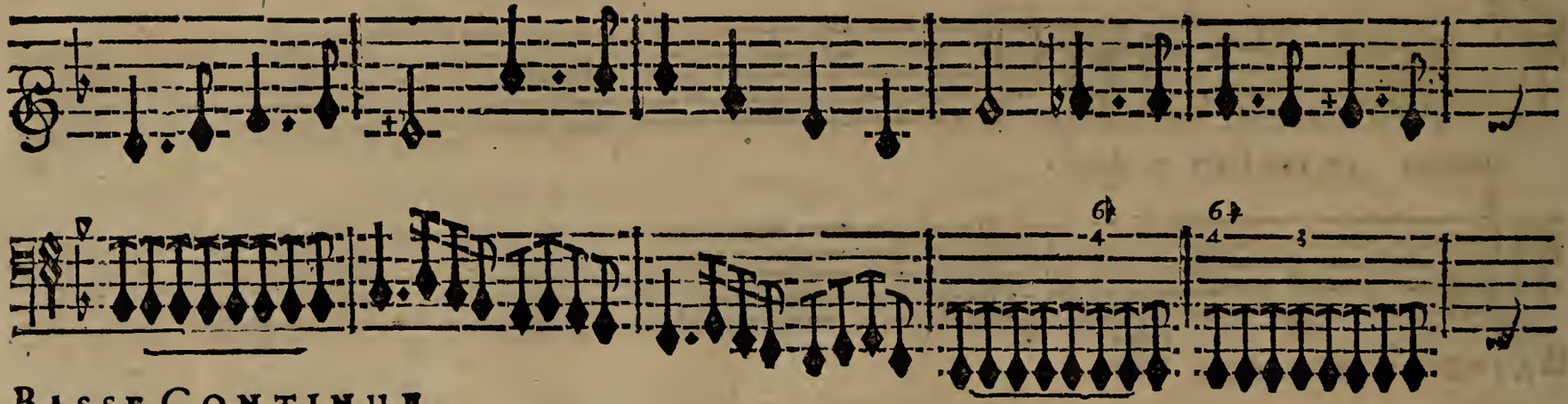
VIOLONS.



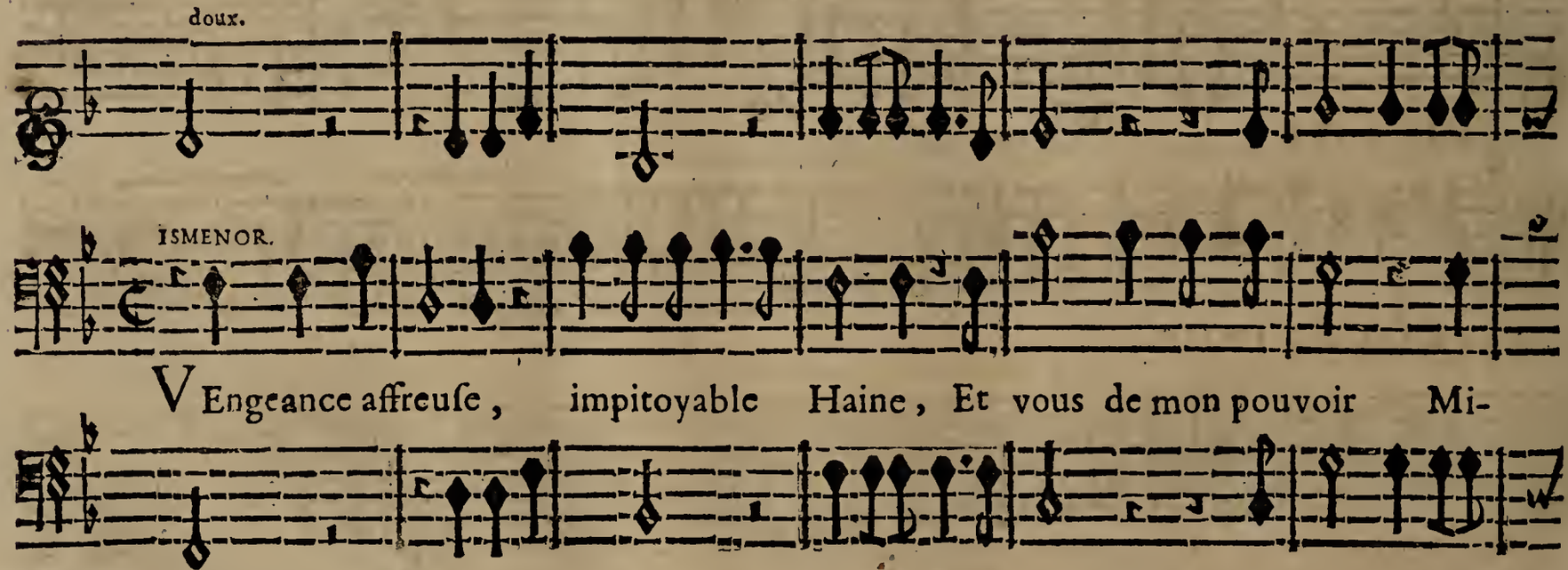
BASSE-CONTINUE.



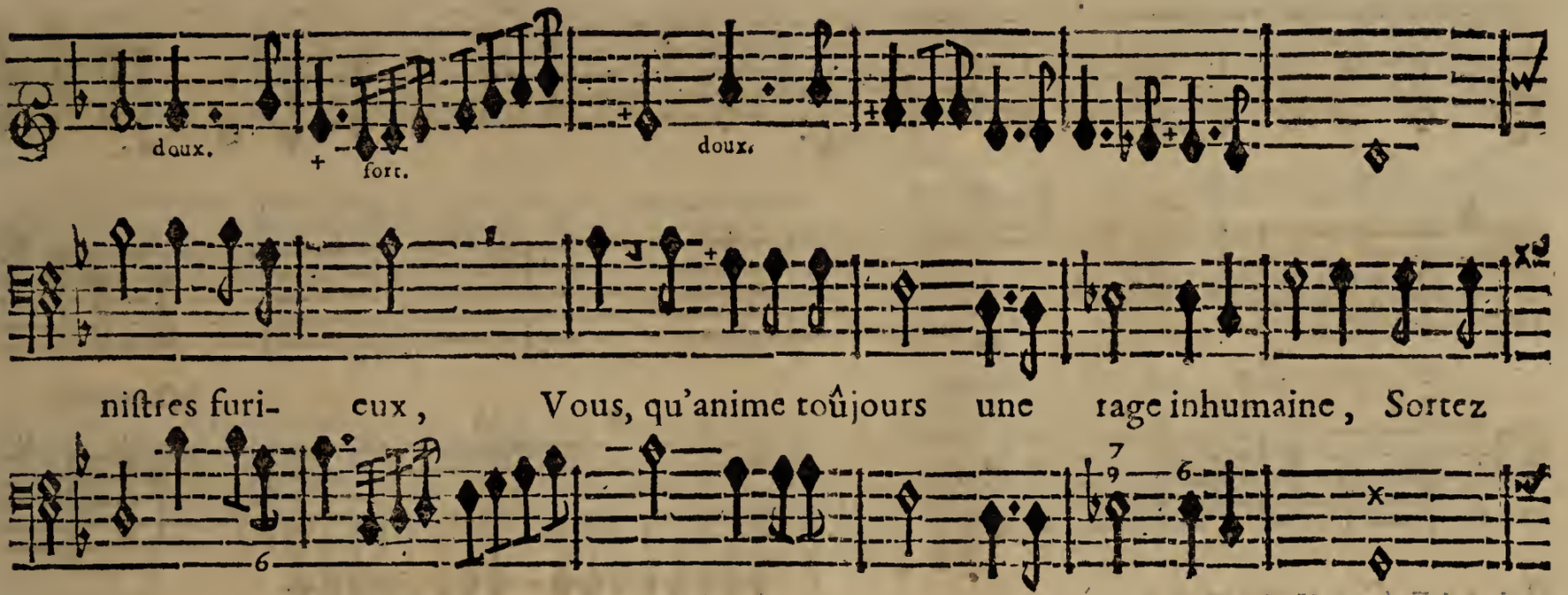
BASSE-CONTINUE.



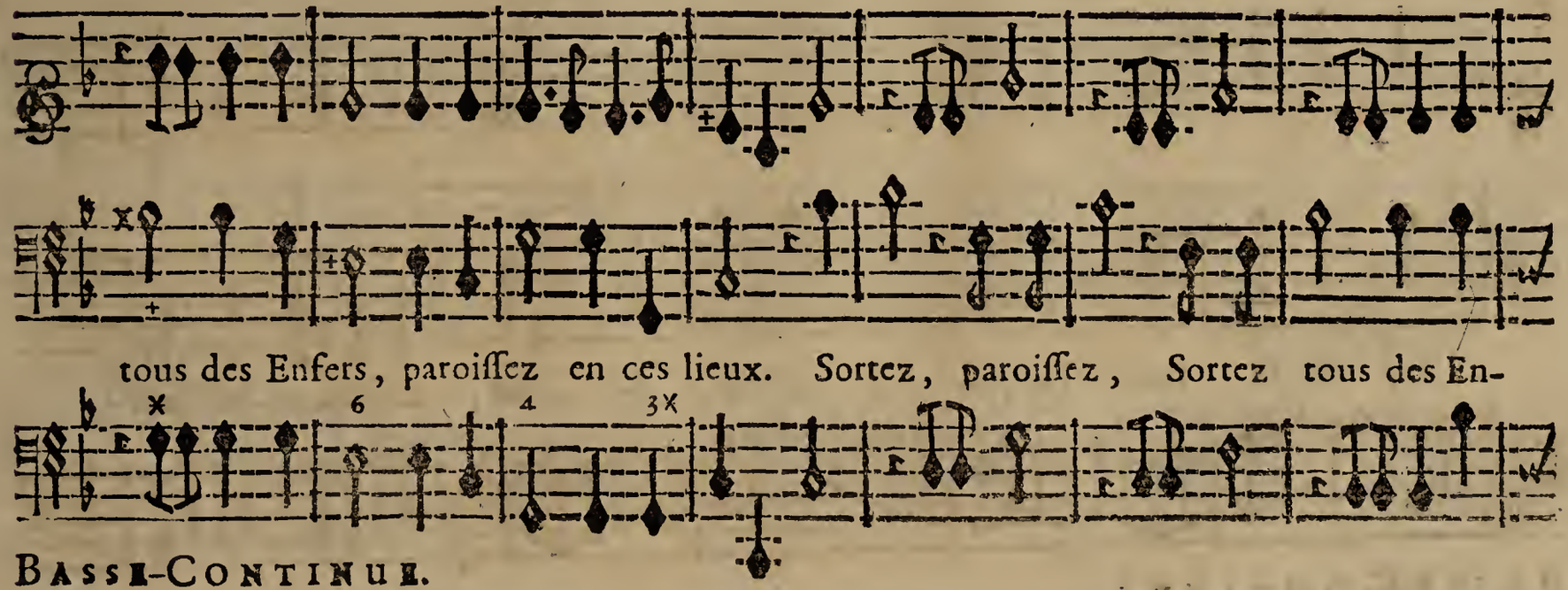
BASSE-CONTINUE.



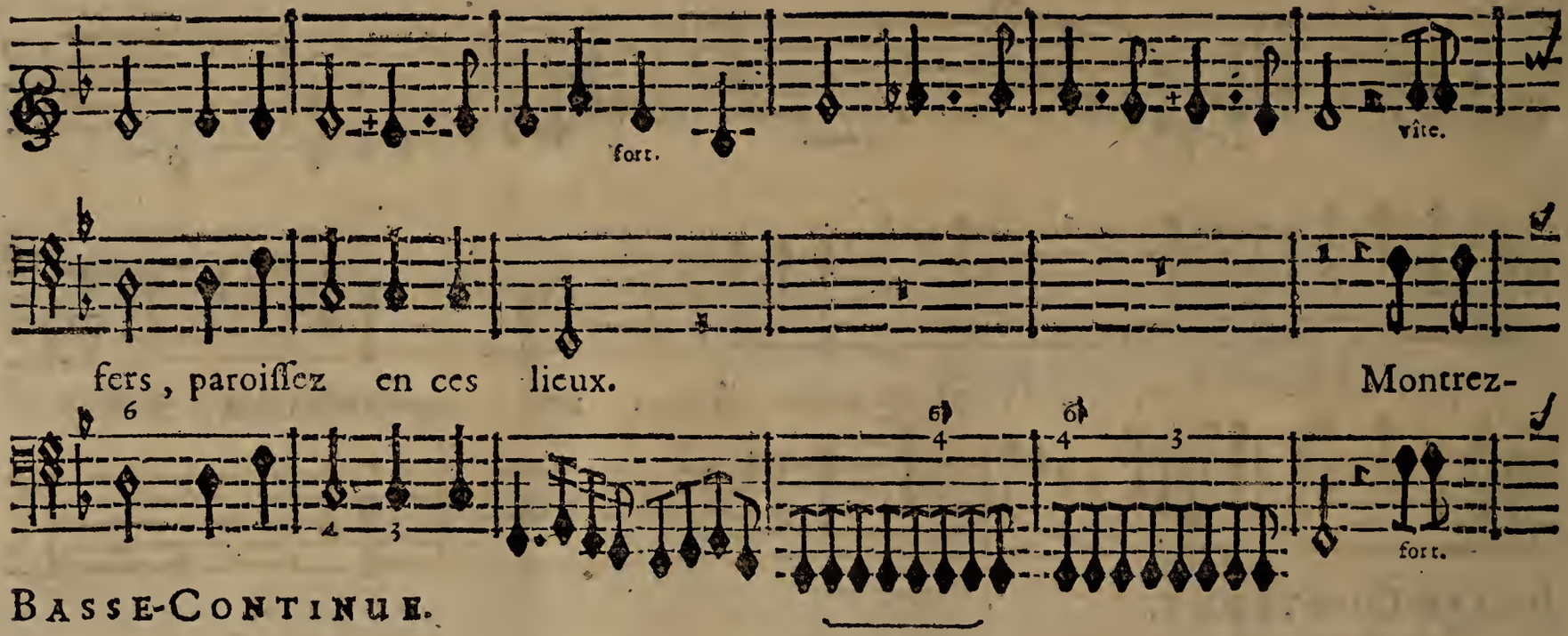
BASSE-CONTINUE.



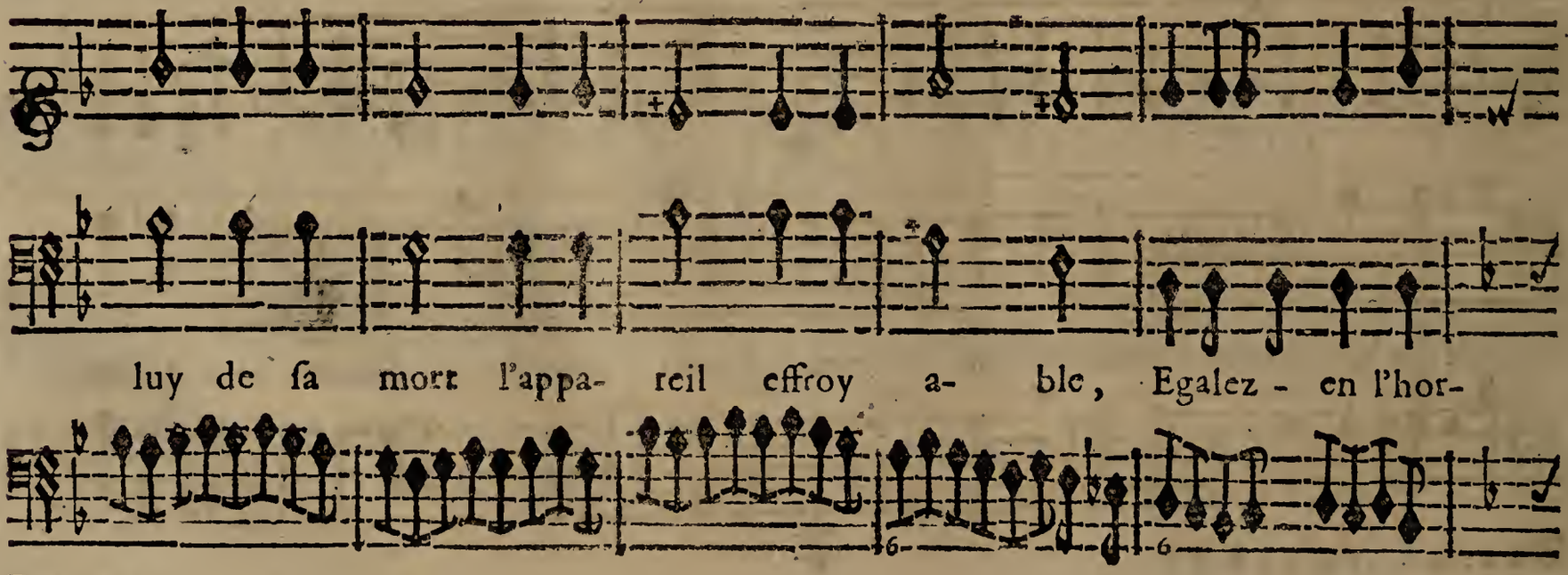
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.



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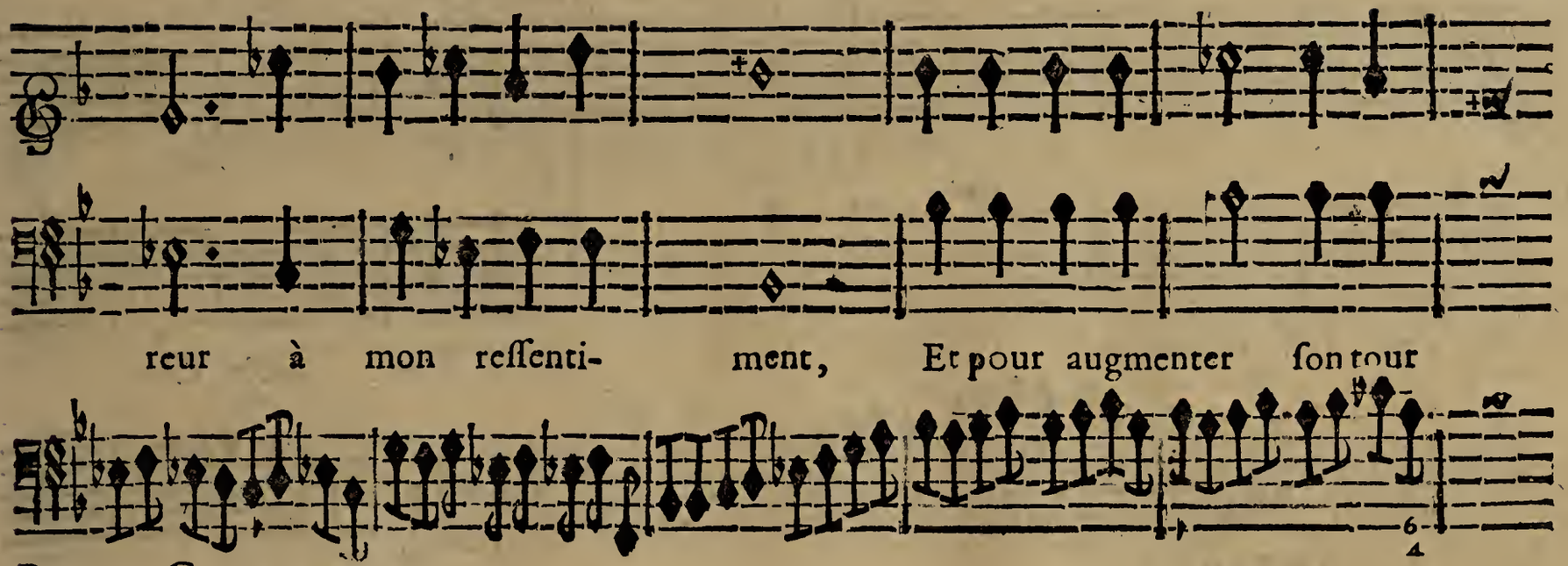

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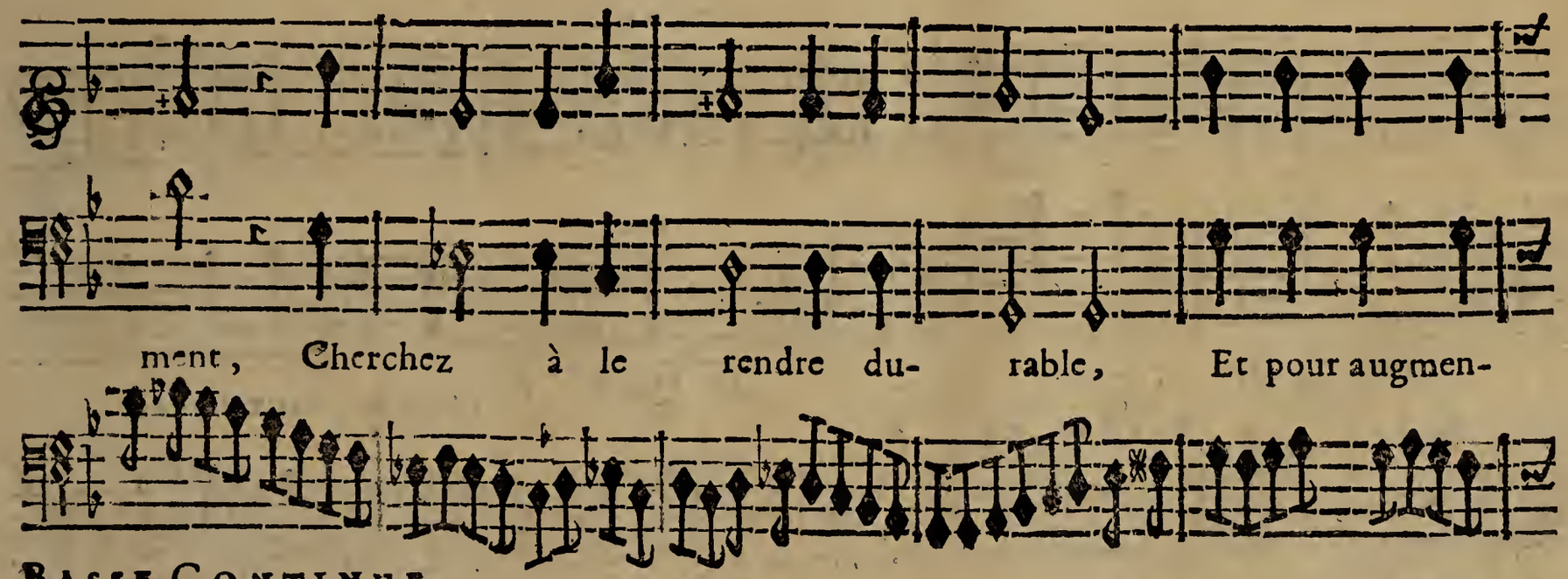

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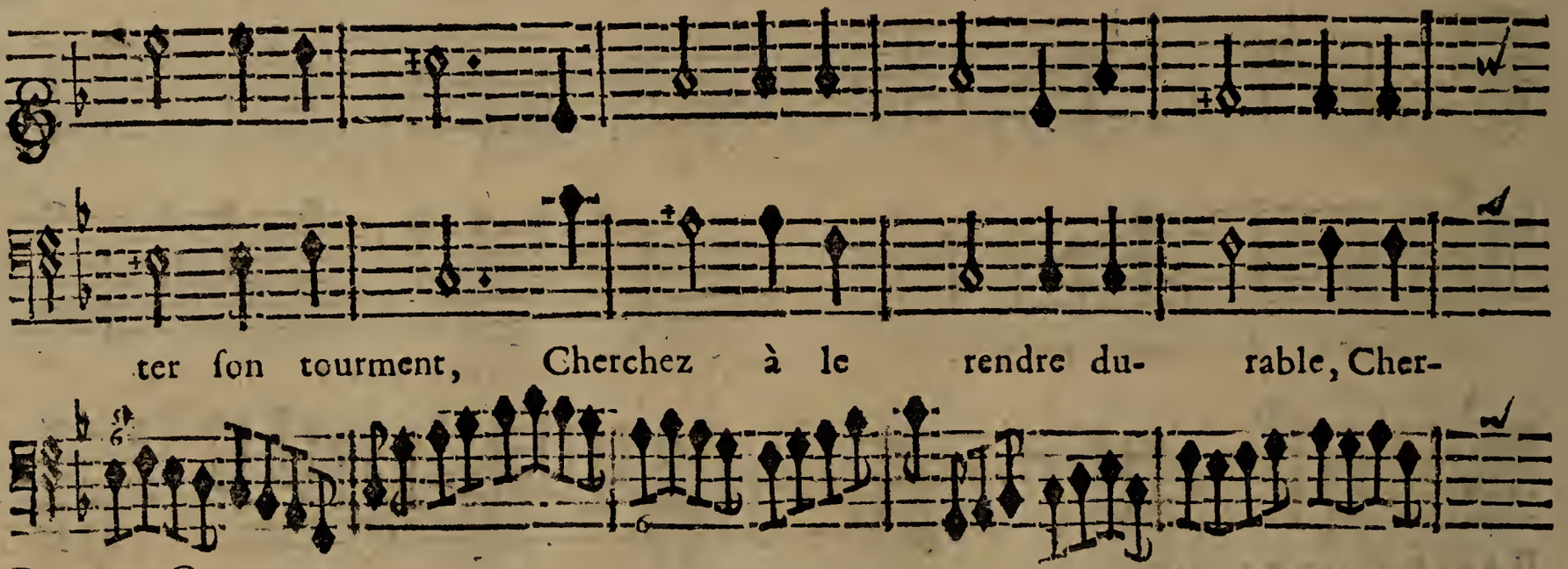

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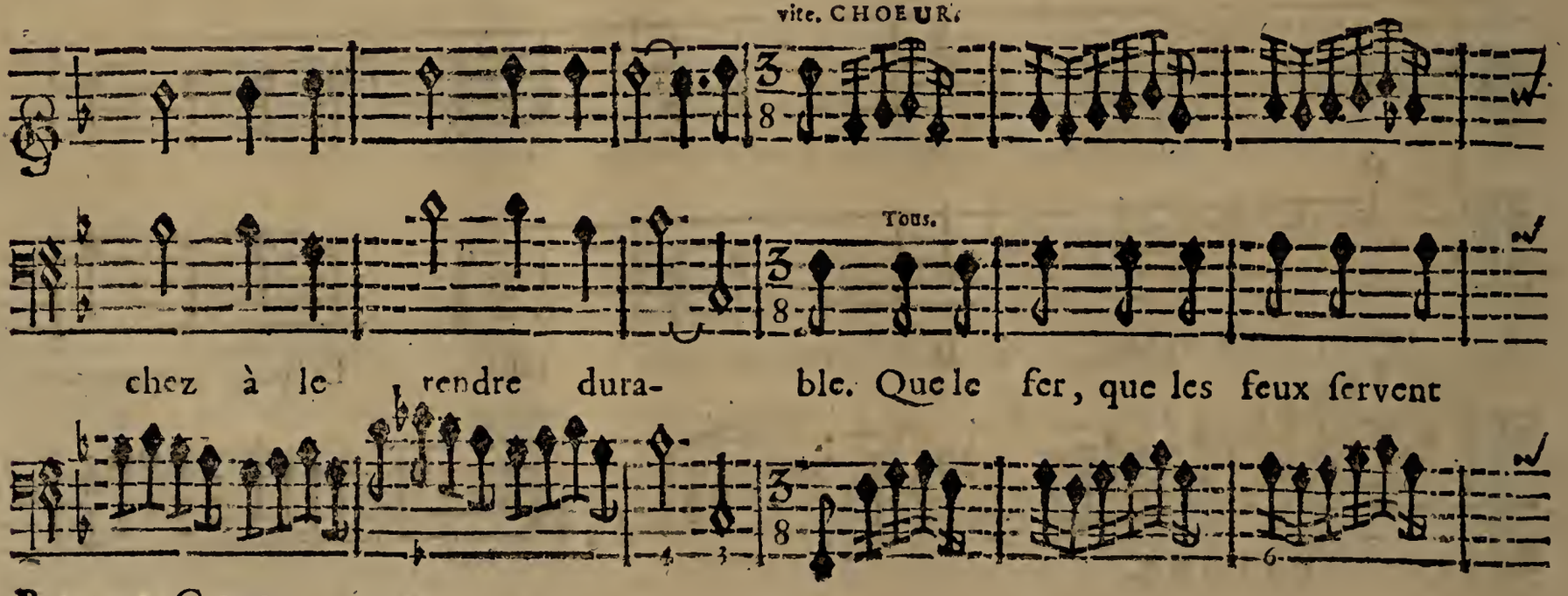
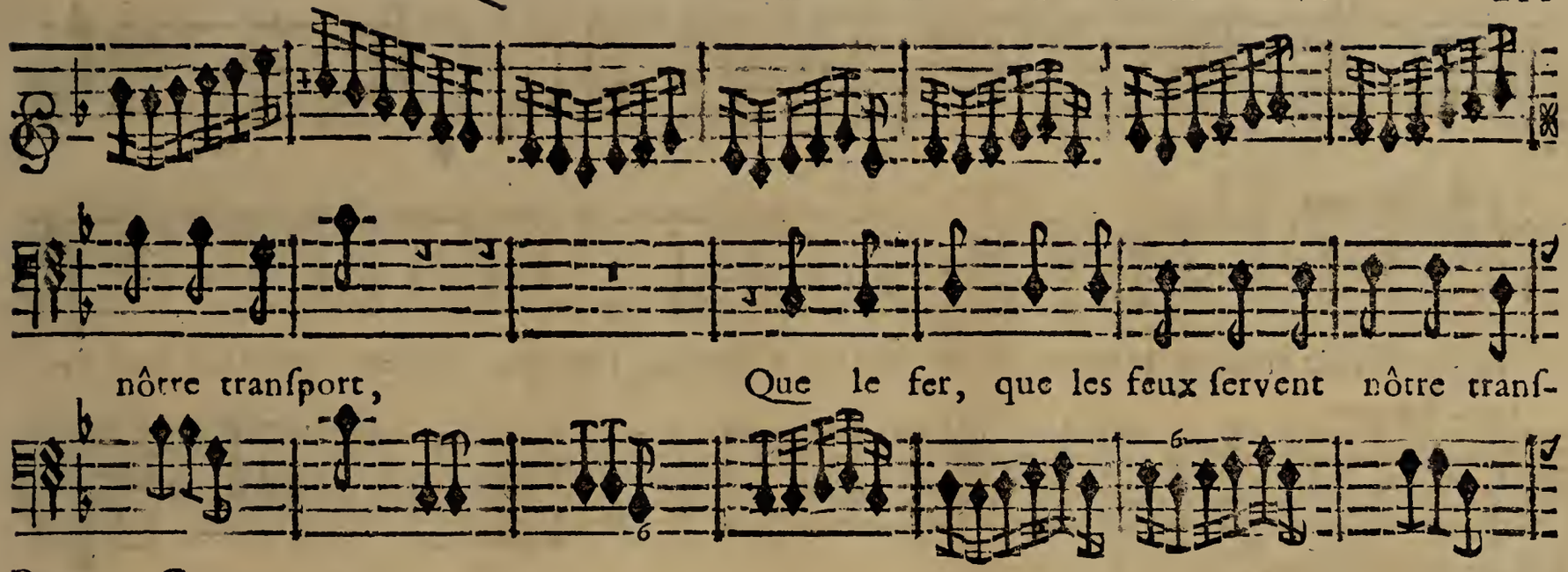
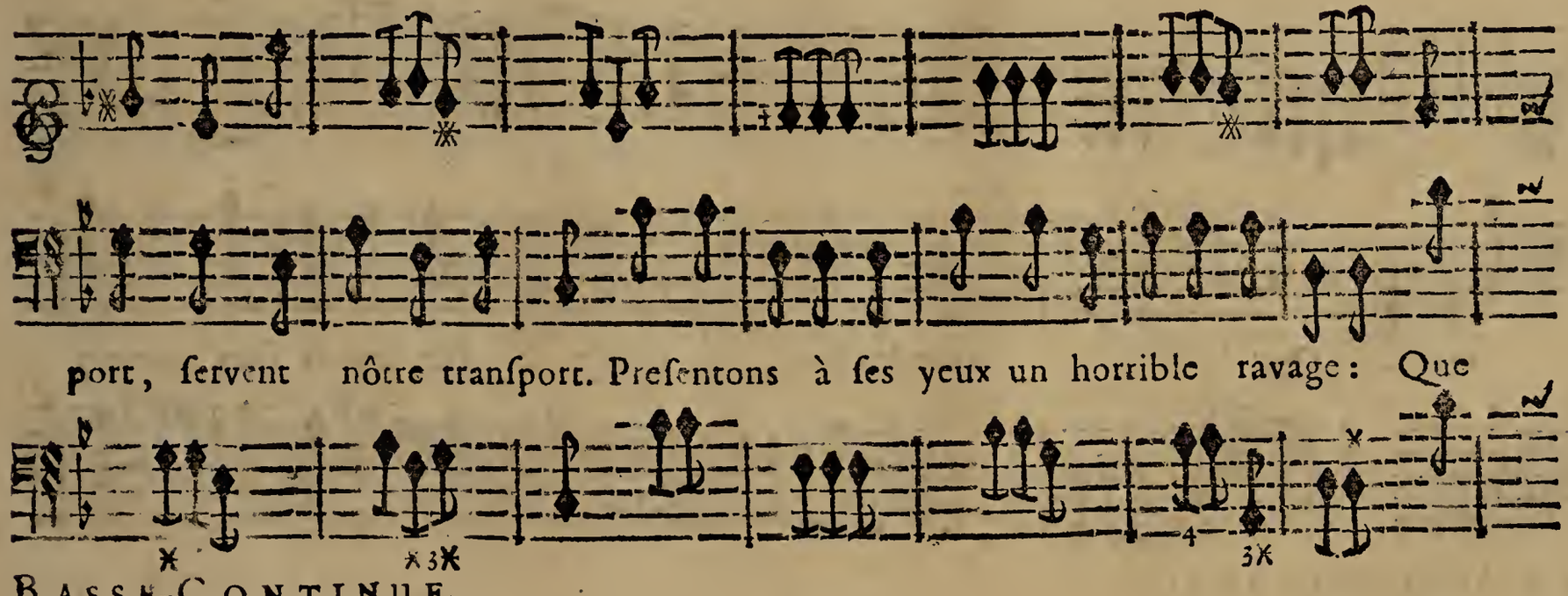


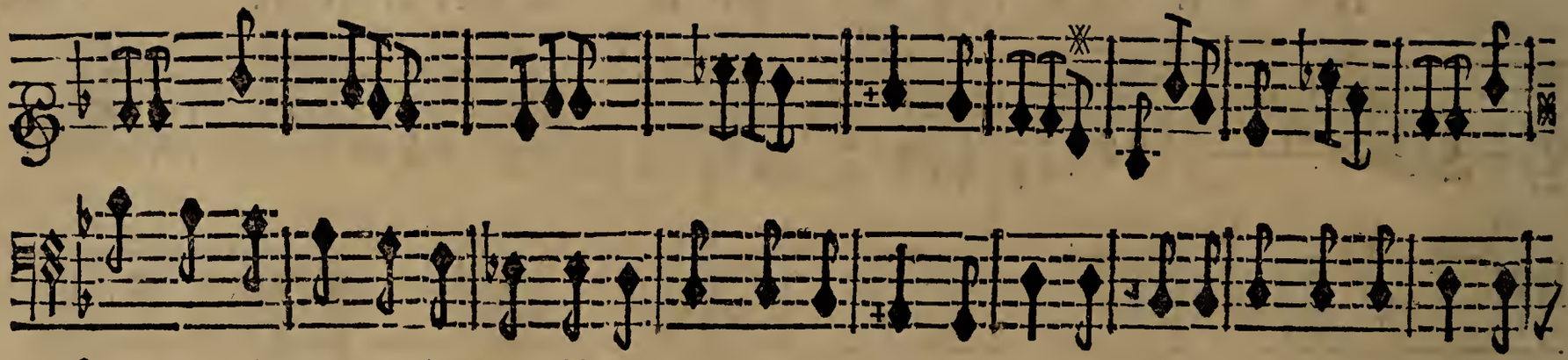
BASSE-CONTINUE.



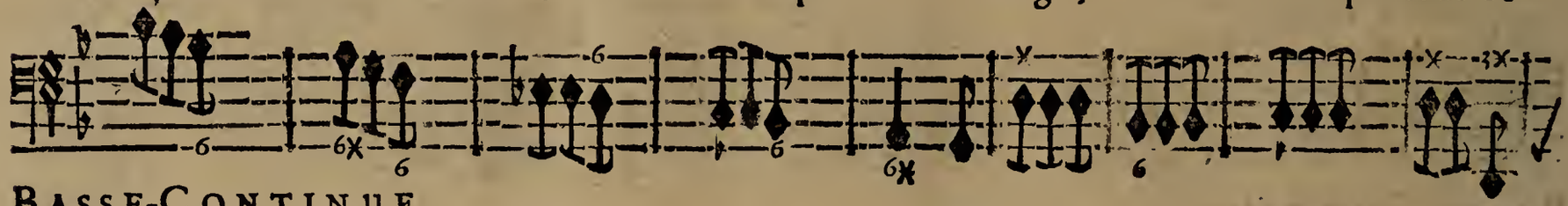
BASSE-CONTINUE.



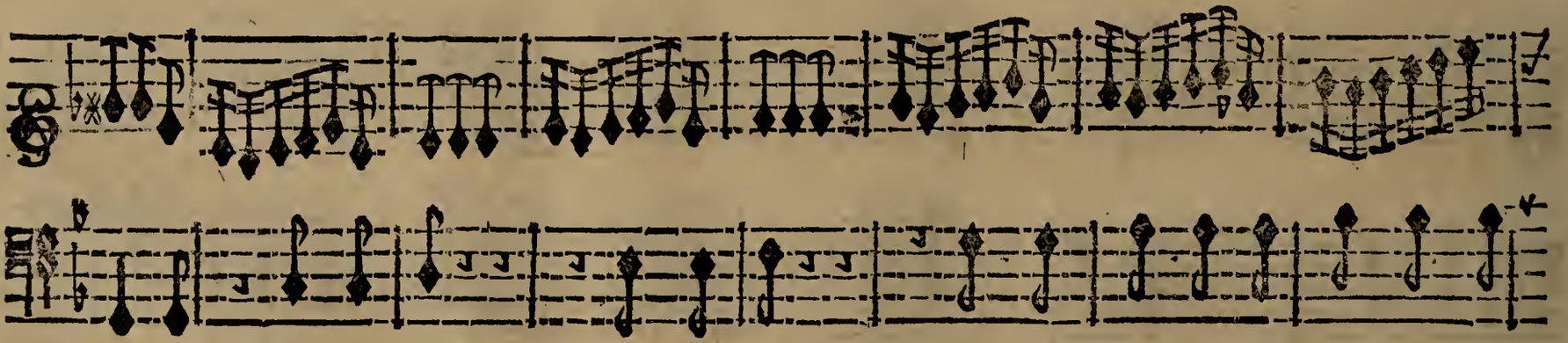
BASSE-CONTINUE.



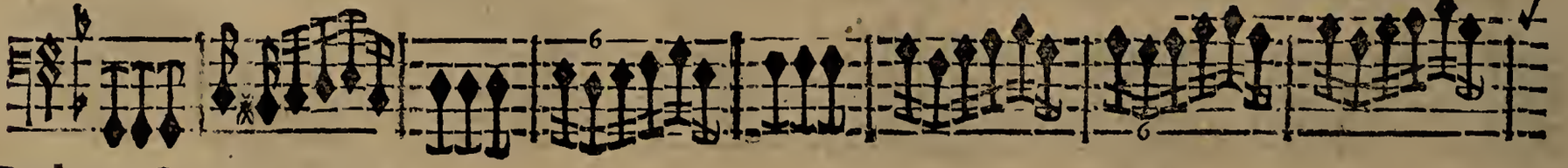
ſans pouvoir trouver la mort, Il en trouve par tout l'image, Il en trouve par tout l'i-



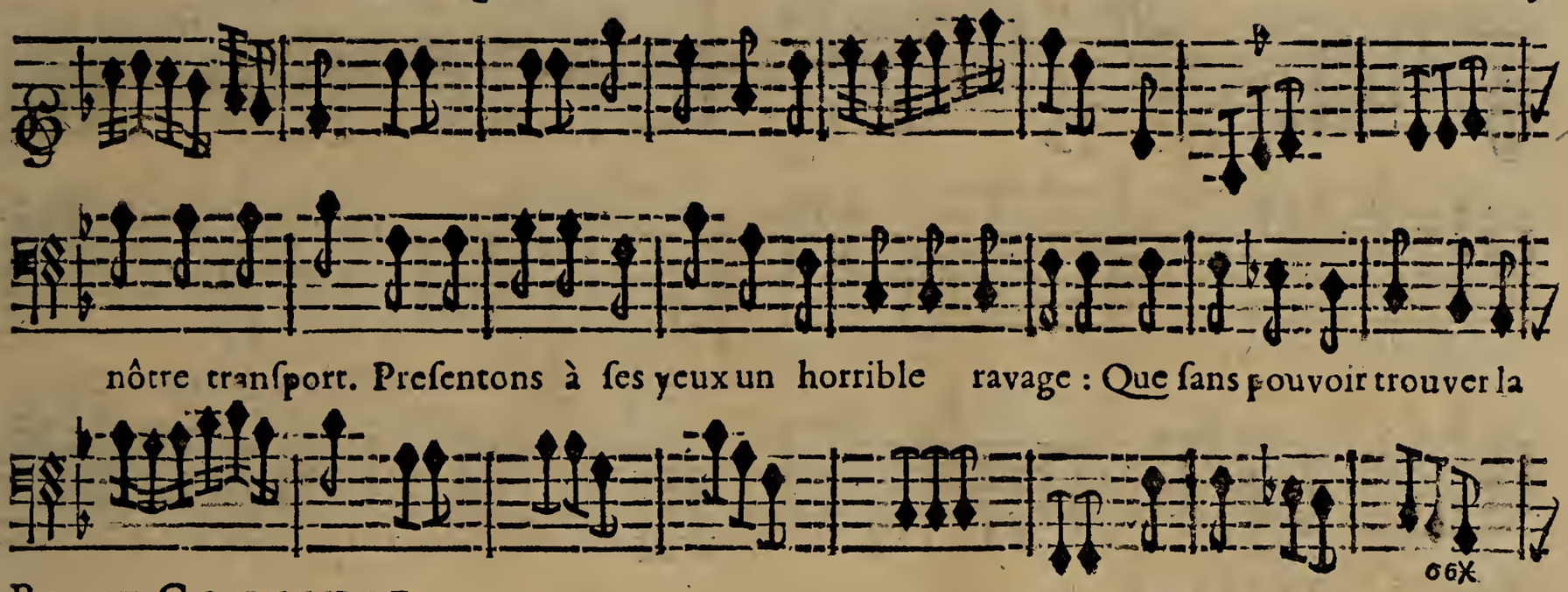
BASSE-CONTINUE.

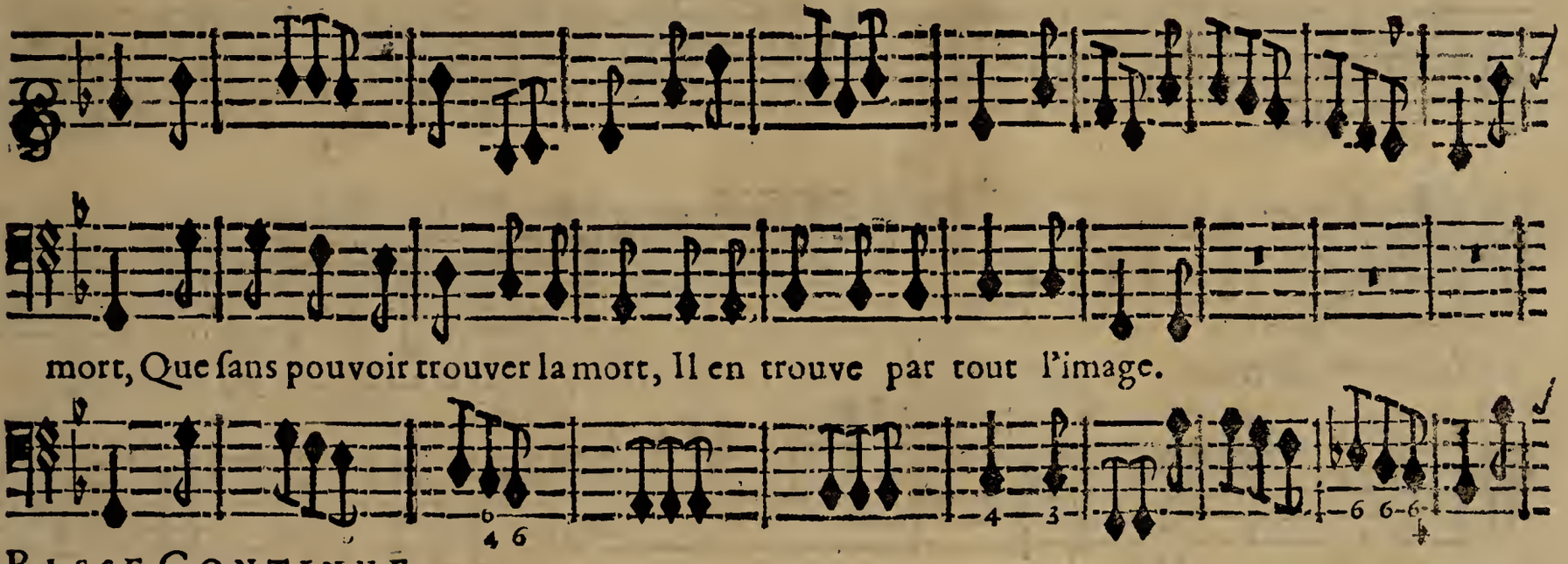


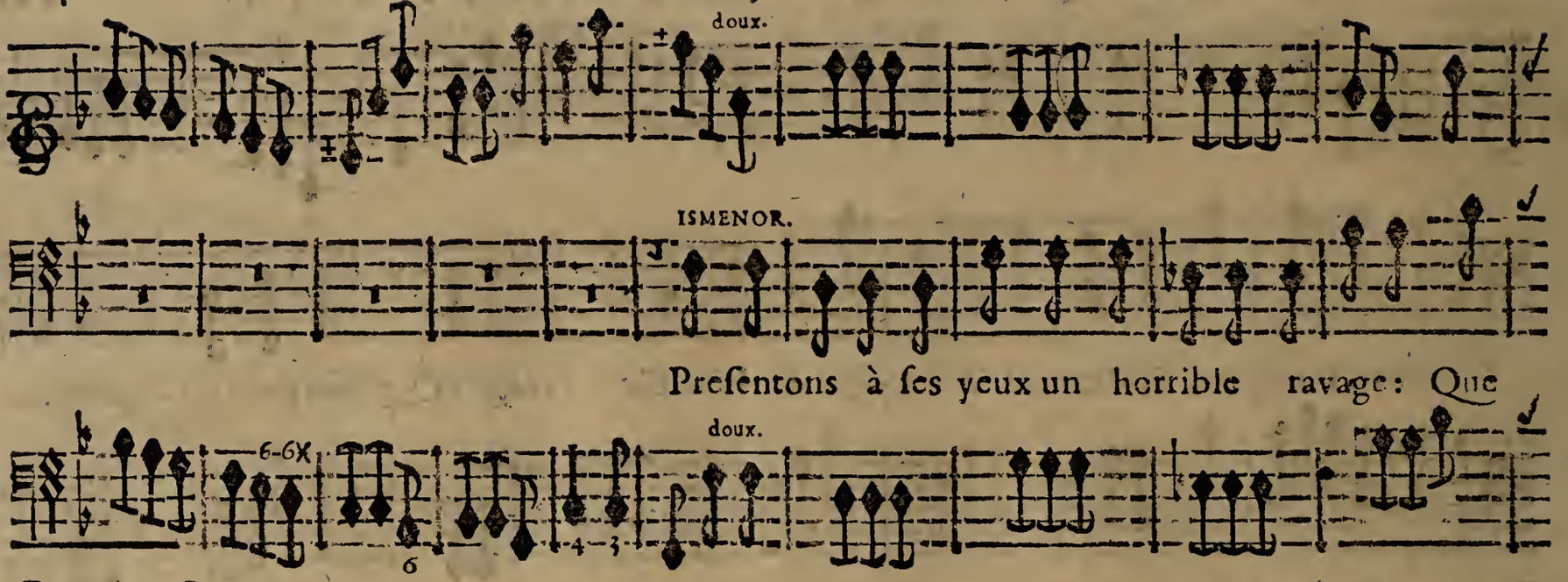
mage. Que le fer, que les feux, Que le fer, que le feux ſervent



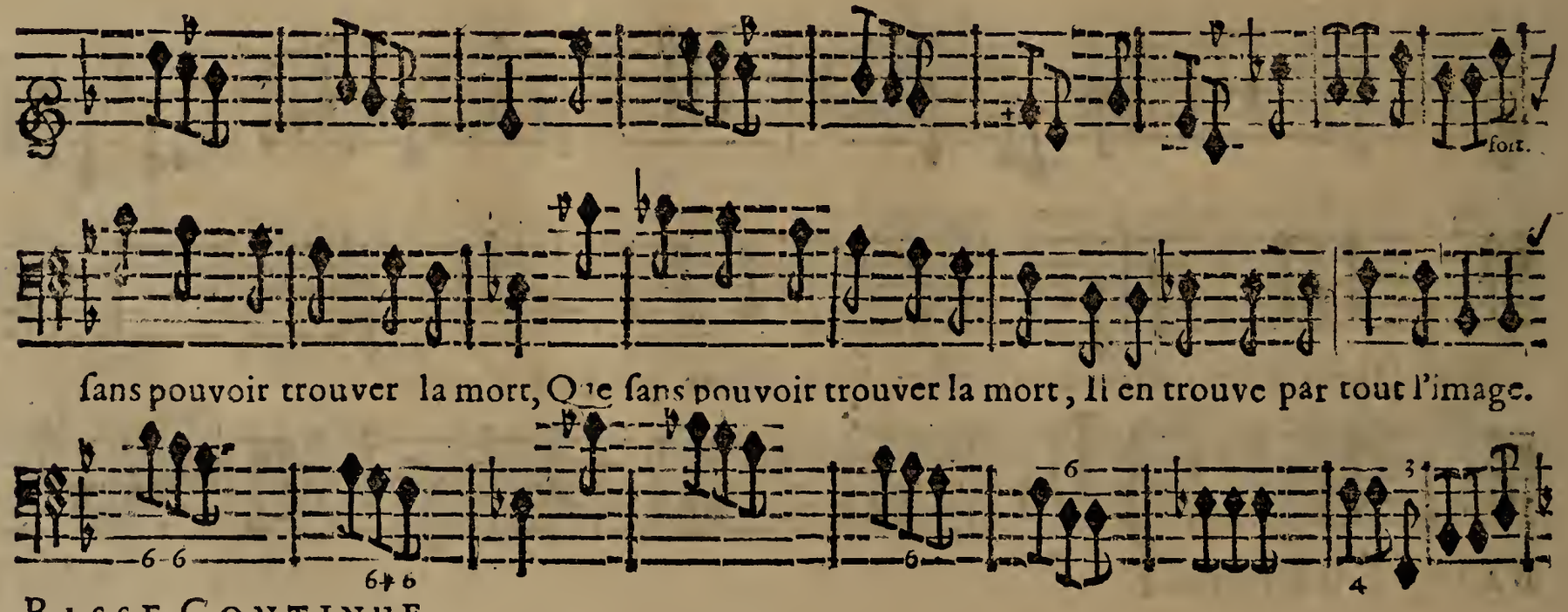
BASSE-CONTINUE.


nôtre transport. Presentons à ses yeux un horrible ravage : Que sans pouvoir trouver la
BASSE-CONTINUE.

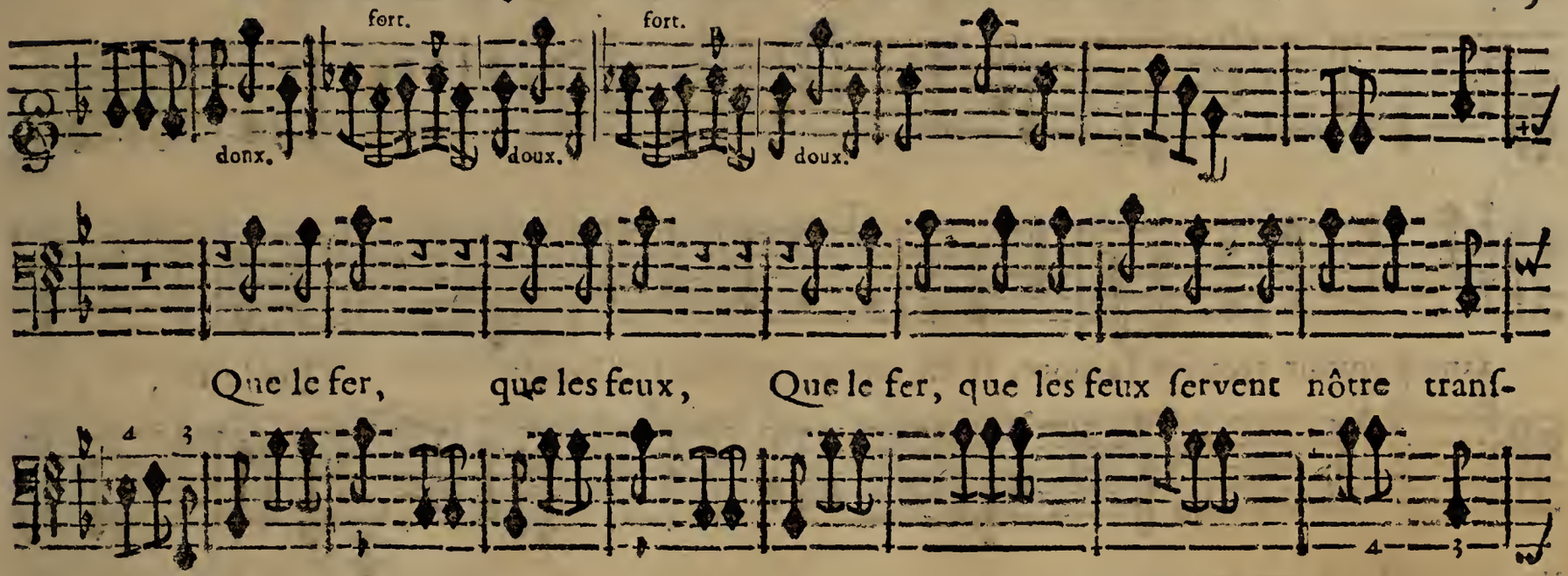

mort, Que sans pouvoir trouver la mort, Il en trouve par tout l'image.
BASSE-CONTINUE.



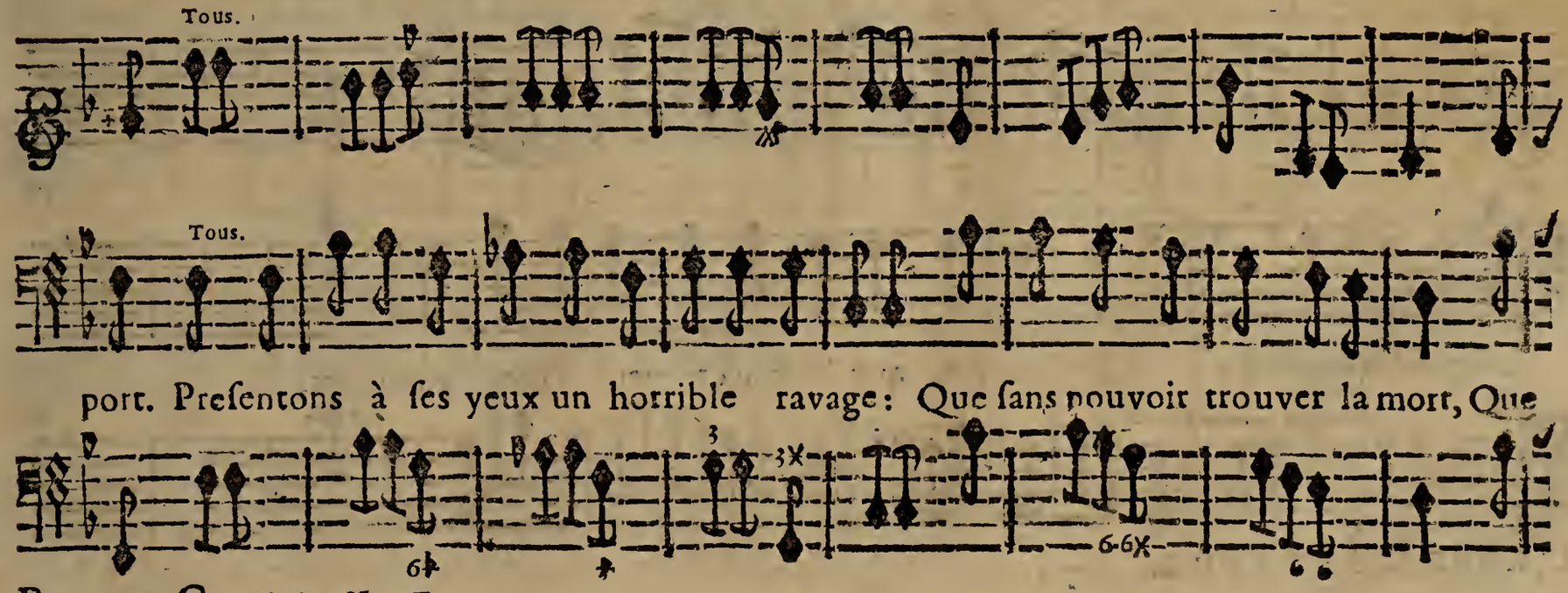
BASSE-CONTINUE.



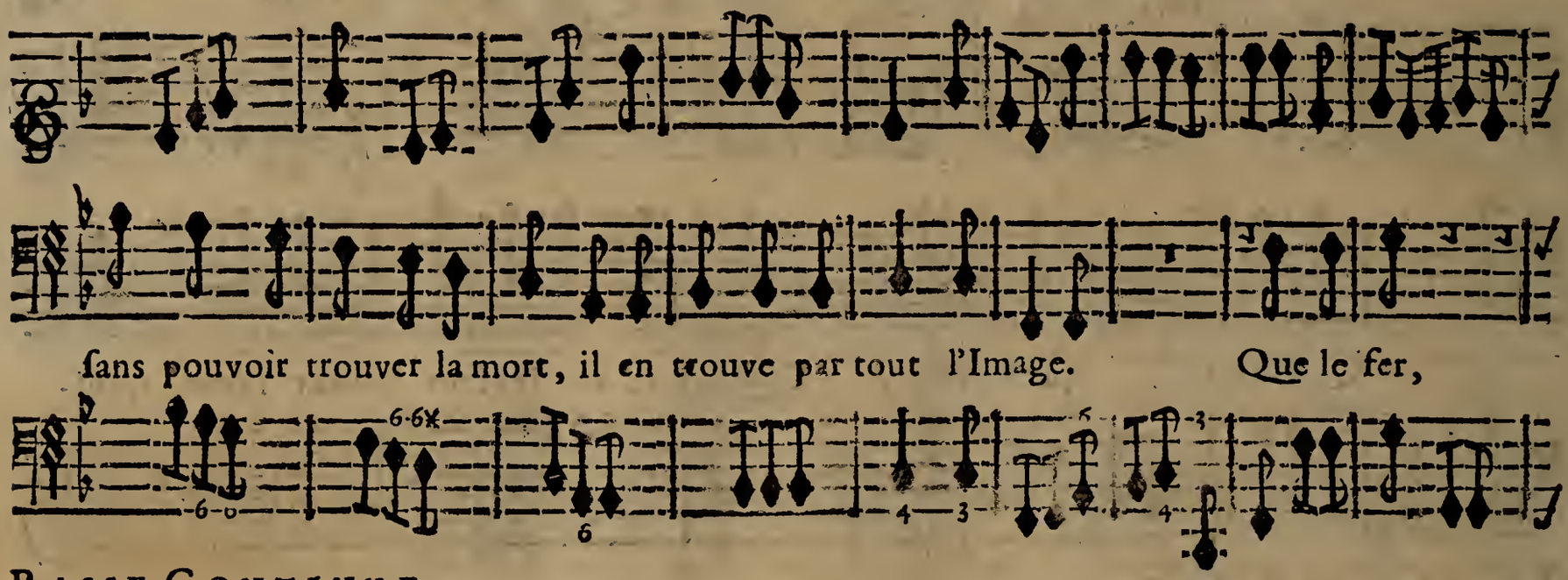
BASSE-CONTINUE.



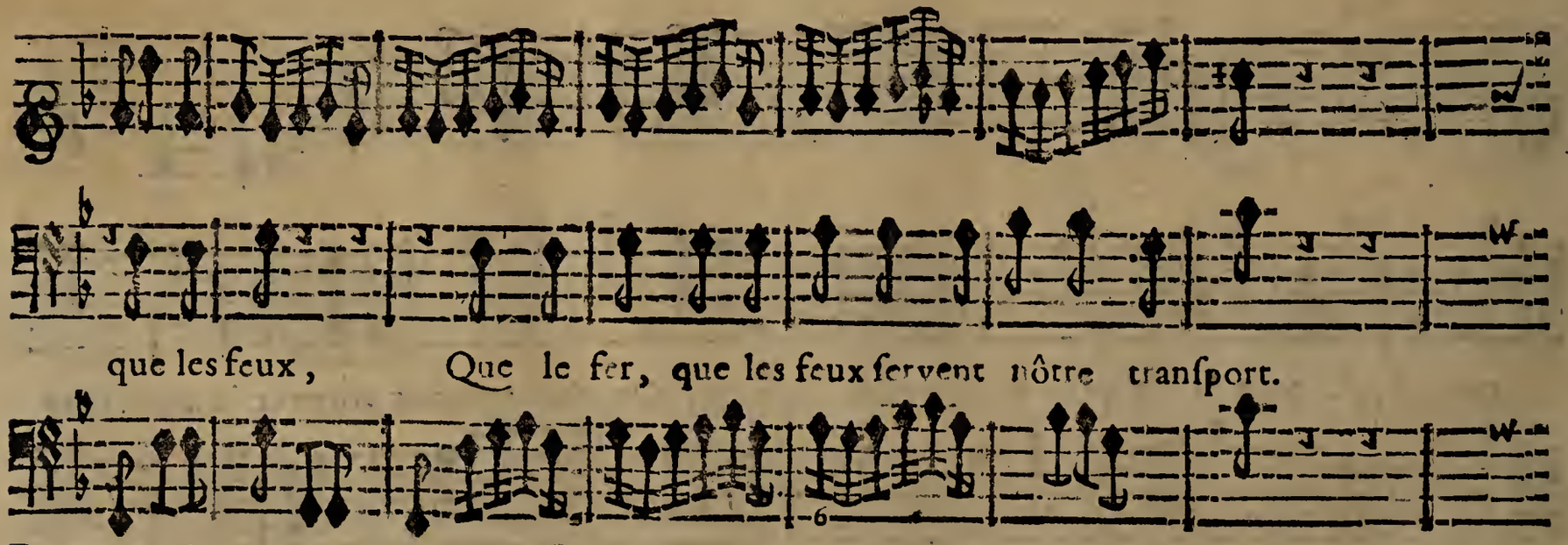
BSASE-CONTINUE.



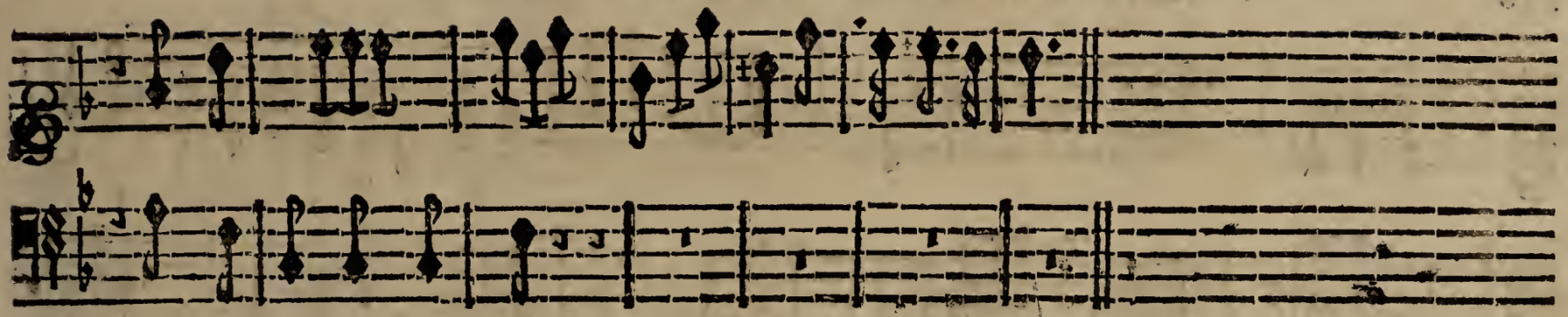
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

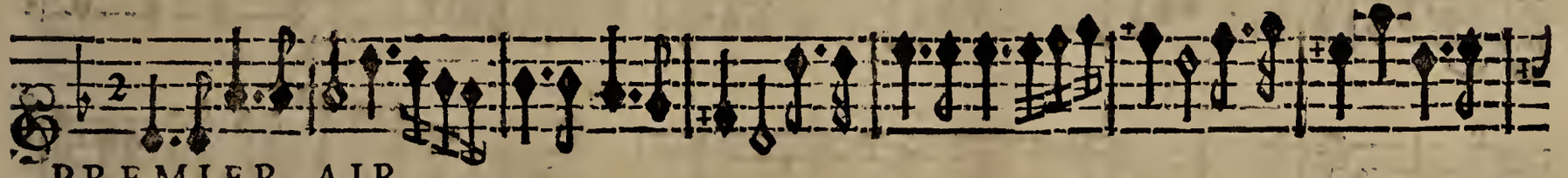


BASSE-CONTINUE.

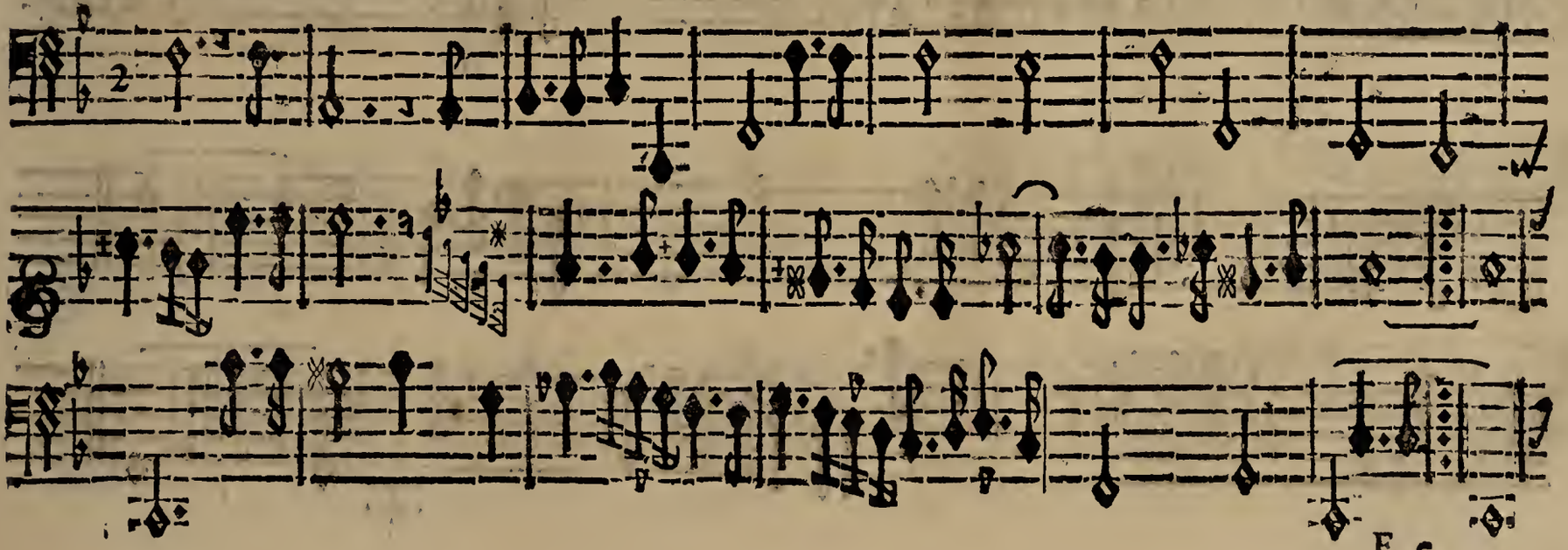


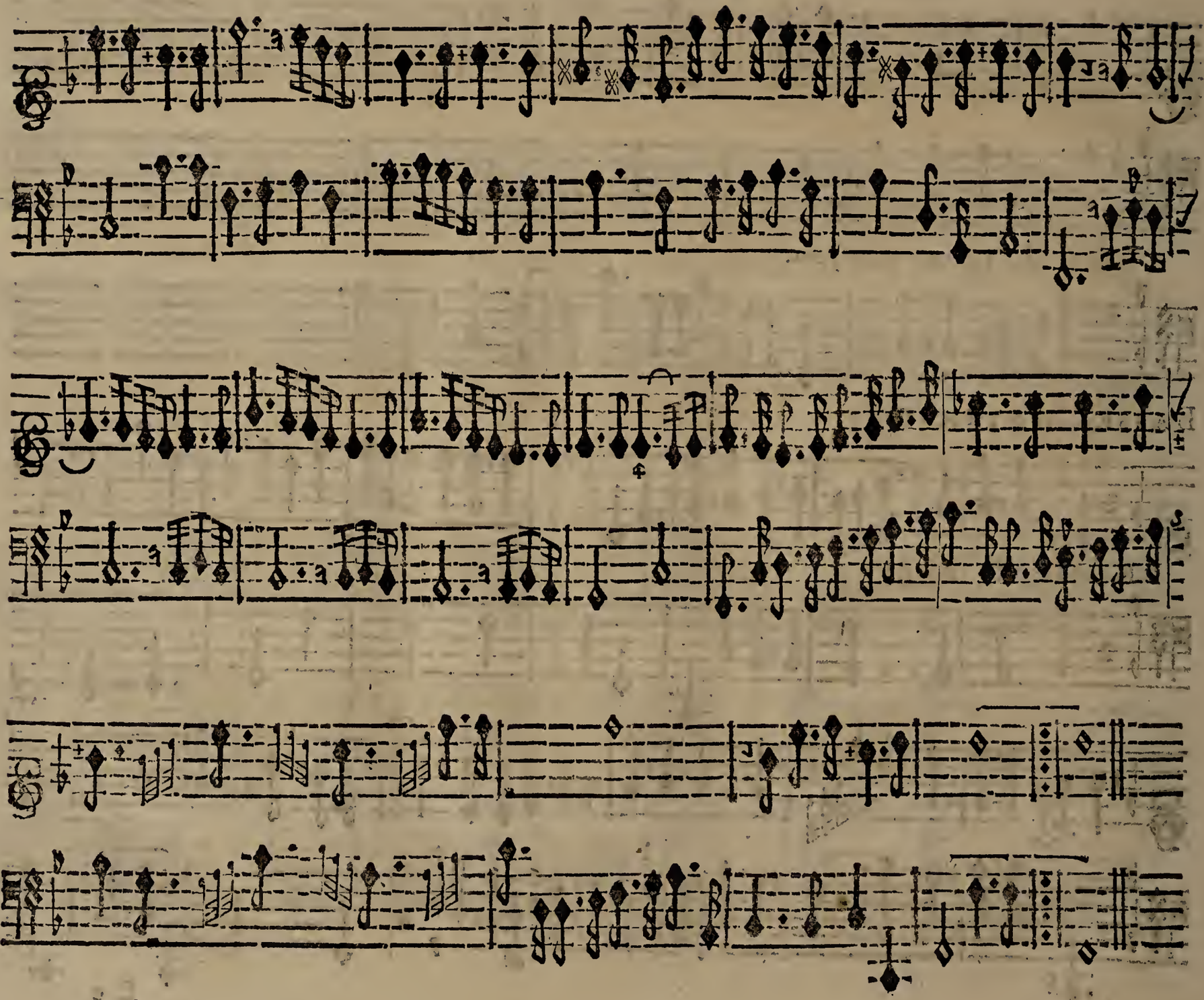
ſervent nôtre tranſport.

BASSE-CONTINUE.



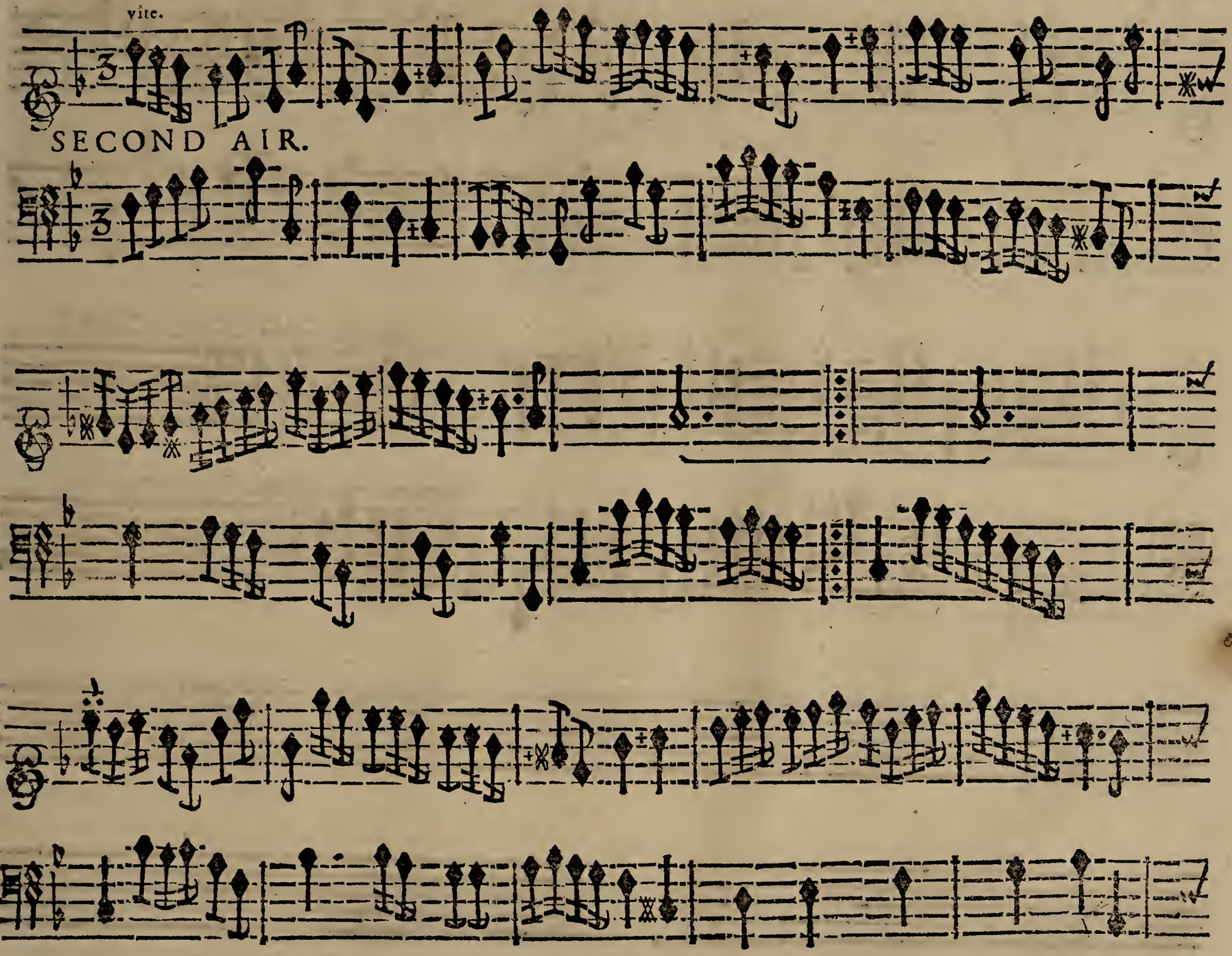
PREMIER AIR.

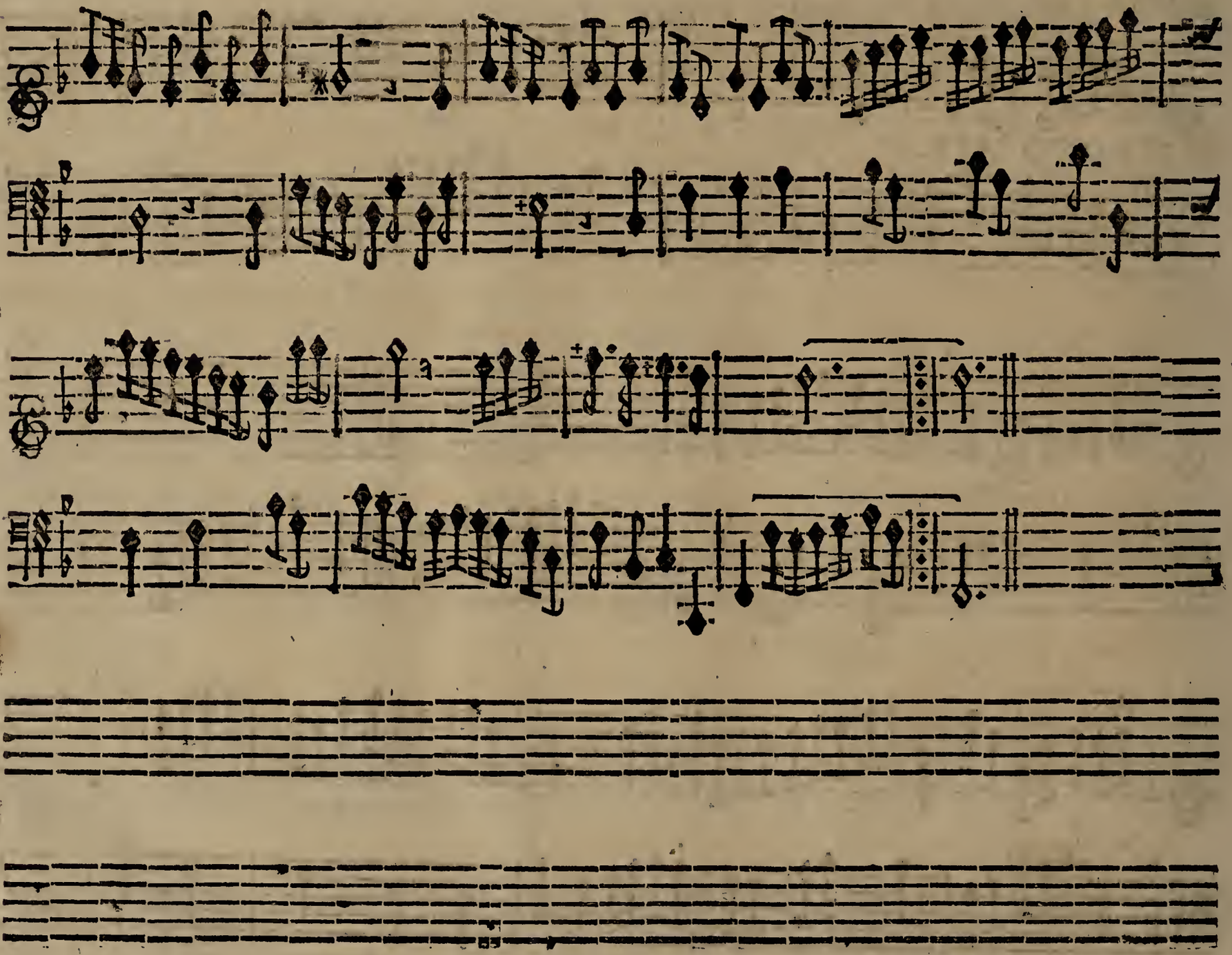




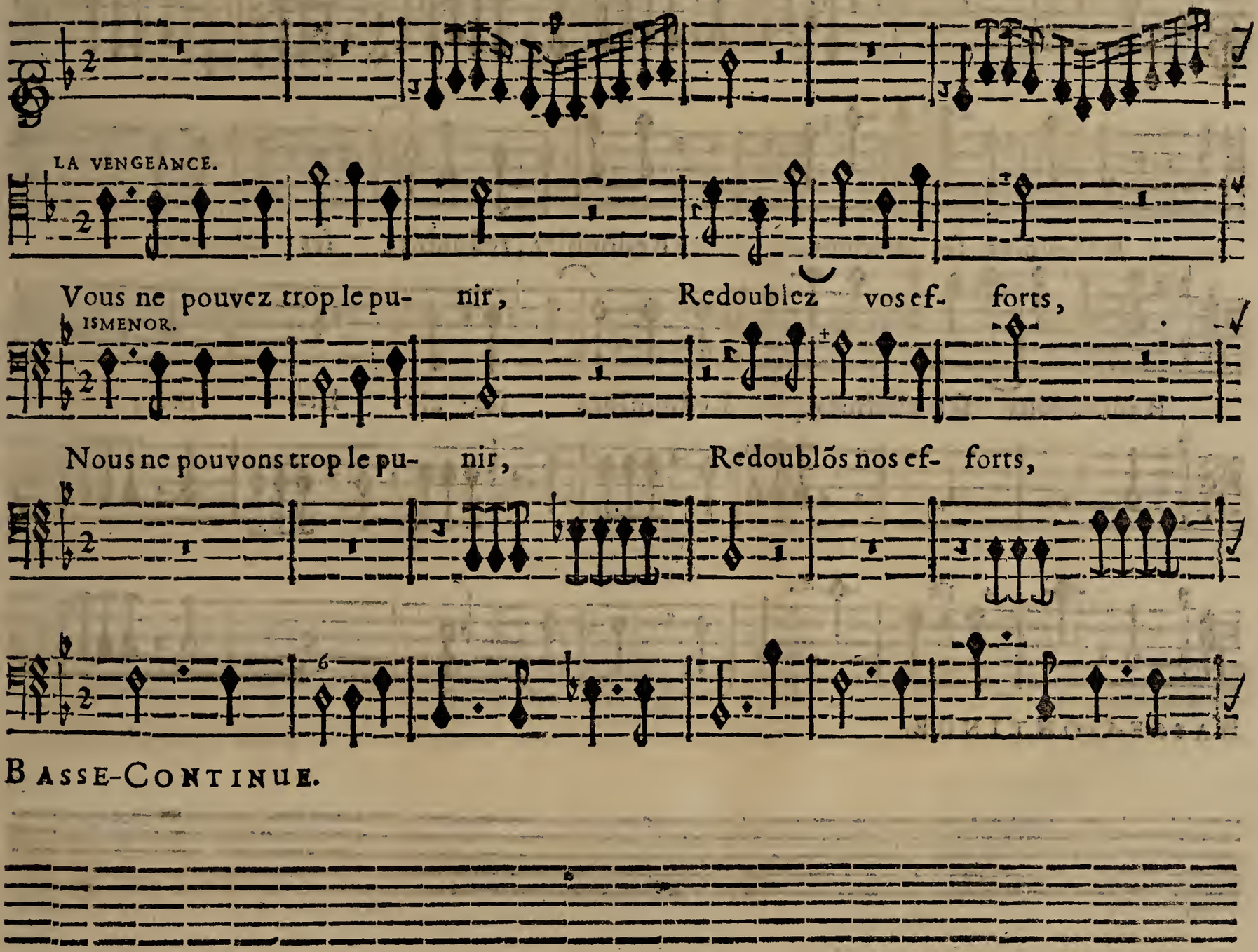
vite.

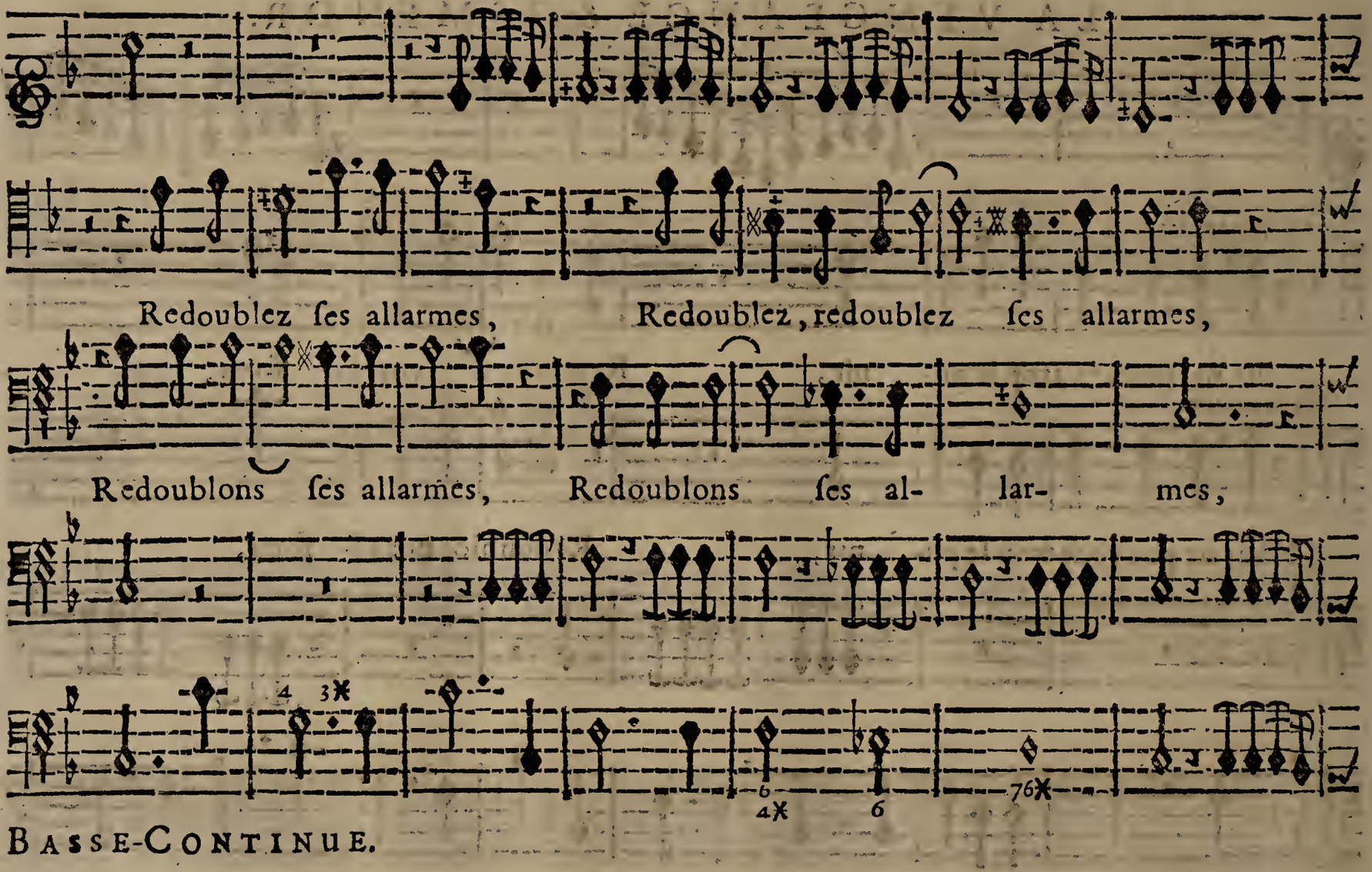
SECOND AIR.

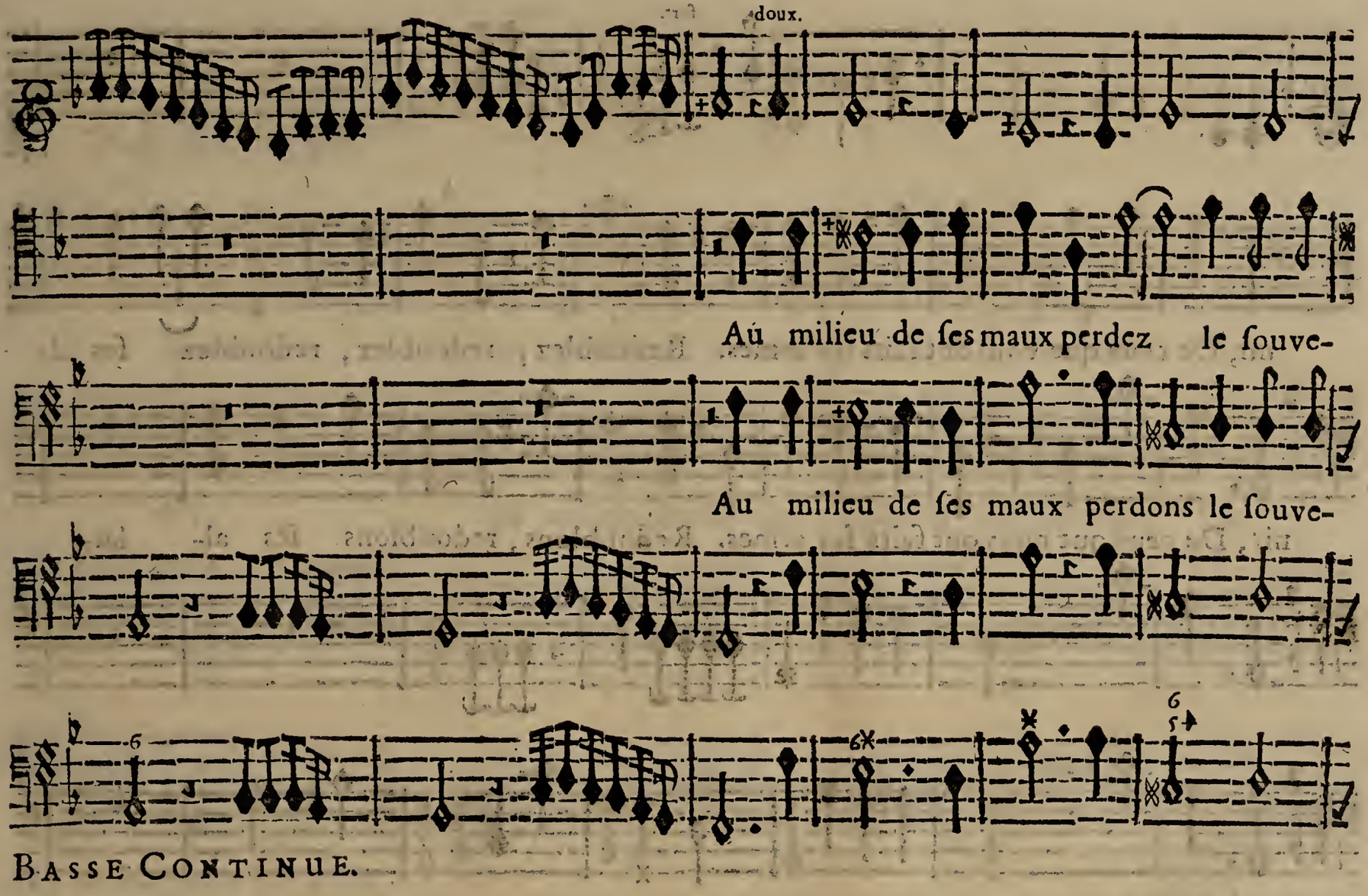




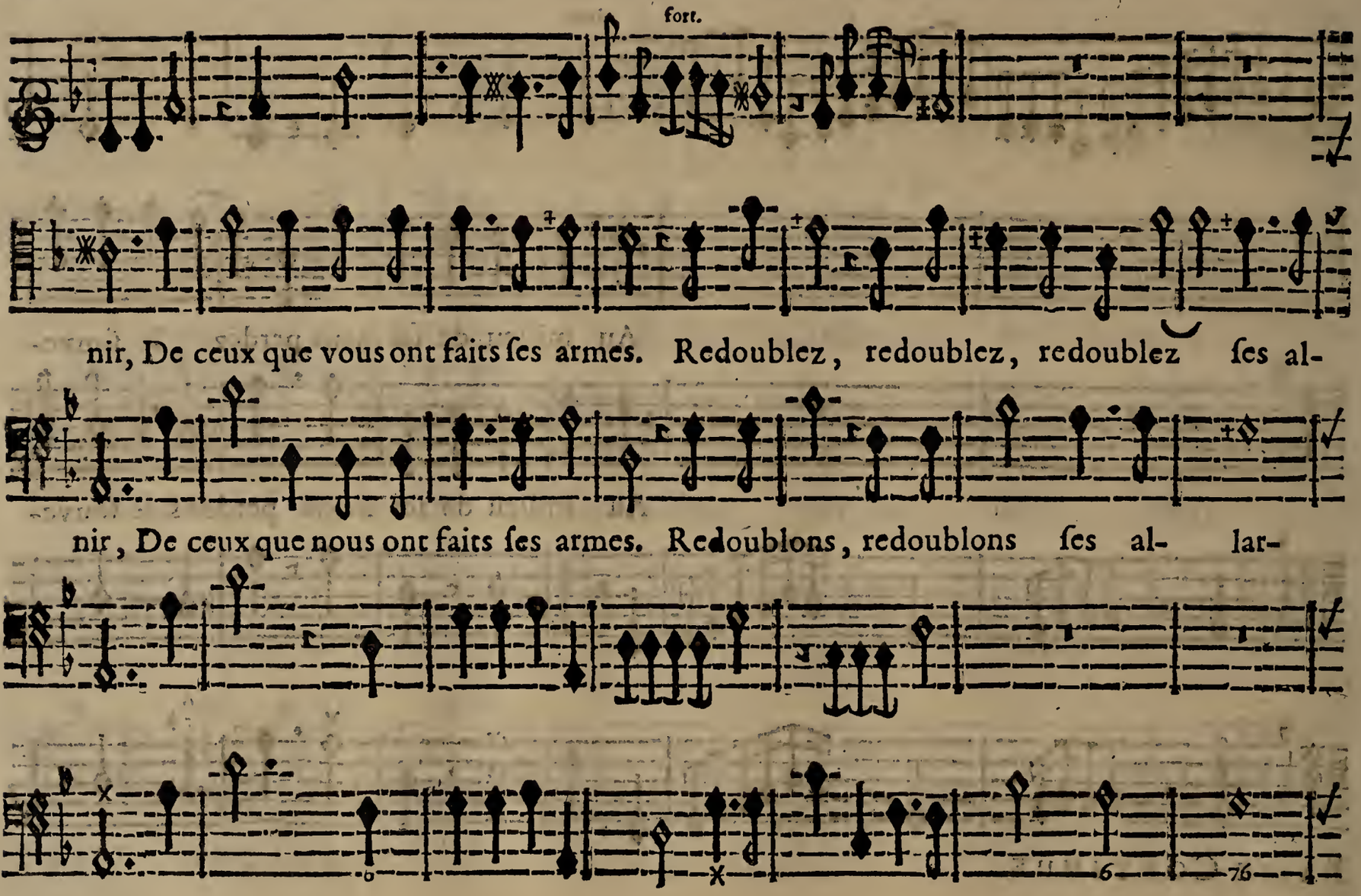
LA VENGEANCE & ISMENOR.



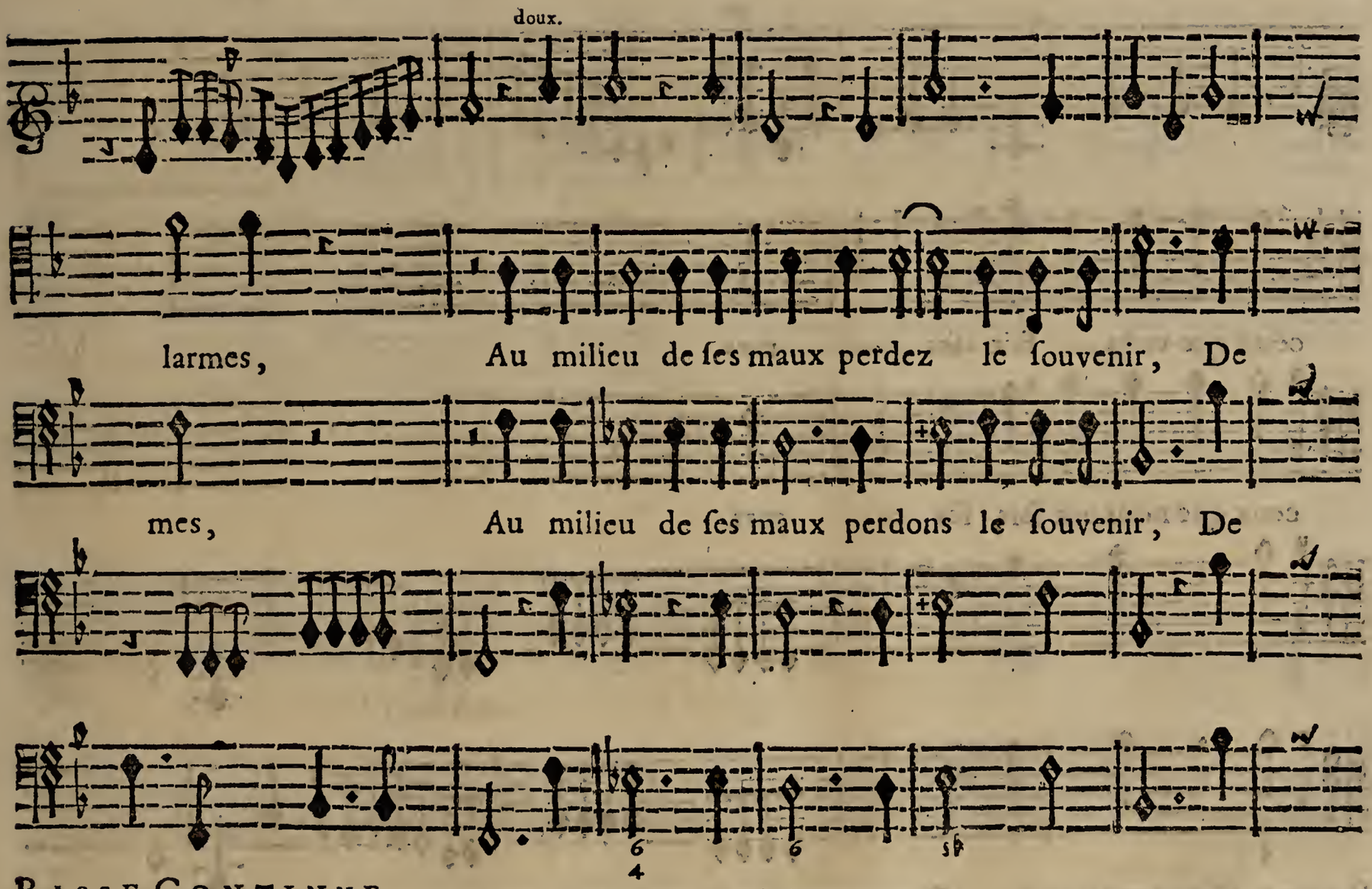

Redoublez ſes allarmes,
Redoublez, redoublez ſes allarmes,
Redoublons ſes allarmes,
Redoublons ſes al- lar- mes,
BASSE-CONTINUE.

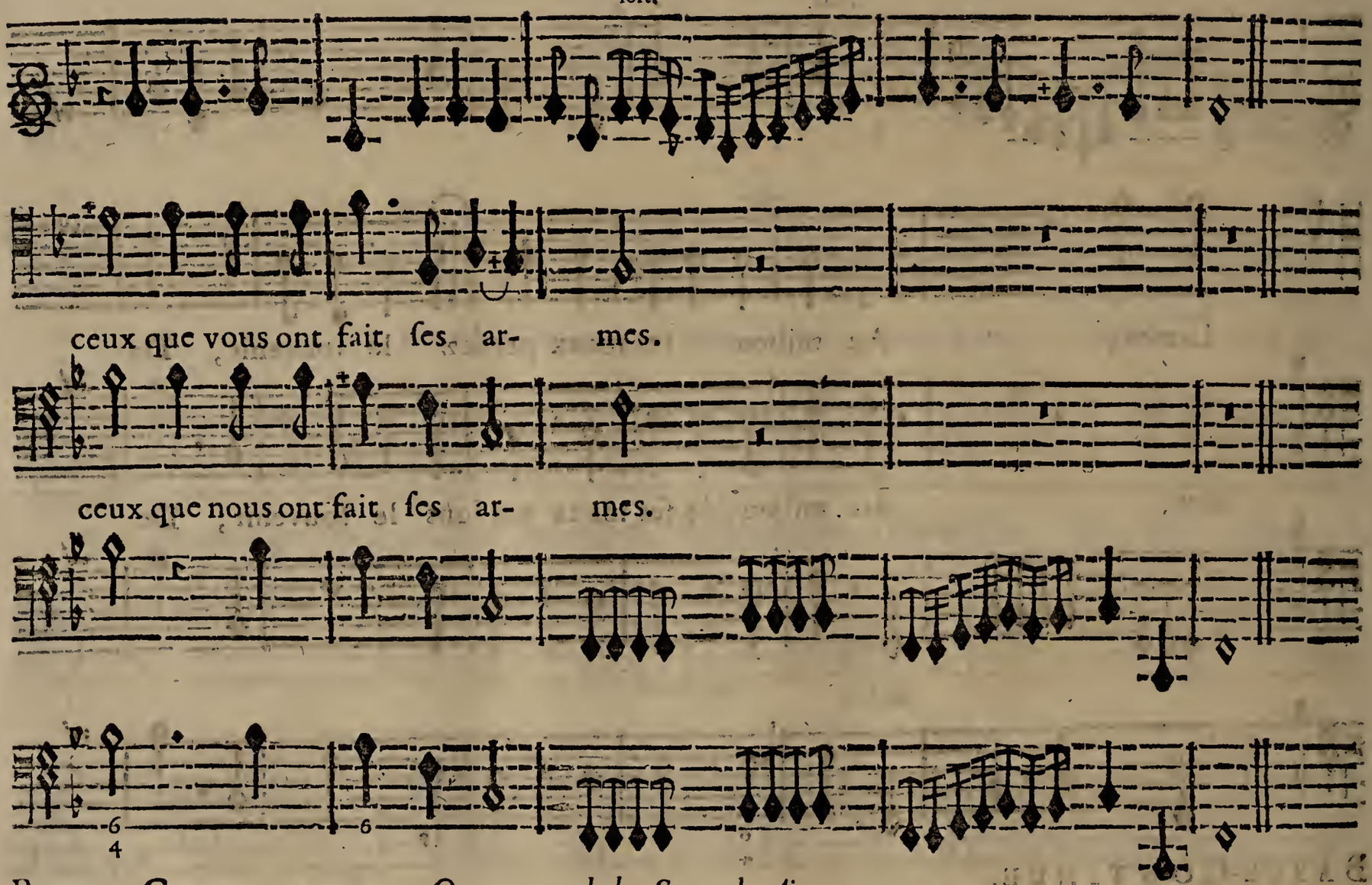

doux.
Au milieu de ſes maux perdez le ſouve-
Au milieu de ſes maux perdons le ſouve-
Basse Continue.

fort.

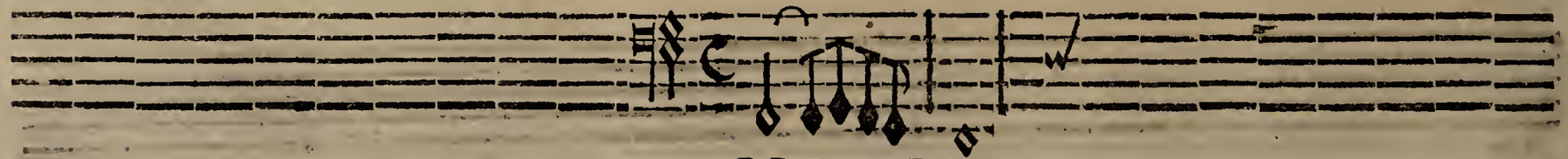


BASSE-CONTINUE.


doux.
larmes, Au milieu de ſes maux perdez le ſouvenir, De
mes, Au milieu de ſes maux perdons le ſouvenir, De
BASSE-CONTINUE.

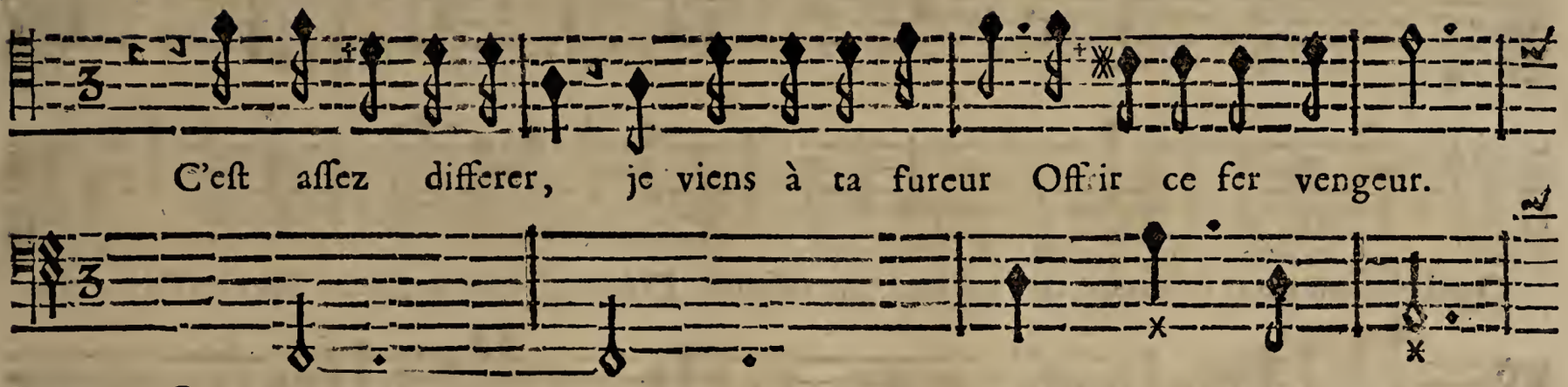


BASSE-CONTINUE. *On reprend le Second Air page 219.*

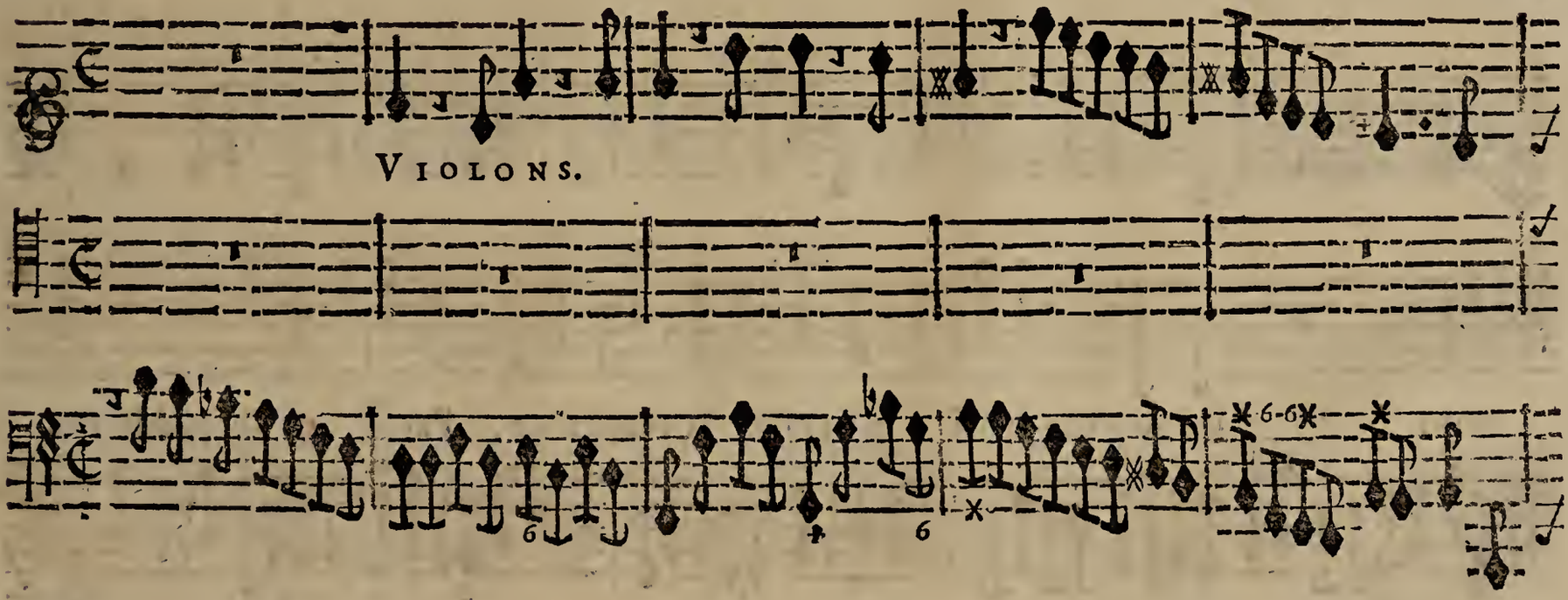


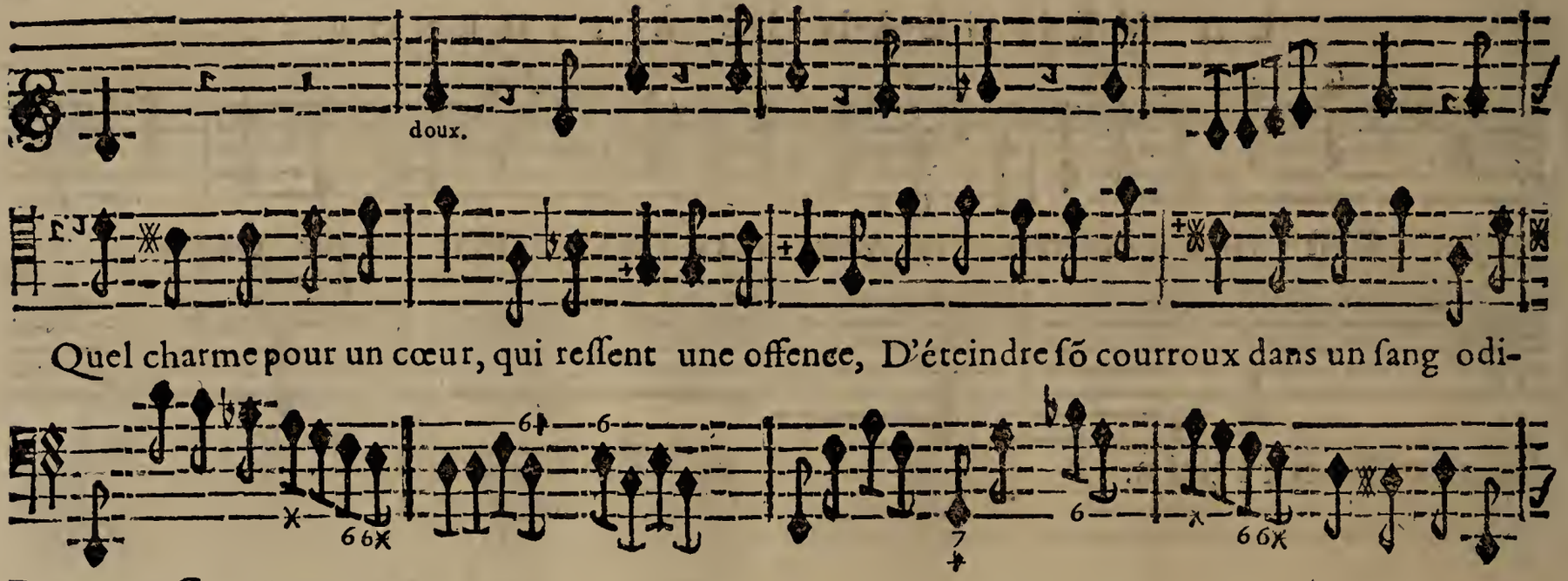
PRELUDE.

LA VENGEANCE à ISMENOR.



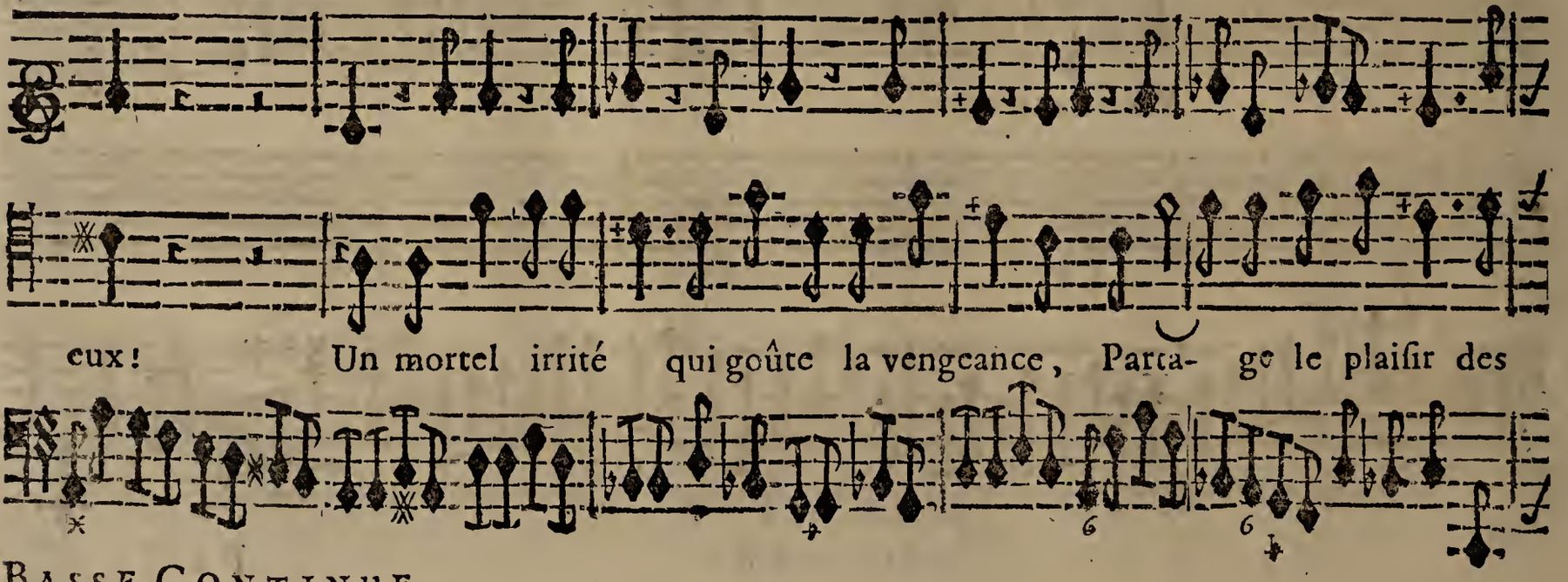
BASSE-CONTINUE.





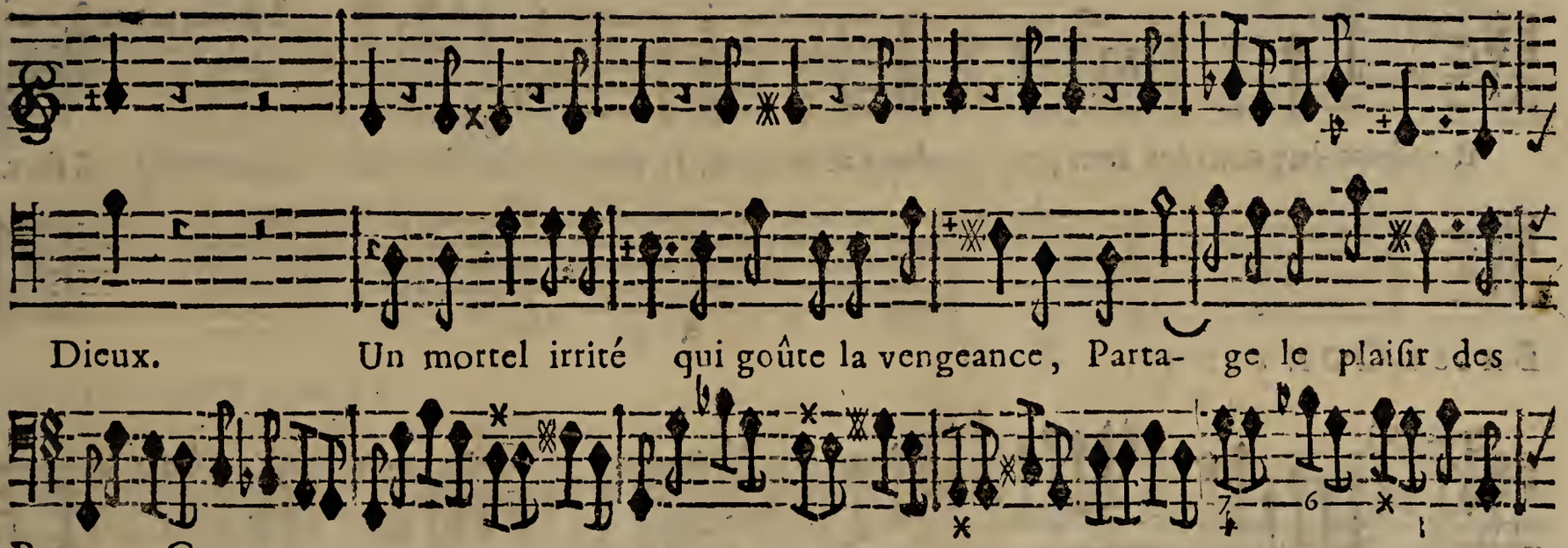
Quel charme pour un cœur, qui reſſent une offence, D'éteindre ſõ courroux dans un ſang odi-

BASSE-CONTINUE.



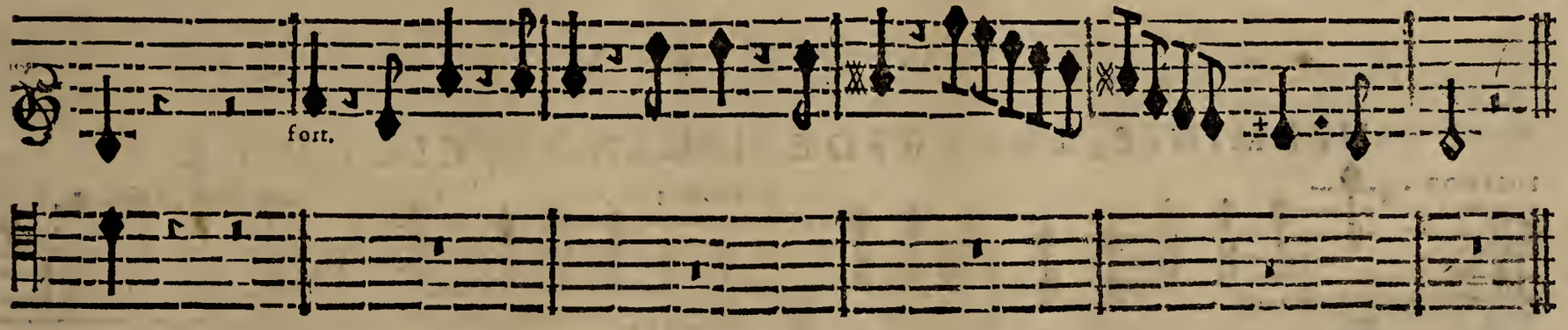
eux! Un mortel irrité qui goûte la vengeance, Parta- ge le plaiſir des

BASSE-CONTINUE.

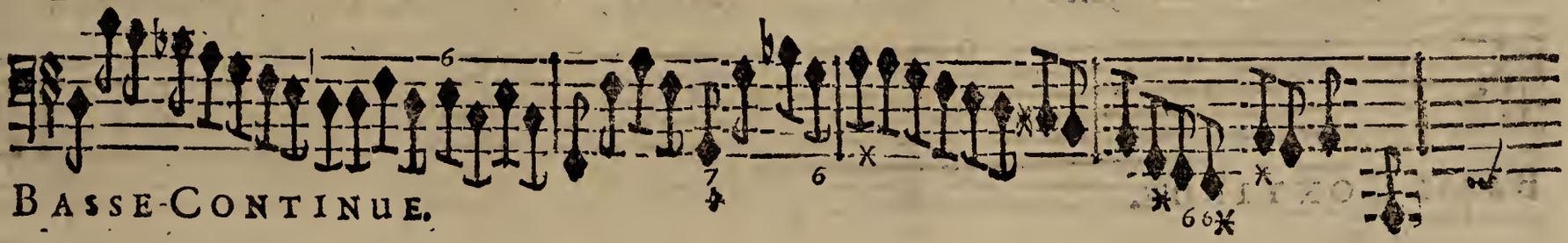


Dieux. Un mortel irrité qui goûte la vengeance, Parta- ge le plaiſir des

BASSE-CONTINUE.

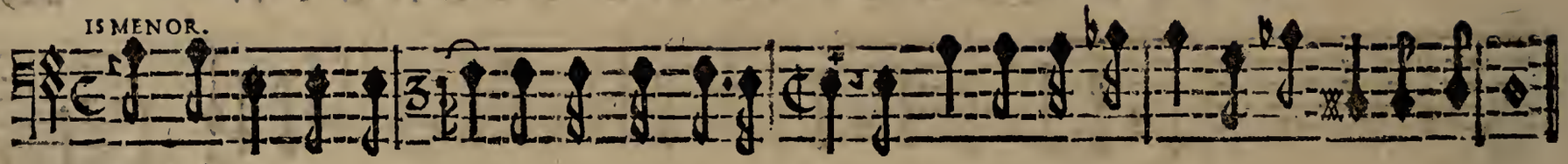


Dieux.

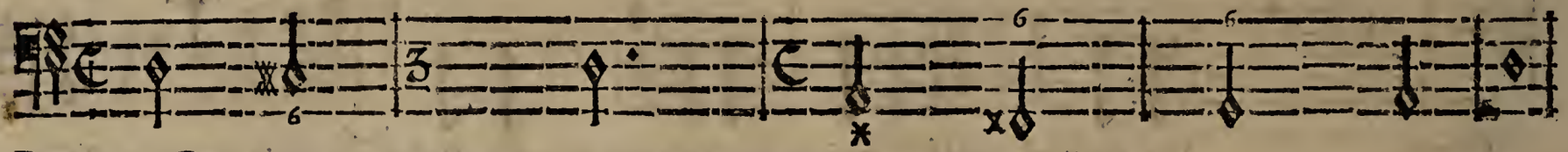


BASSE-CONTINUE.

ISMENOR.



Rendons-luy tous ſes ſens, en luy donnãt la mort, Je veux luy laiſſer voir les horreurs de sõ ſort.



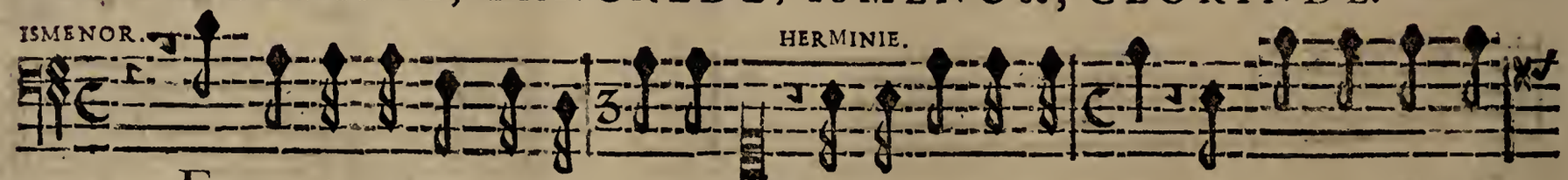
BASSE-CONTINUE.

Toutes les Baſſes.

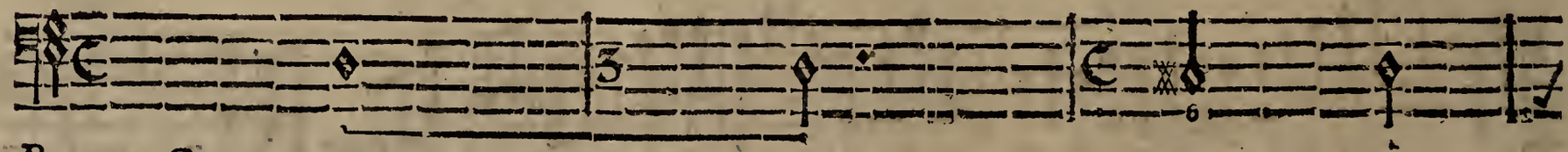
SCENE V.

HERMINIE, TANCREDE, ISMENOR, CLORINDE.

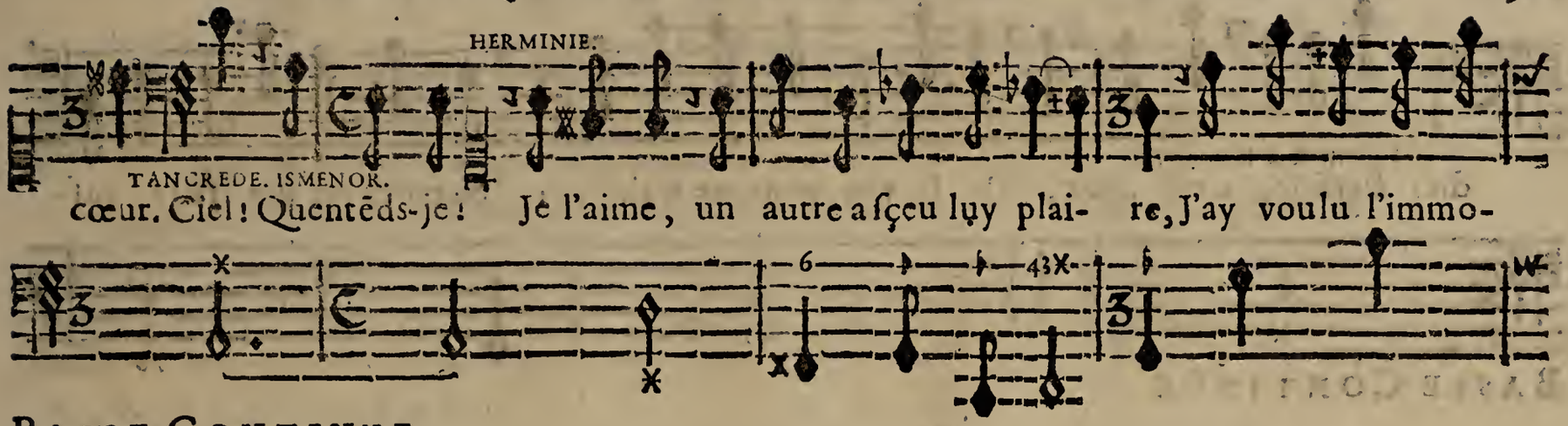
ISMENOR. HERMINIE.



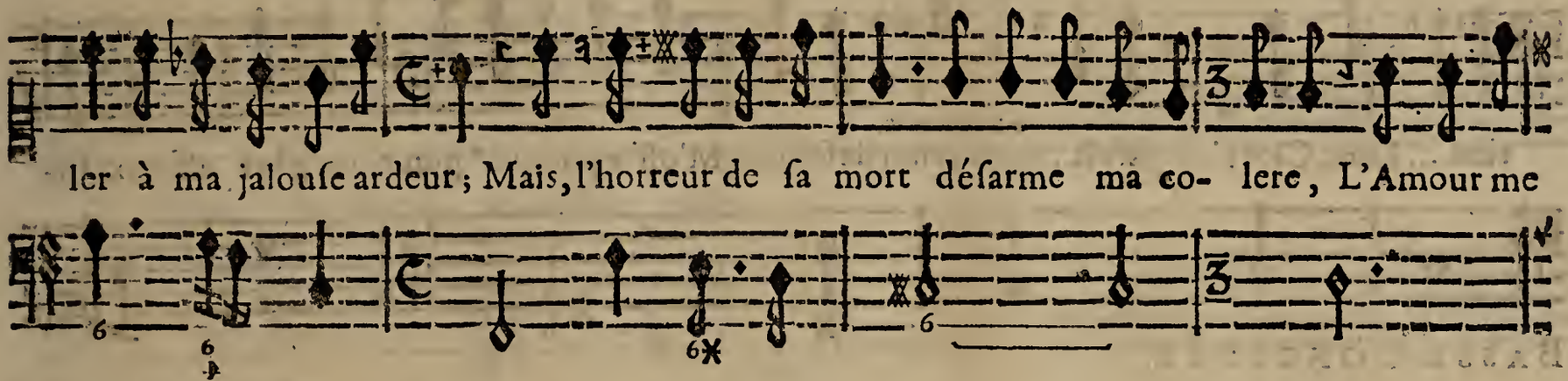
EProuve ma juſte co- lere... Arrêtez, arrê- tez, frapez pluſtôt mon



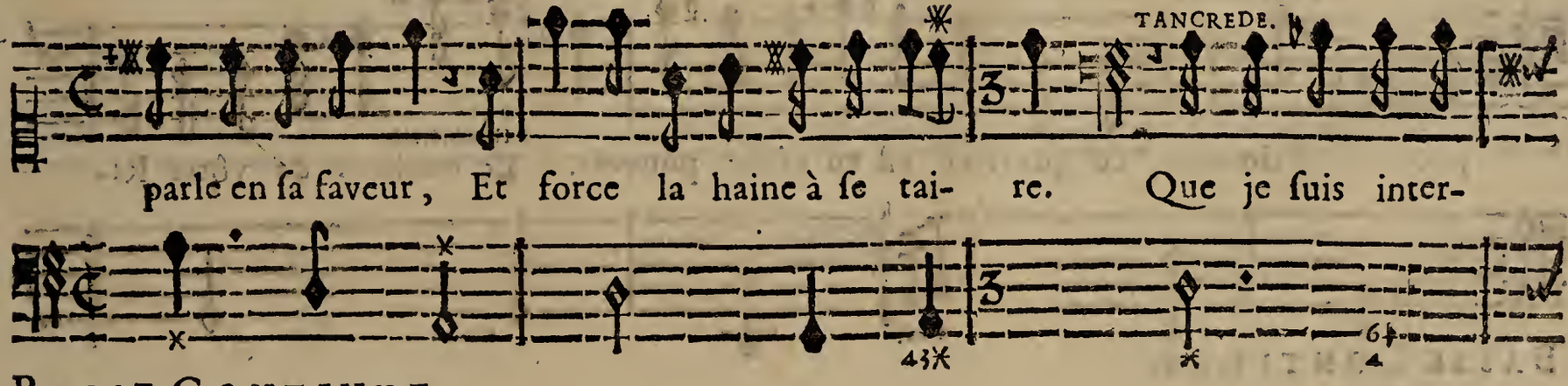
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

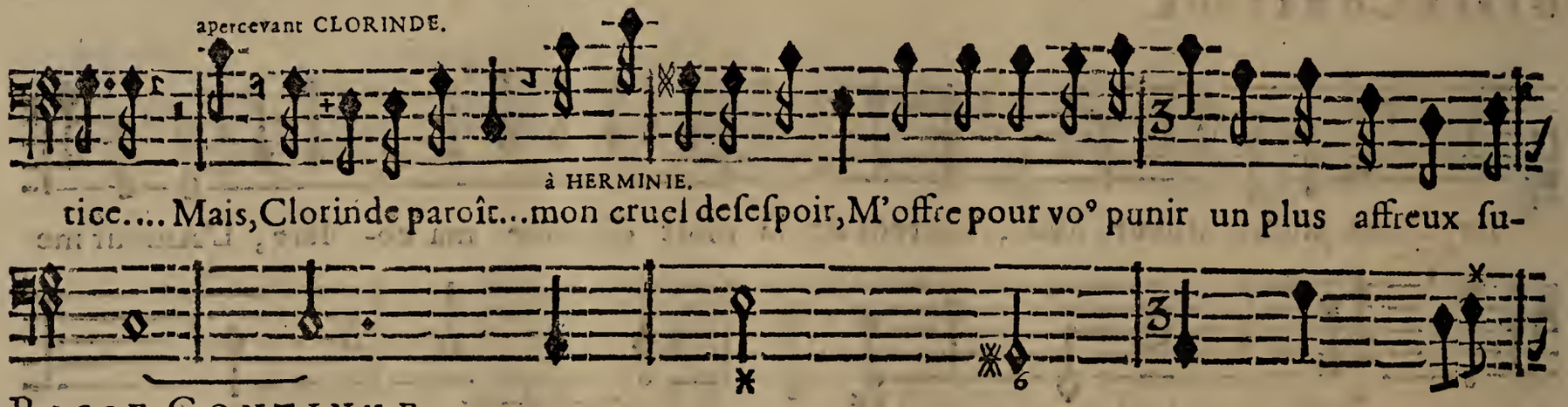


BASSE-CONTINUE.

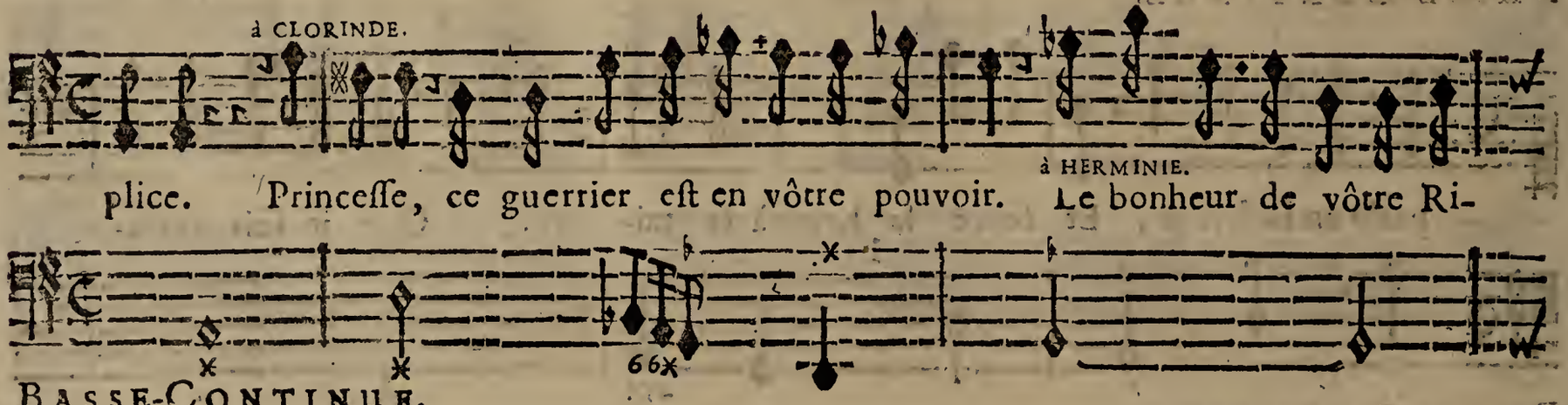


BASSE-CONTINUE.

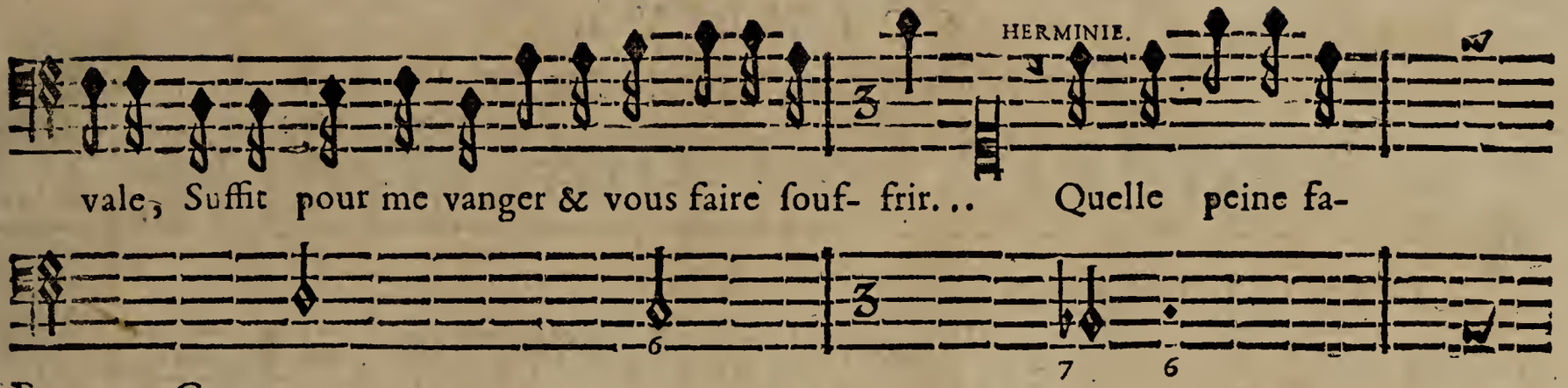
BASSE-CONTINUE



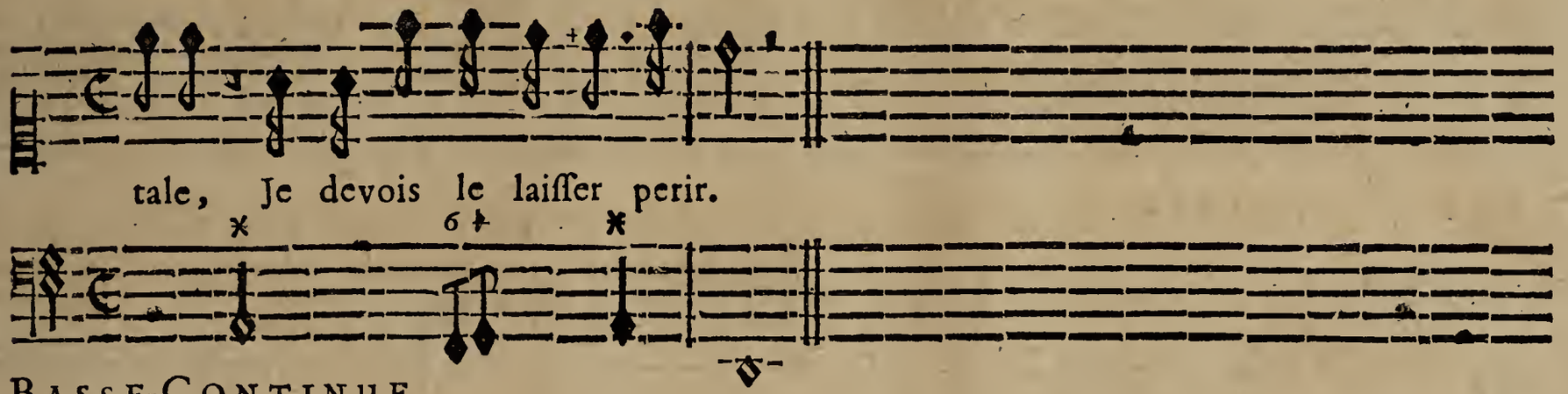
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.



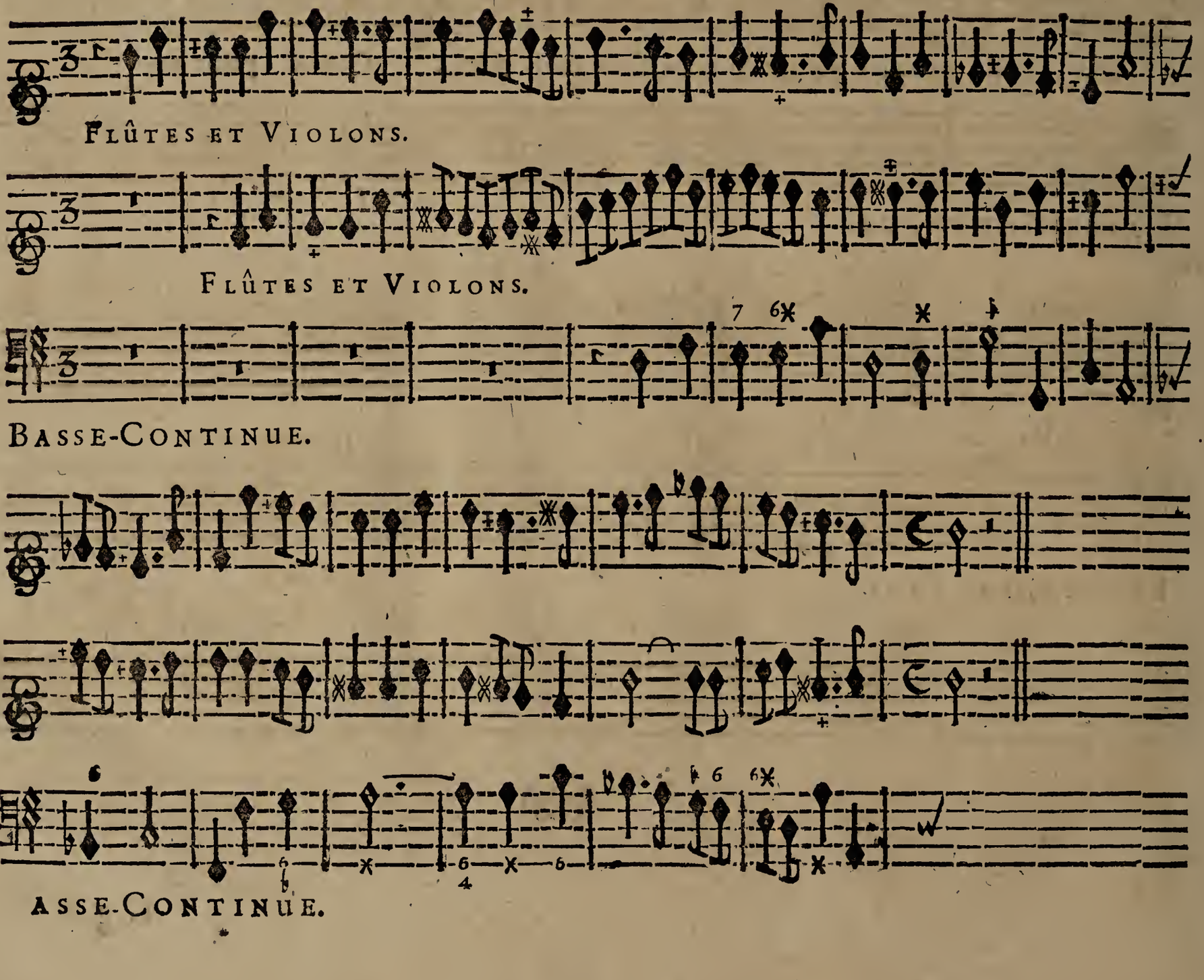
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

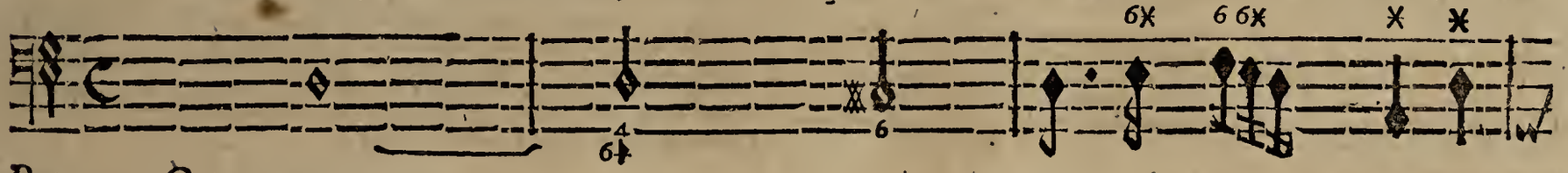
SCENE VI.

CLORINDE, TANCREDE.

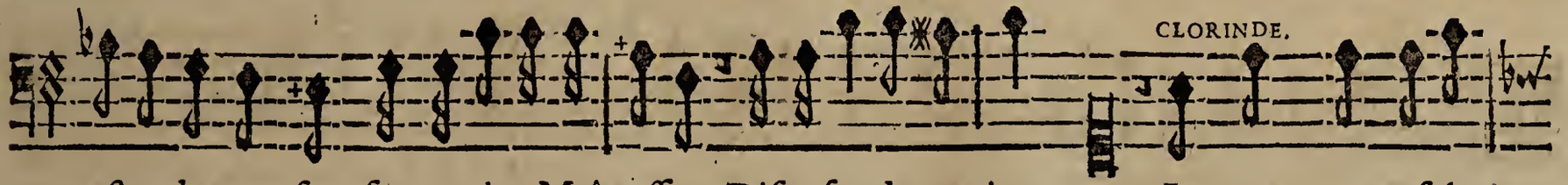


TANCREDE.

C'Eſt vous, belle Princeſſe, C'eſt vous qui dans ces lieux volez à mon ſecours; Vous

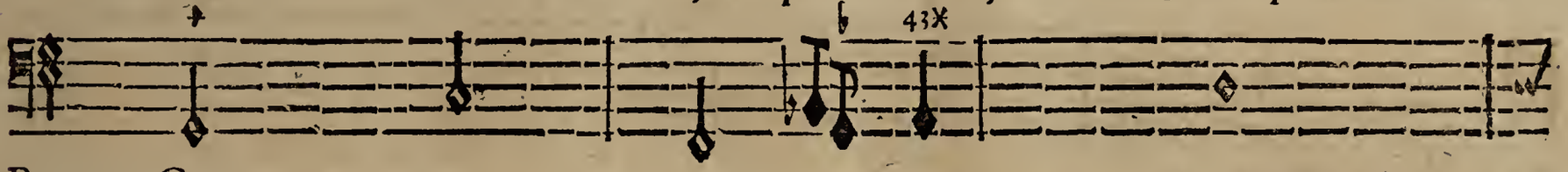


BASSE-CONTINUE.

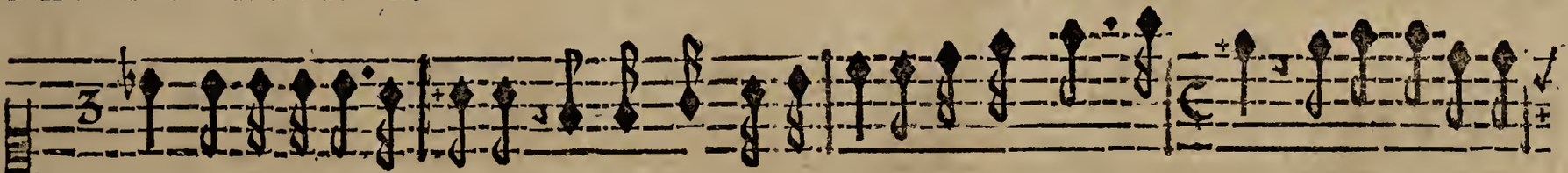


CLORINDE.

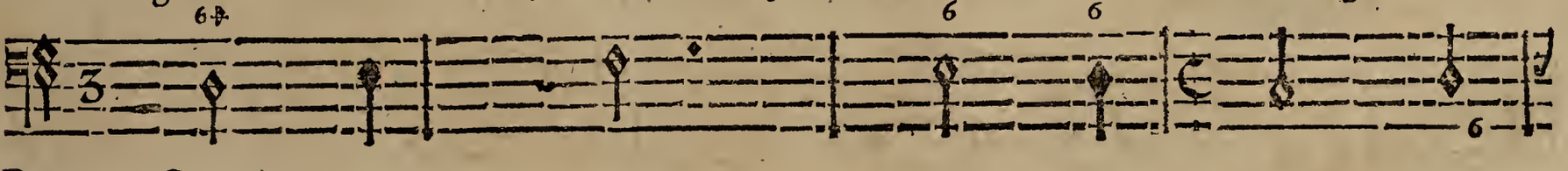
eſtes de mon ſort ſouveraine Maîtreſſe, Diſpoſez de mes jours. Je romps mon eſcla-



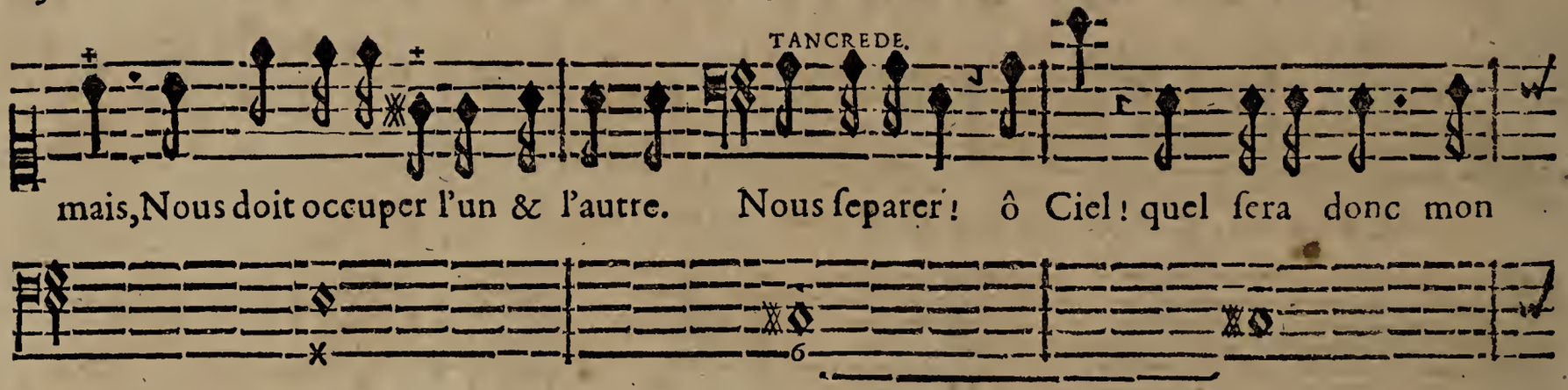
BASSE-CONTINUE.



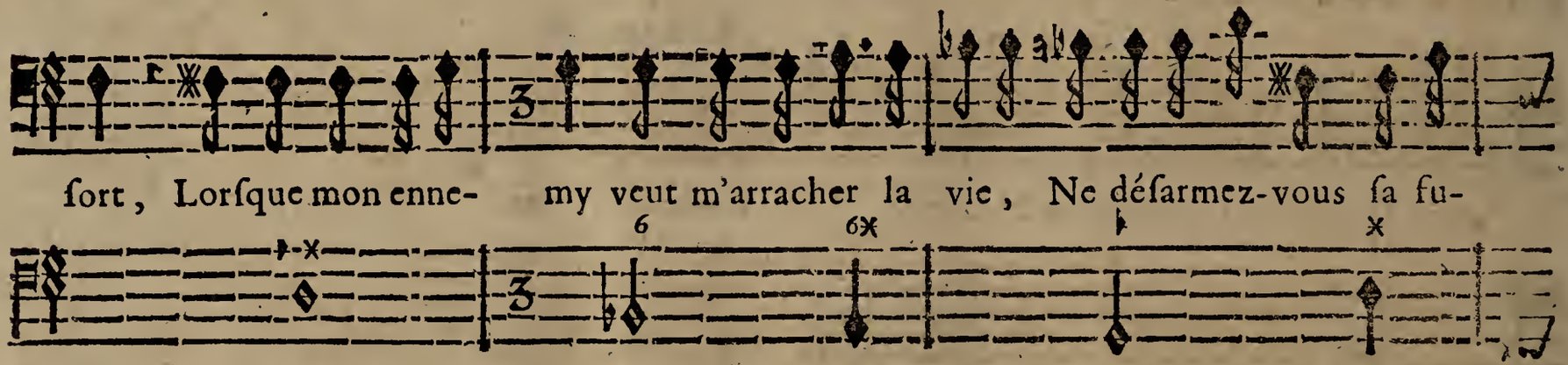
vage en finiſſant le vôtre, Il faut nous ſeparer & ne nous voir ja- mais; La gloire déſor-



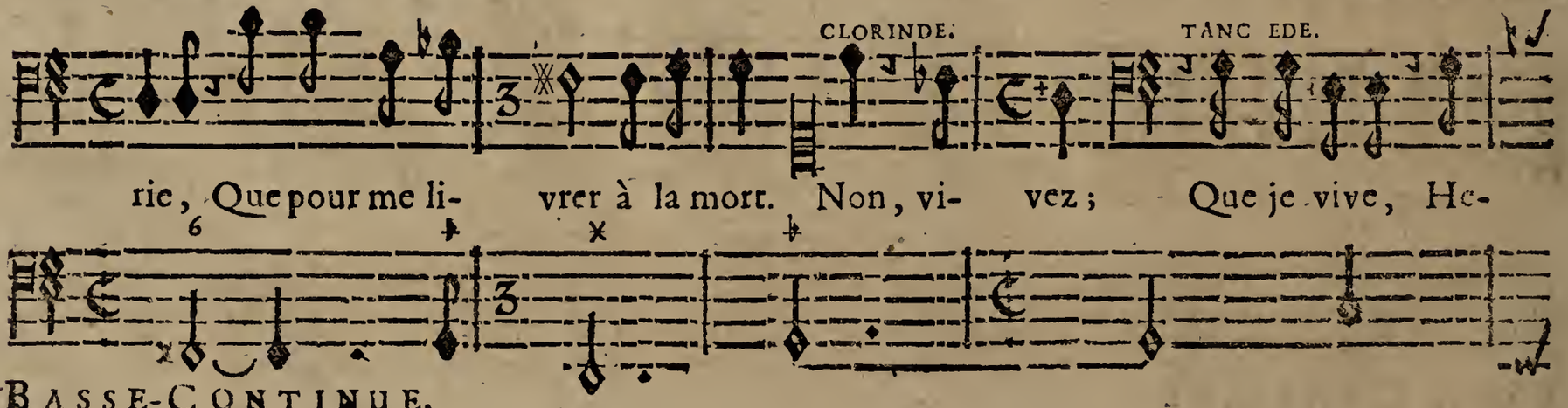
BASSE-CONTINUE.



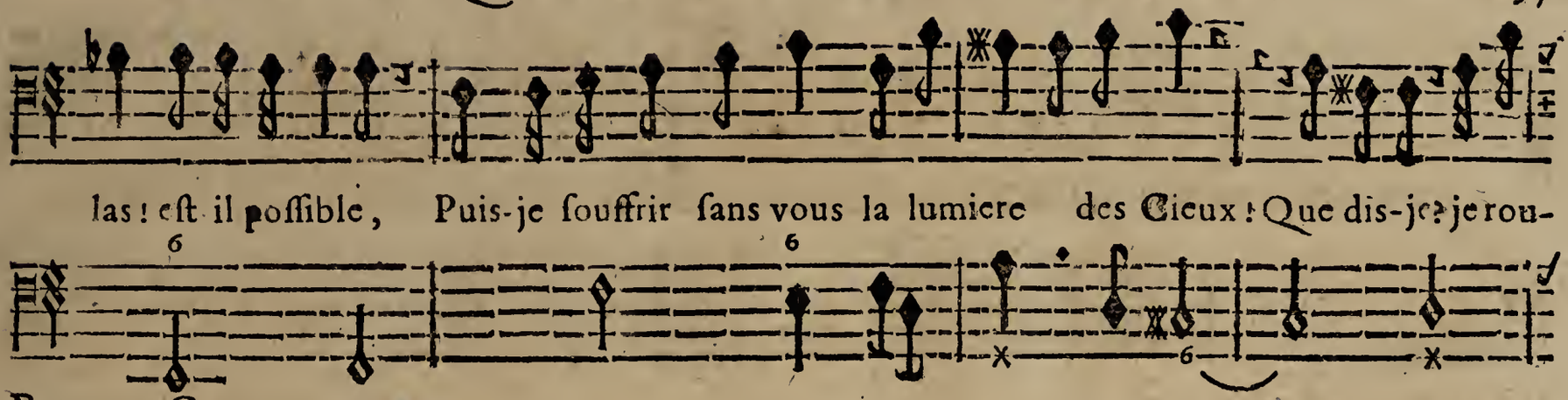
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

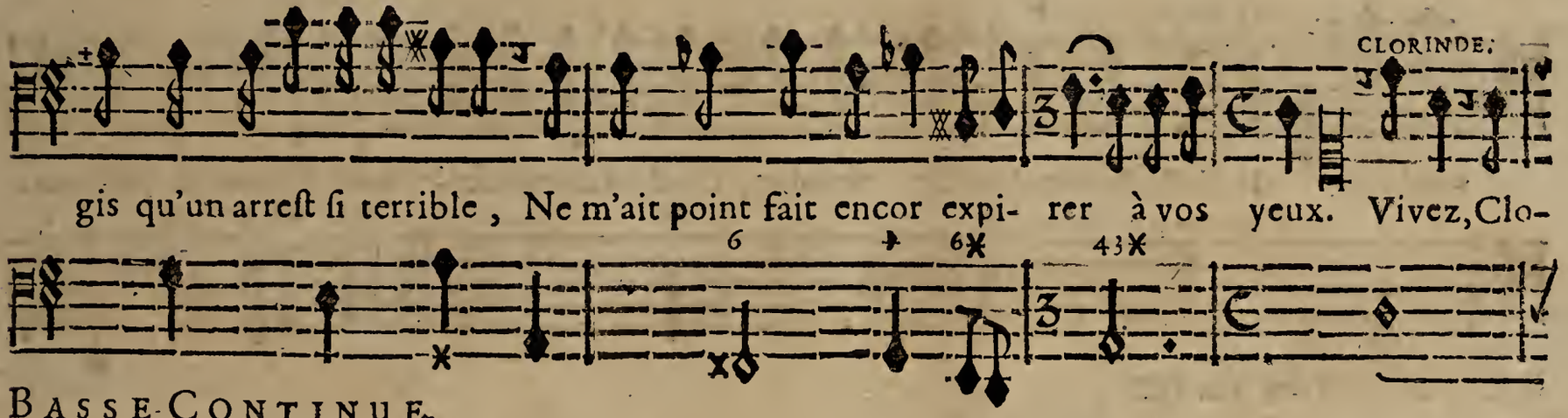


BASSE-CONTINUE.



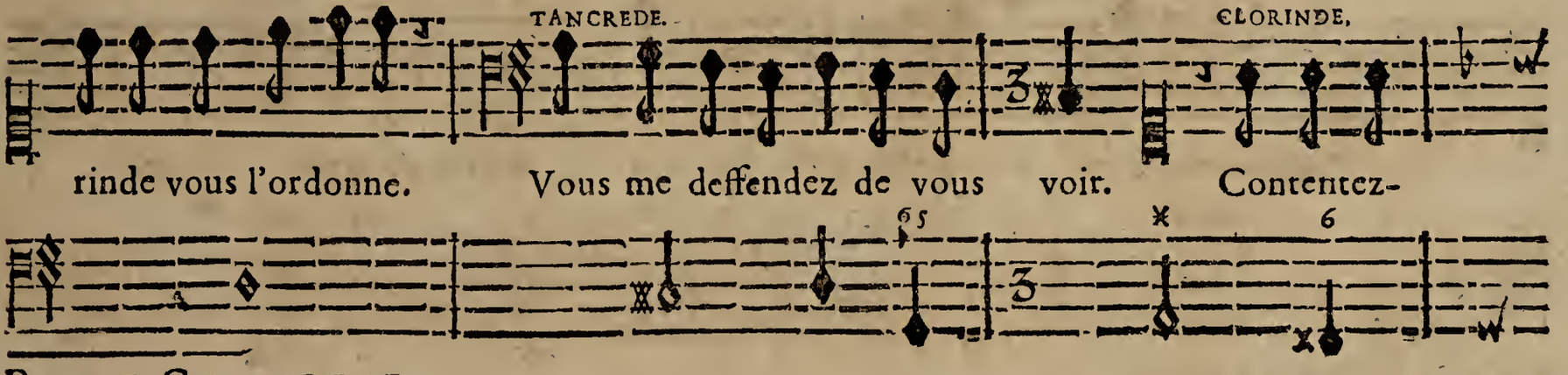
las ! eſt il poſſible, Puis-je ſouffrir ſans vous la lumiere des Cieux ! Que dis-je ? je rou-

BASSE-CONTINUE.



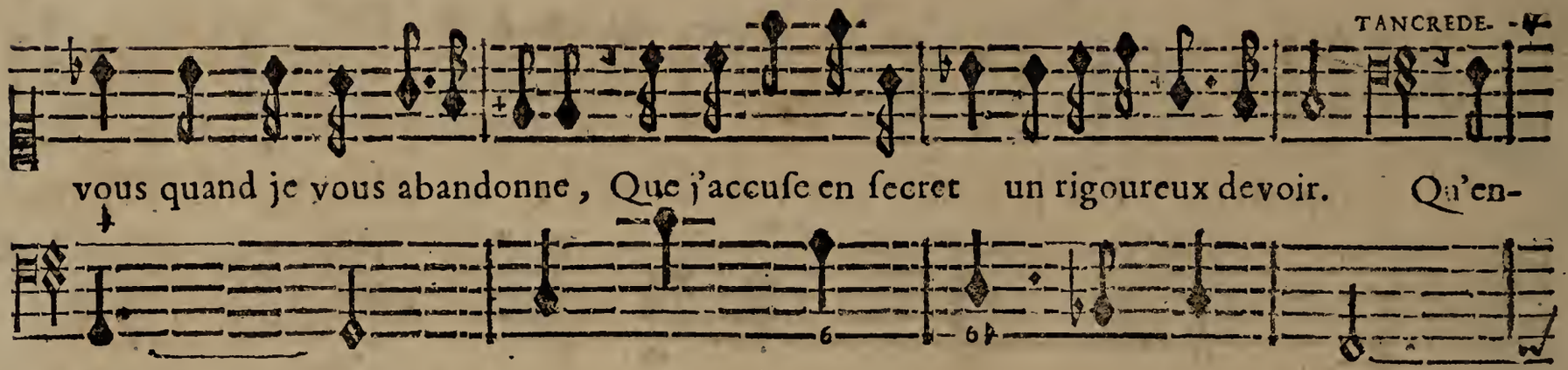
gis qu'un arreſt ſi terrible, Ne m'ait point fait encor expi- rer à vos yeux. Vivez, Clo-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

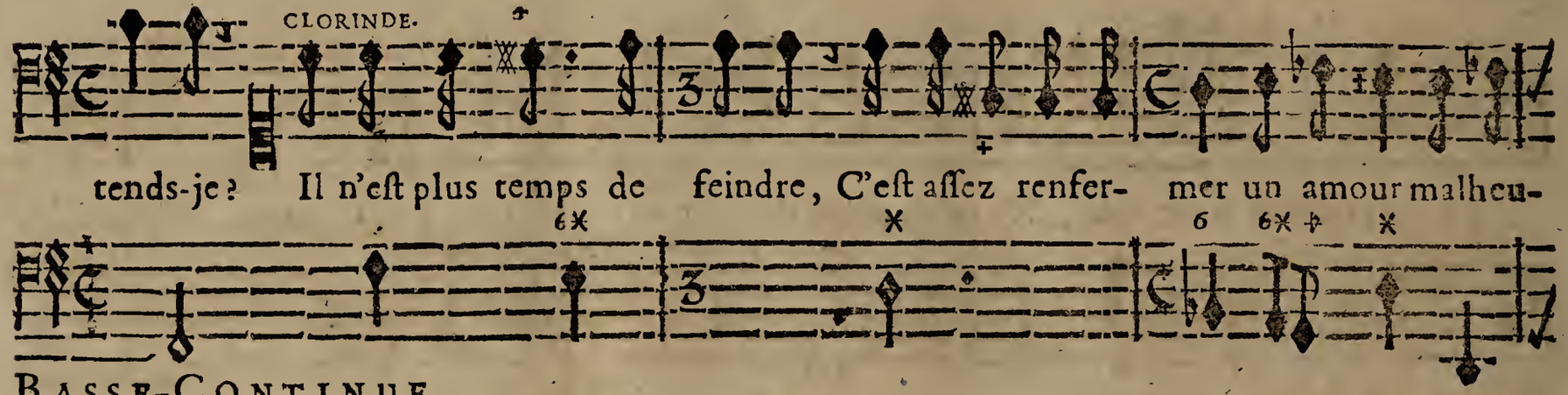


rinde vous l'ordonne. Vous me deffendez de vous voir. Contentez-

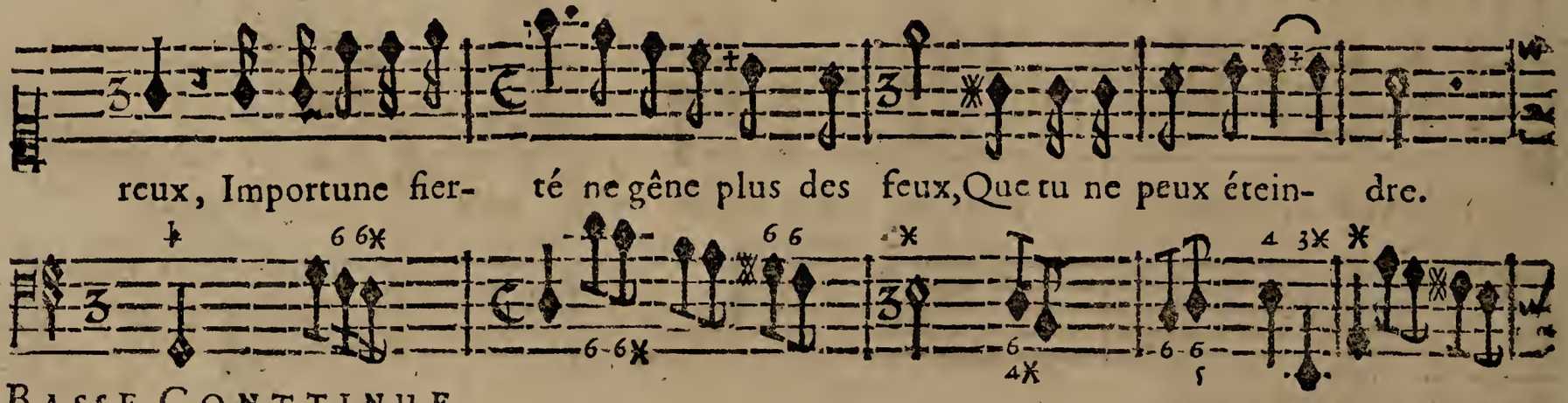
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

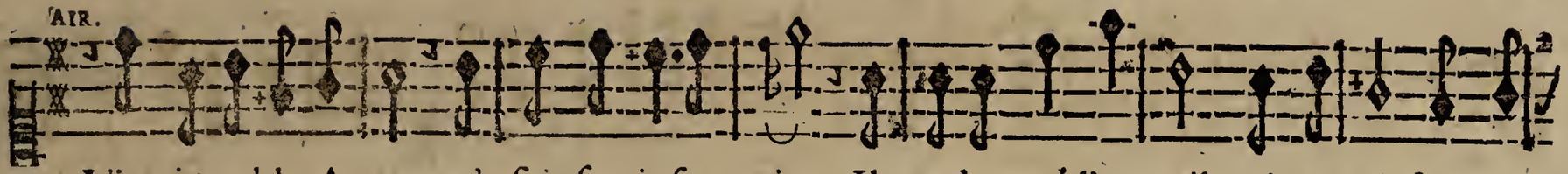


BASSE-CONTINUE.

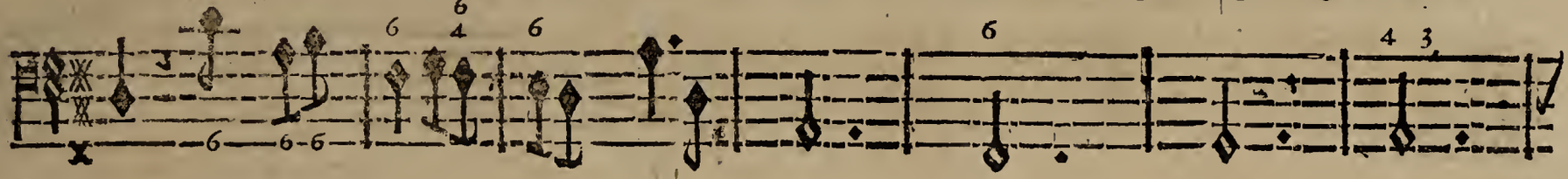


BASSE-CONTTINUE.

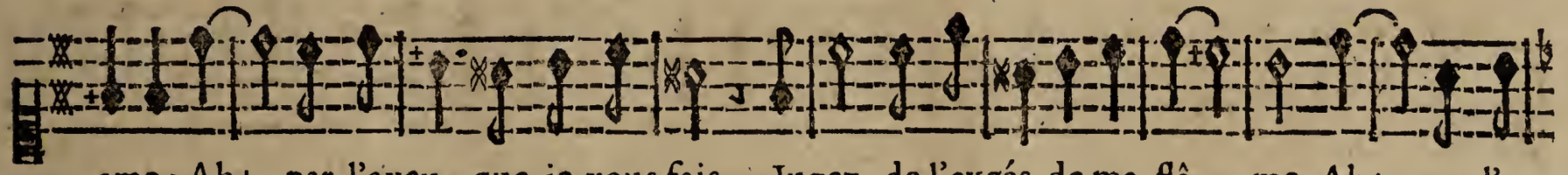
AIR.



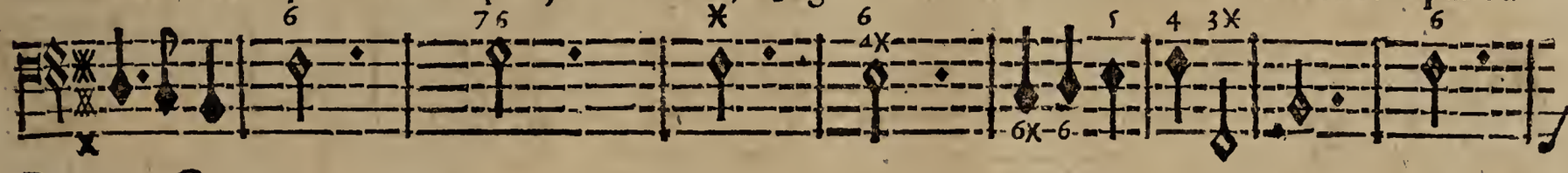
L'impitoyable Amour, m'a fait ſentir ſes traits, Il a dompté l'orgüeil qui regnoit dans mon



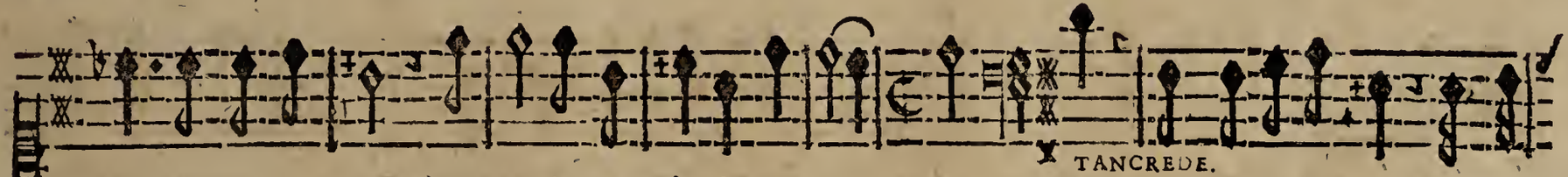
BASSE-CONTINUE.



ame : Ah ! par l'aveu que je vous fais, Jugez de l'excés de ma flâ- me. Ah ! par l'a-

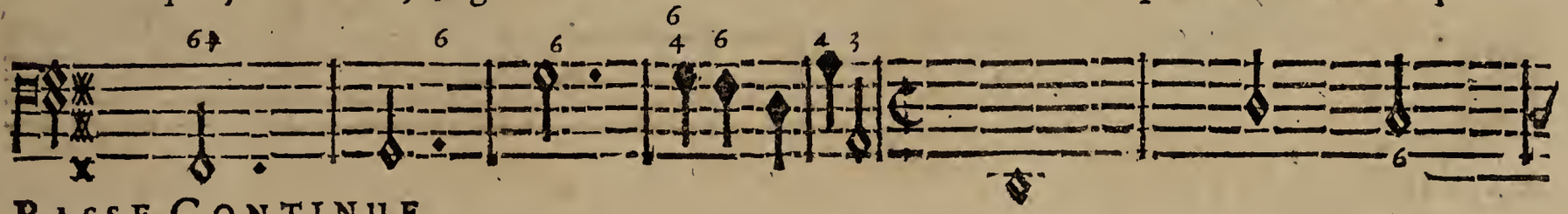


BASSE-CONTINUE.

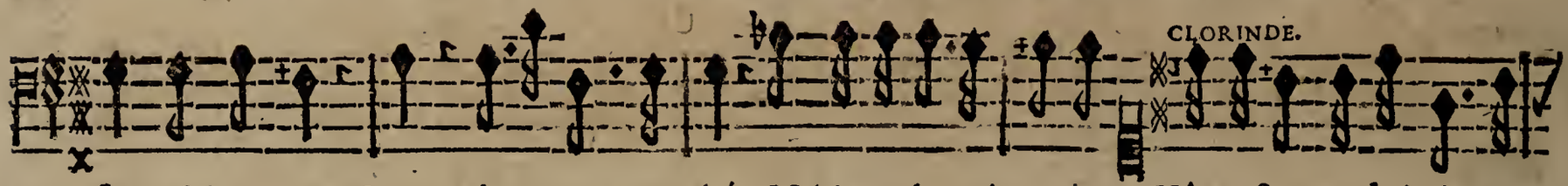


TANCREDE.

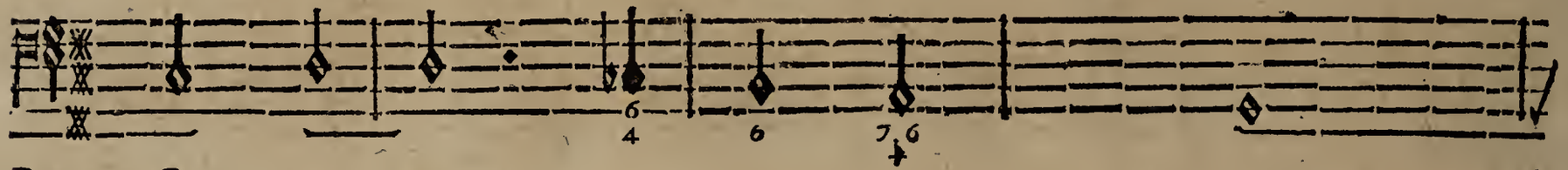
veu que je vous fais, Jugez de l'excés de ma flâ- me. Ciel ! quel aveu charmãt ! que mõ



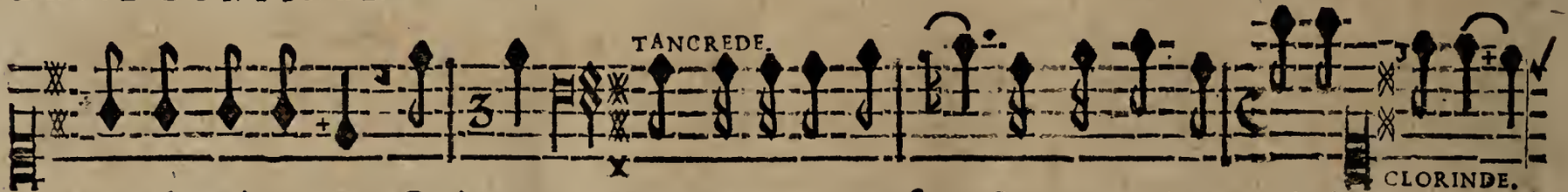
BASSE-CONTINUE.



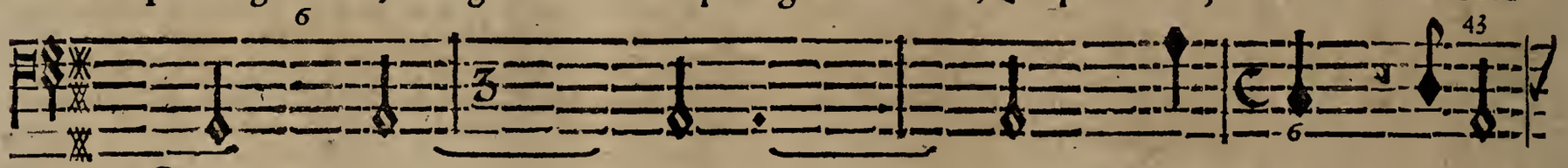
ſort eſt heureux! Quoy, vôtre cœur touché... Nõ, je ne le puis croire! Vôtre ſort en doit être en-



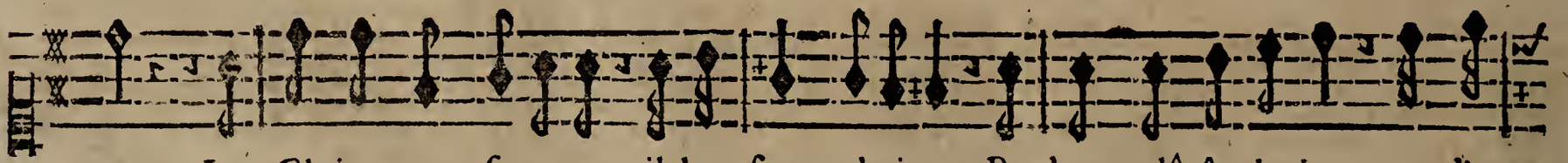
BASSE-CONTINUE.



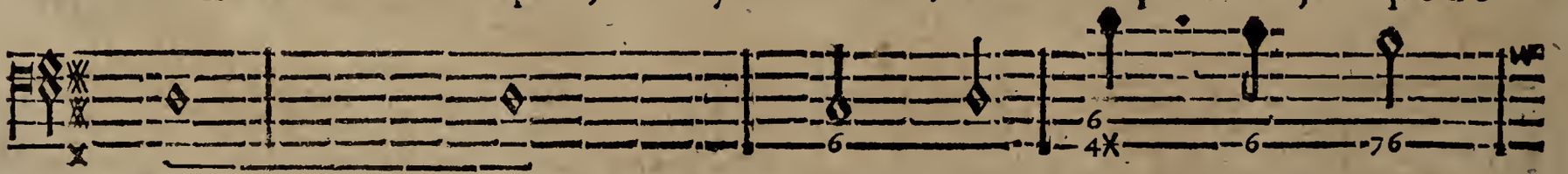
cor plus rigoureux, Craignez... Vous partagez mes feux, Que pourrois-je craindre? La Gloi-



BASSE-CONTINUE.

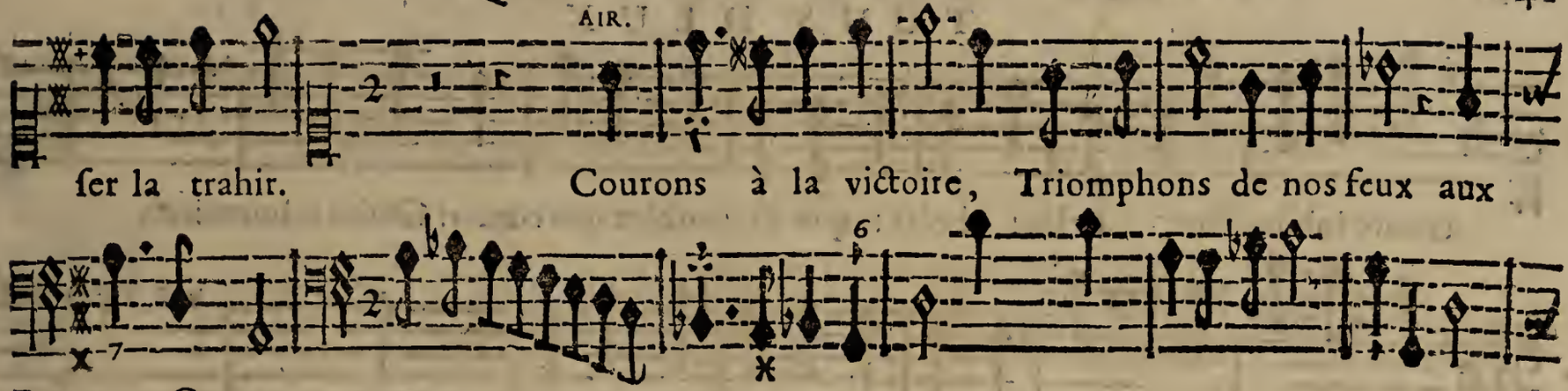


re. La Gloire nous ſepare, il luy faut obeir; Perdons plûtôt le jour que d'o-



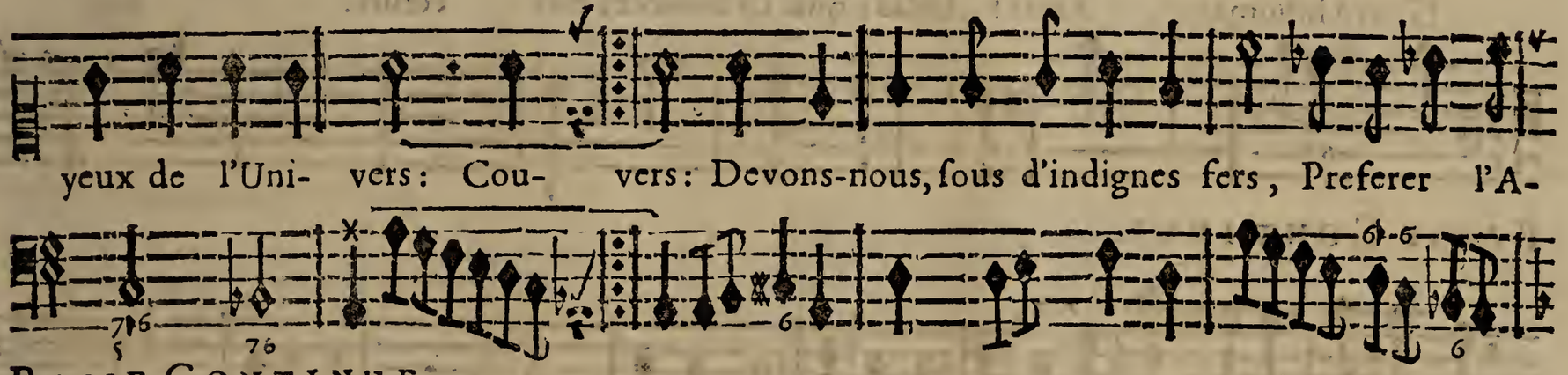
BASSE-CONTINUE.

AIR.



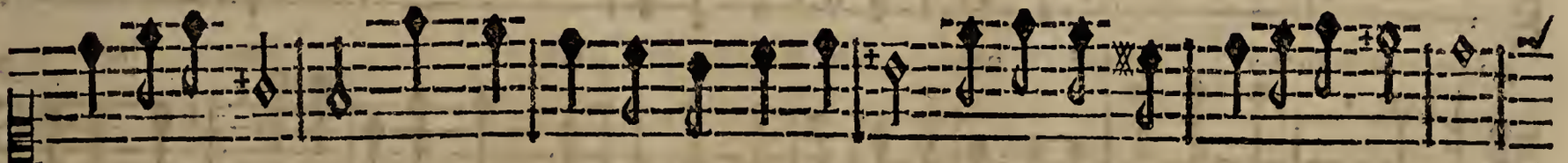
ſer la trahir. Courons à la victoire, Triomphons de nos feux aux

BASSE-CONTINUE.

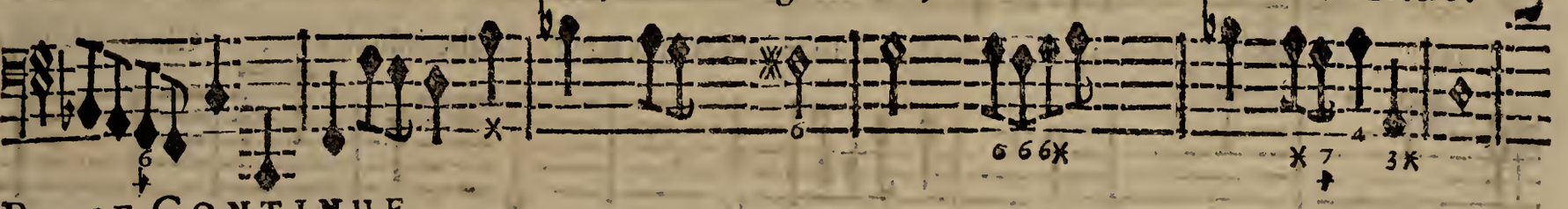


yeux de l'Uni- vers: Cou- vers: Devons-nous, ſous d'indignes fers, Preferer l'A-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

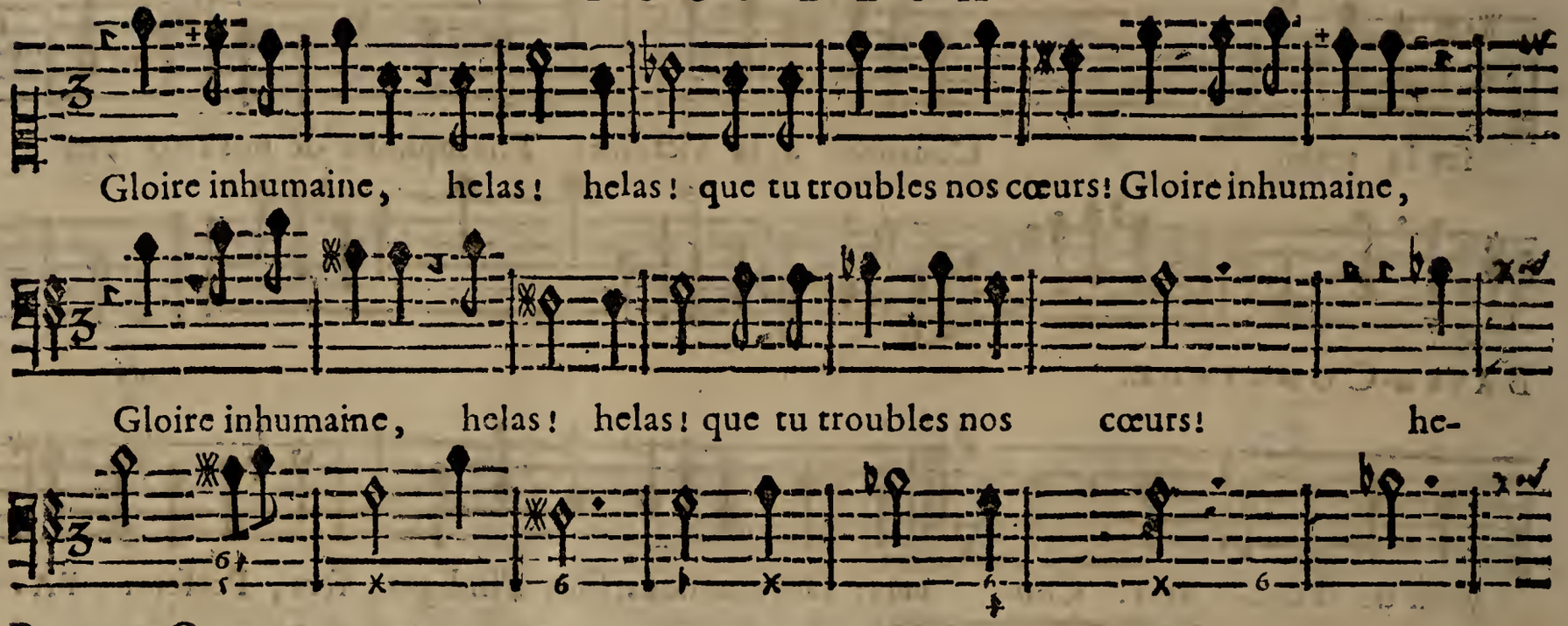


mour à la Gloire? Devons-nous, ſous d'indignes fers, Preferer l'Amour à la Gloire?

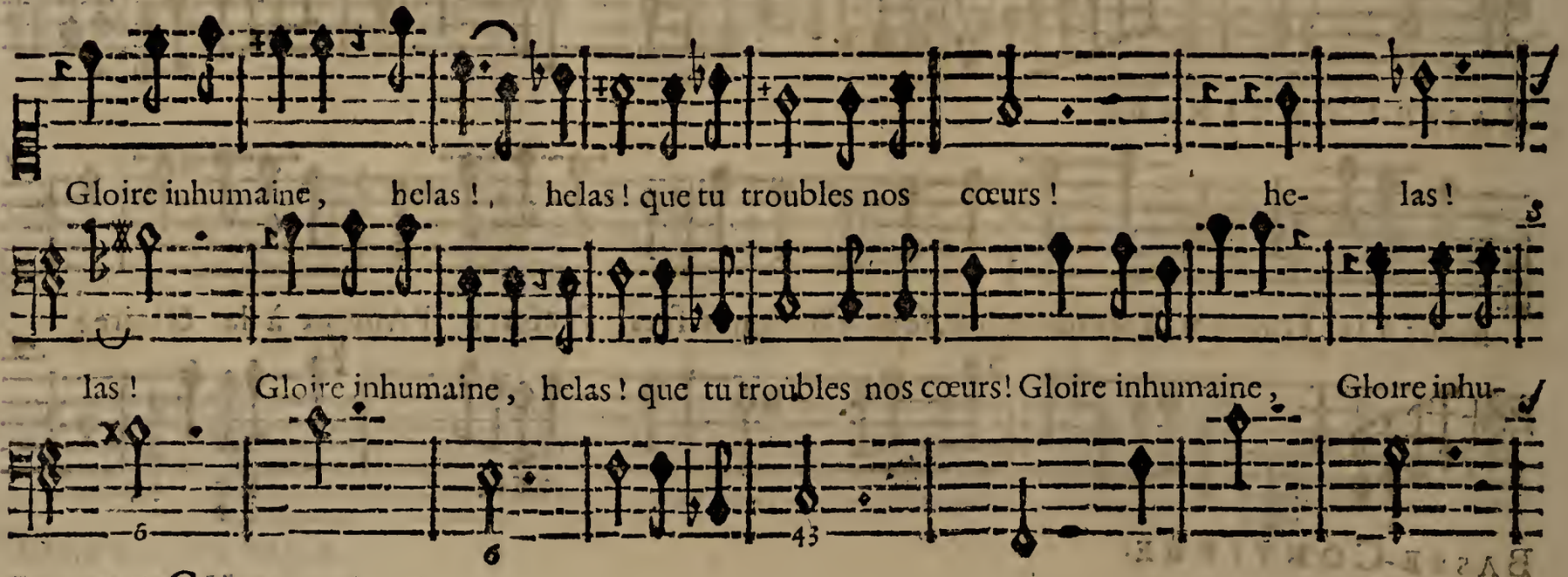


BASSE-CONTINUE.

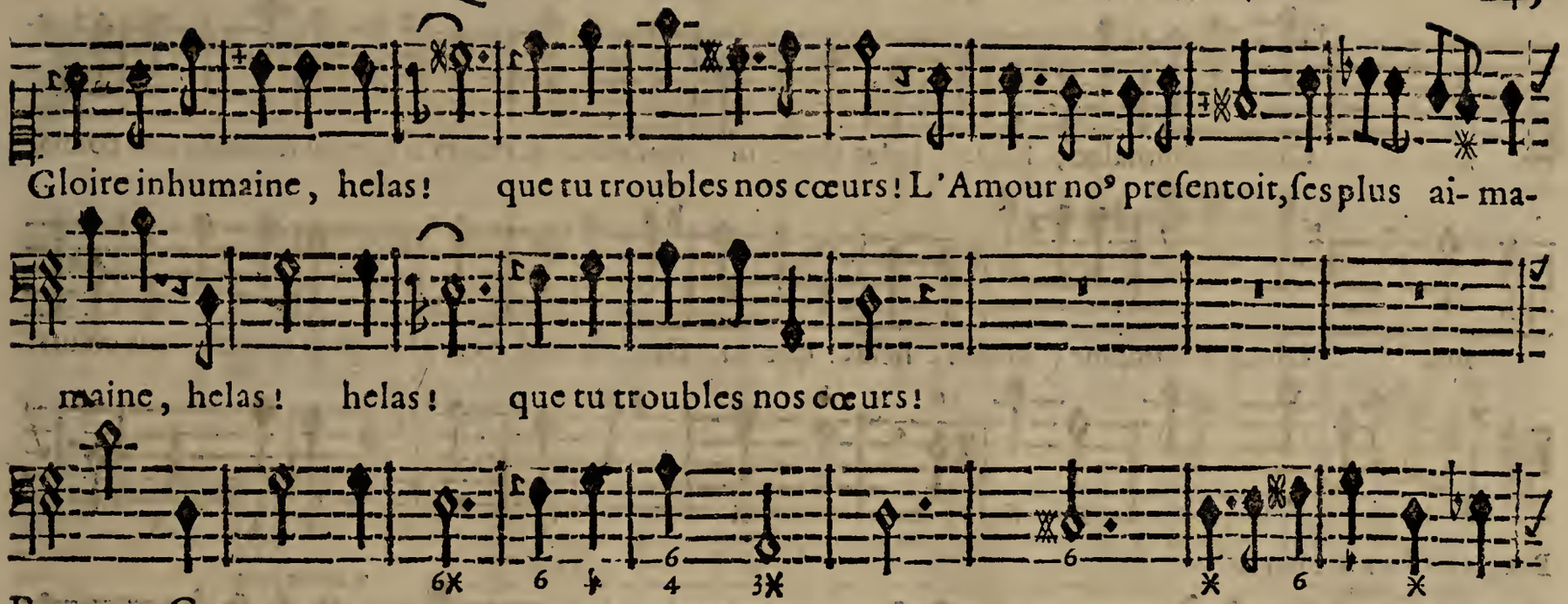
TOUS DEUX.



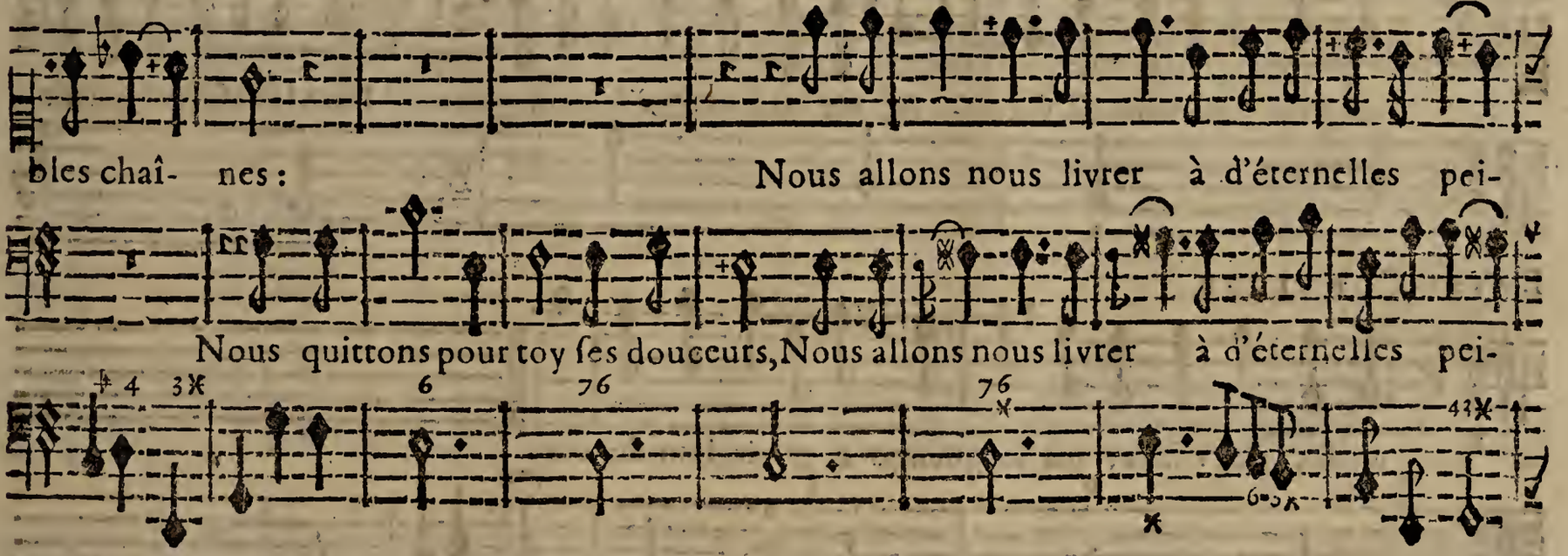
BASSE-CONTINUE.



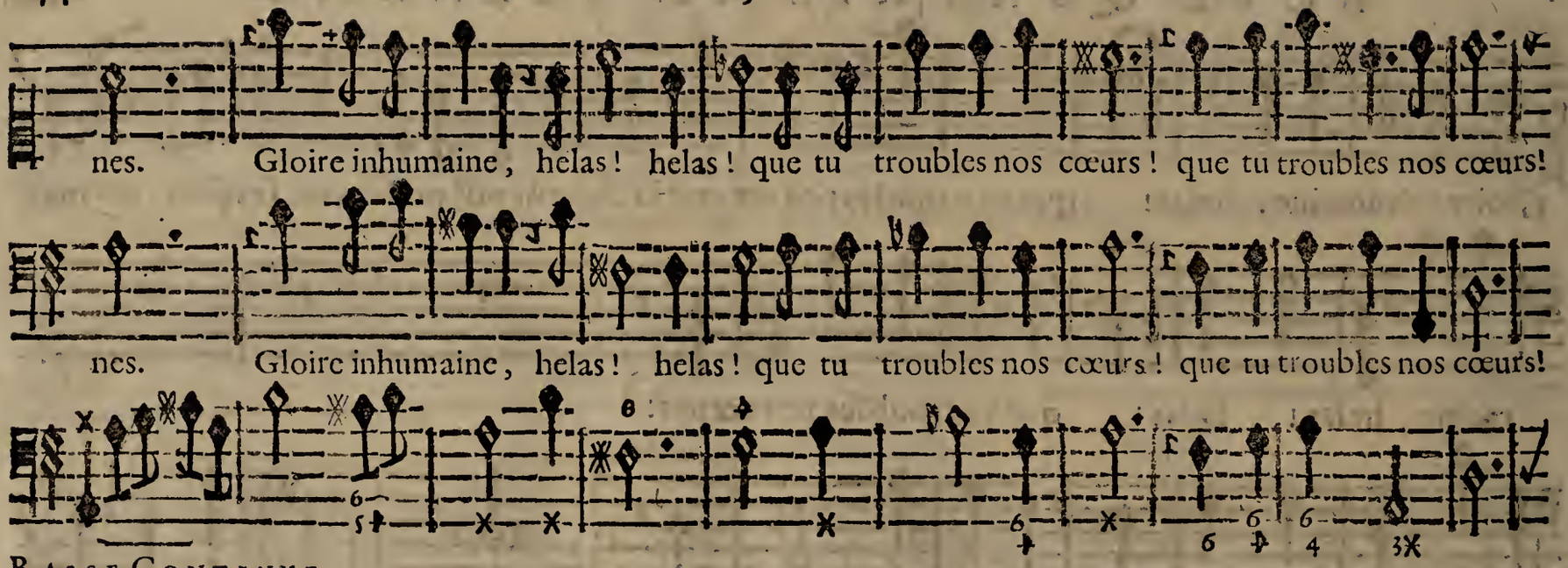
BASSE-CONTINUE.

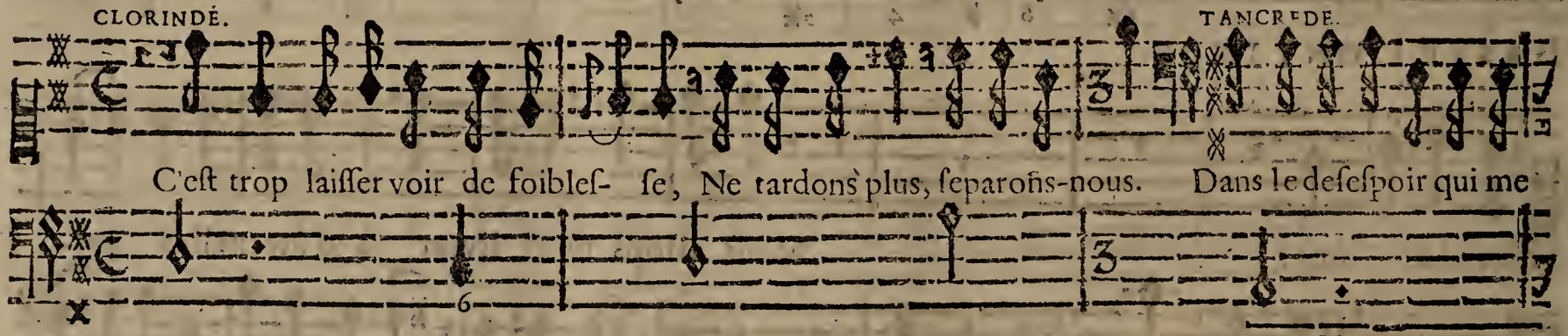


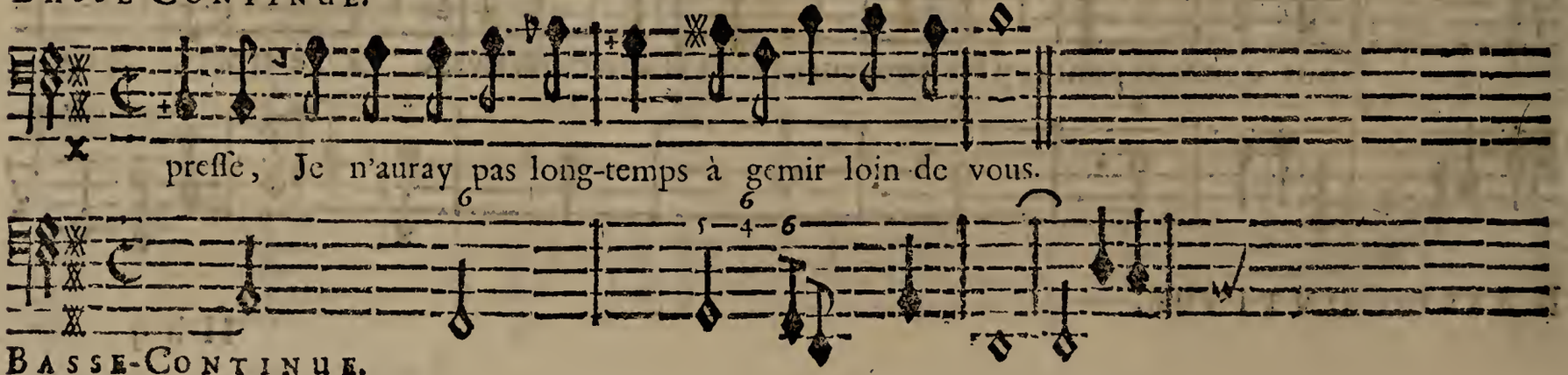
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

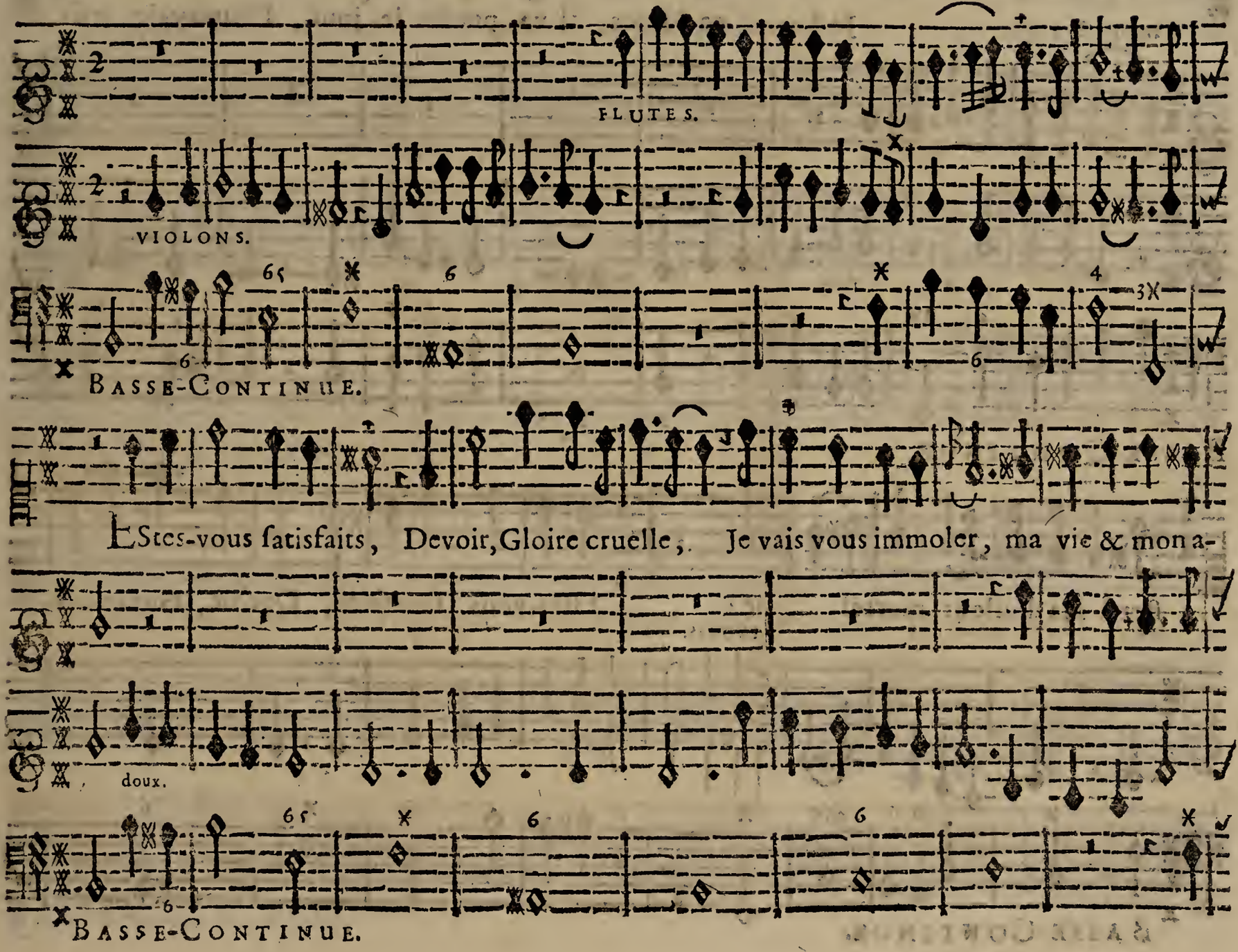

nes. Gloire inhumaine, helas! helas! que tu troubles nos cœurs! que tu troubles nos cœurs!
nes. Gloire inhumaine, helas! helas! que tu troubles nos cœurs! que tu troubles nos cœurs!
BASSE-CONTINUE.

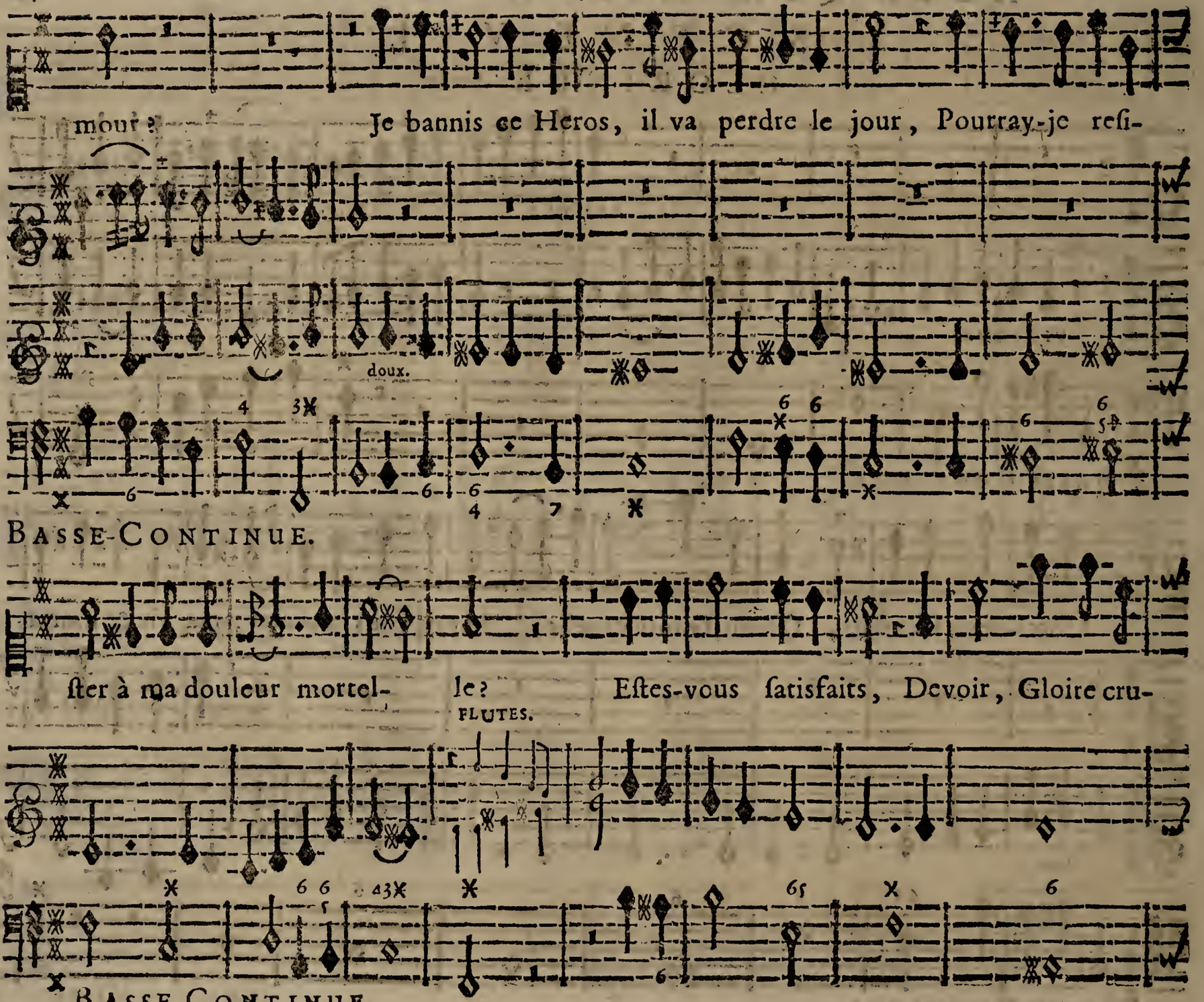

CLORINDE.
TANCREDE.
C'eſt trop laiſſer voir de foibleſ- ſe, Ne tardons plus, ſeparons-nous. Dans le deſeſpoir qui me
BASSE-CONTINUE.

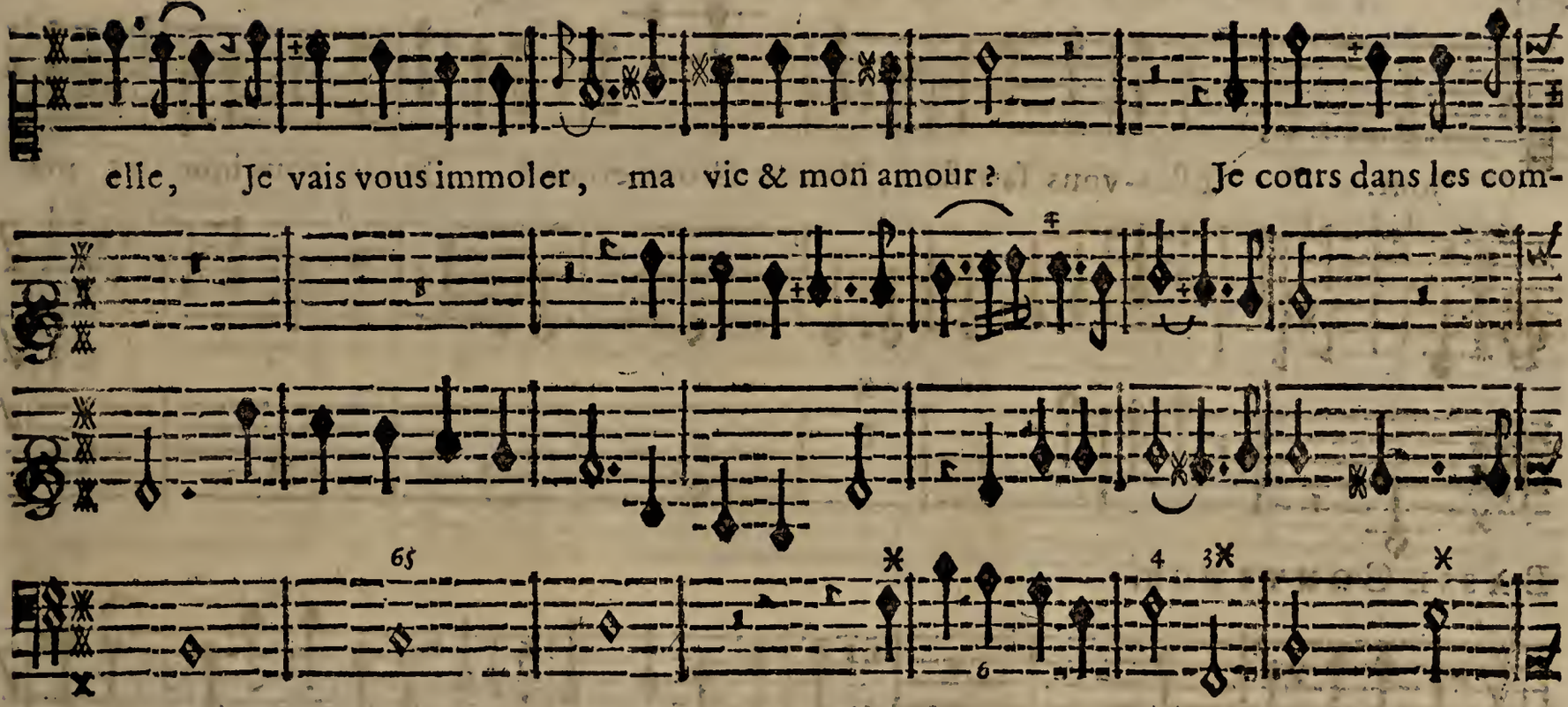

preſſe, Je n'auray pas long-temps à gemir loin de vous.
BASSE-CONTINUE.

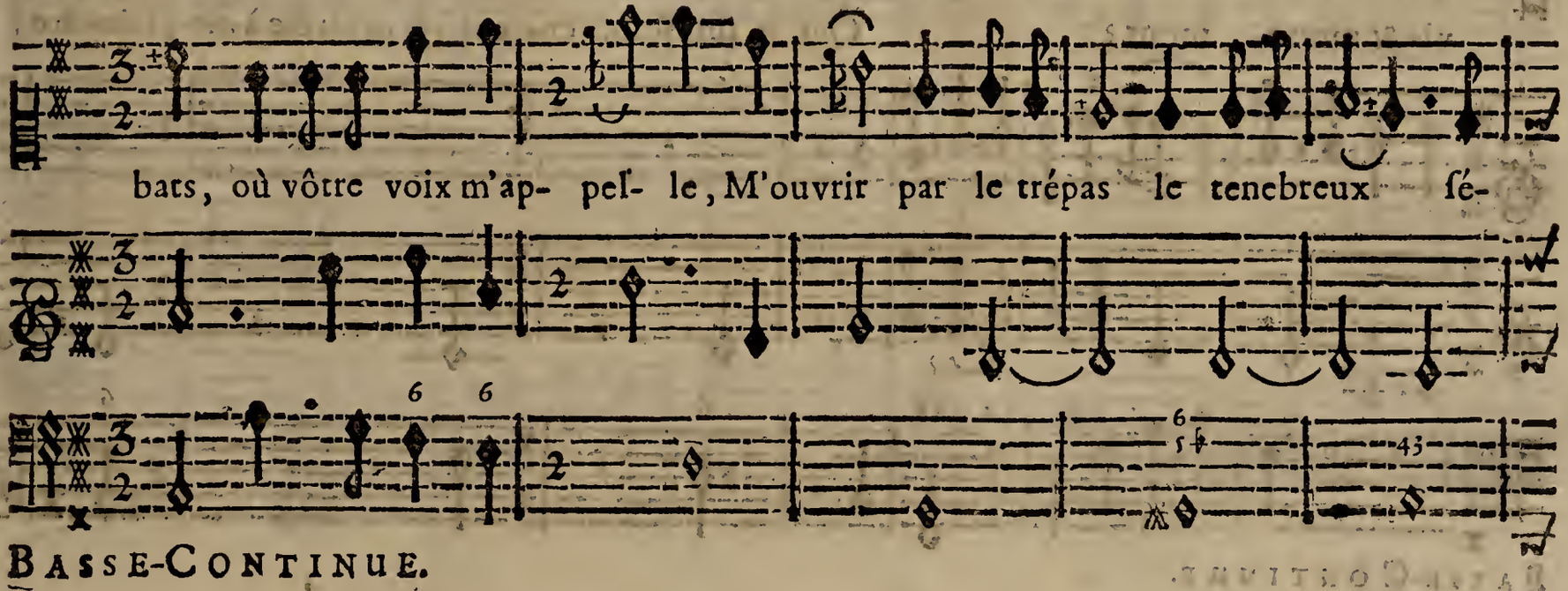
SCENE VII.

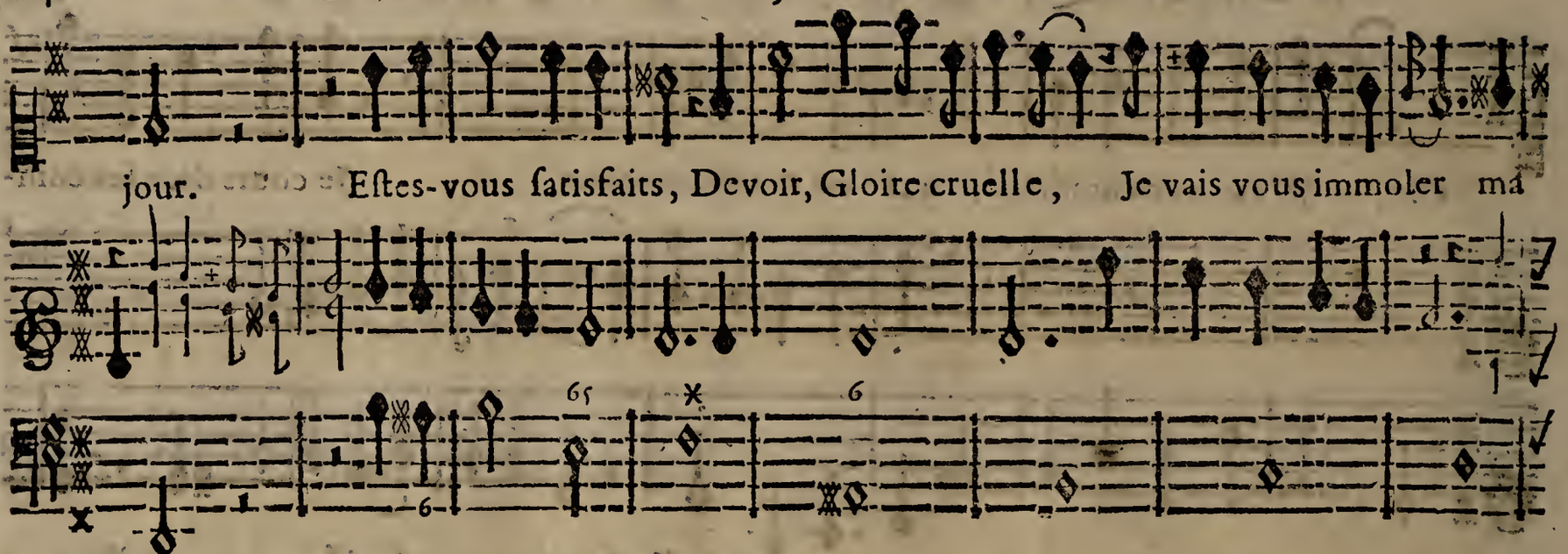
CLORINDE seule.



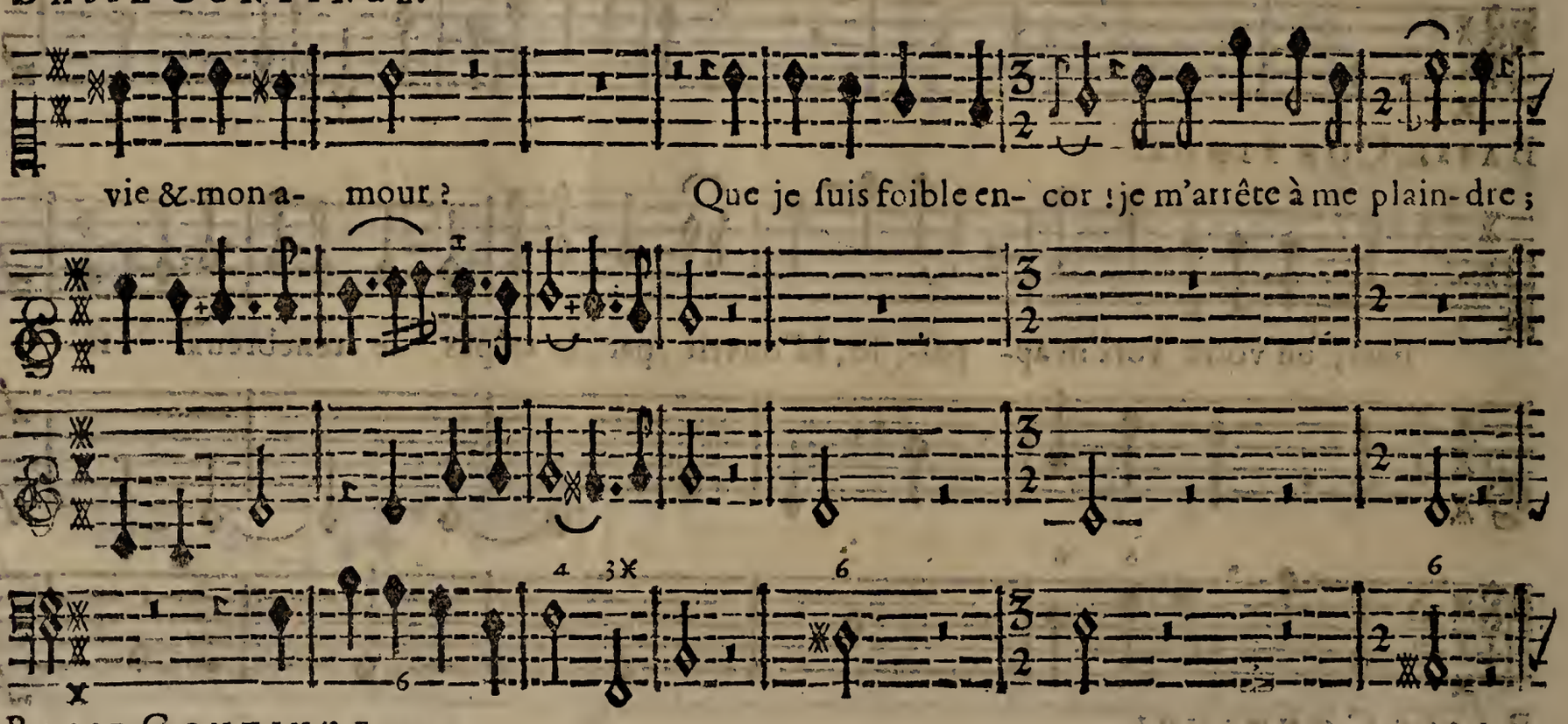

mour ? Je bannis ce Heros, il va perdre le jour, Pourray-je reſi-
doux.
BASSE-CONTINUE.
ſter à ma douleur mortel- le ? Eſtes-vous ſatisfaits, Devoir, Gloire cru-
FLUTES.
BASSE-CONTINUE.


elle, Je vais vous immoler, ma vie & mon amour ? Je cours dans les com-
Basse Continue.

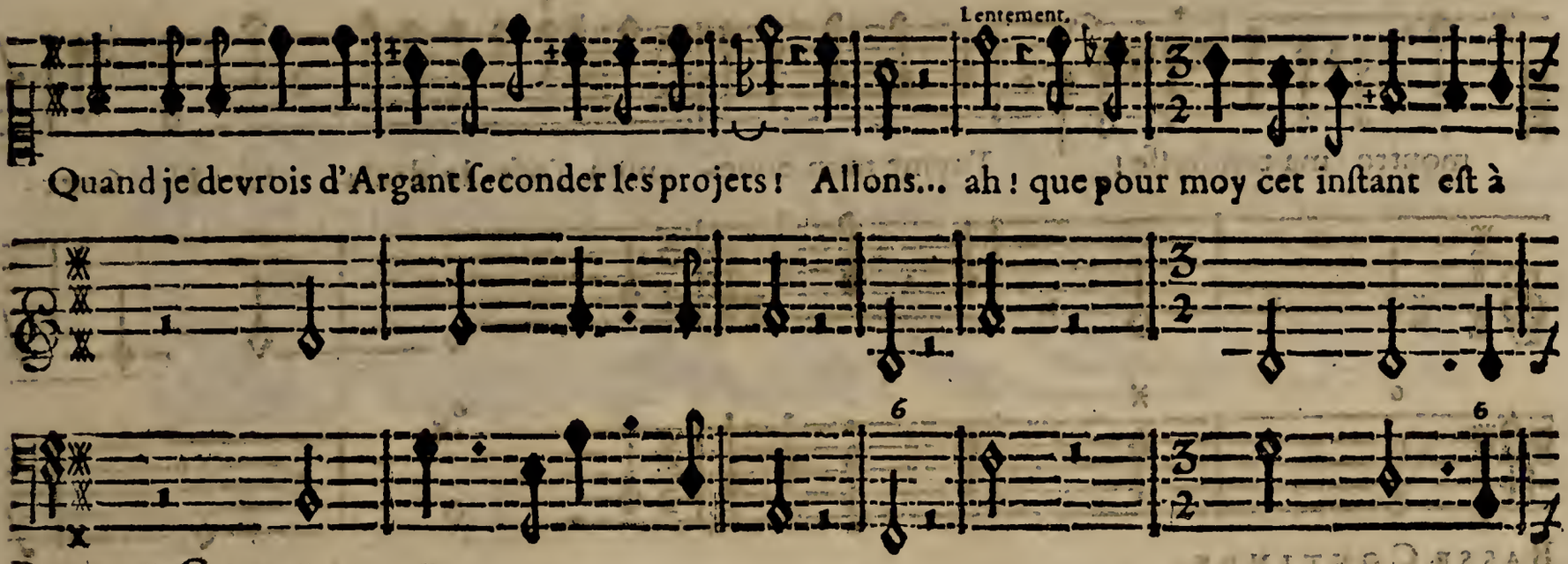

bats, où vôtre voix m'ap- pel- le, M'ouvrir par le trépas le tenebreux sé-
Basse-Continue.

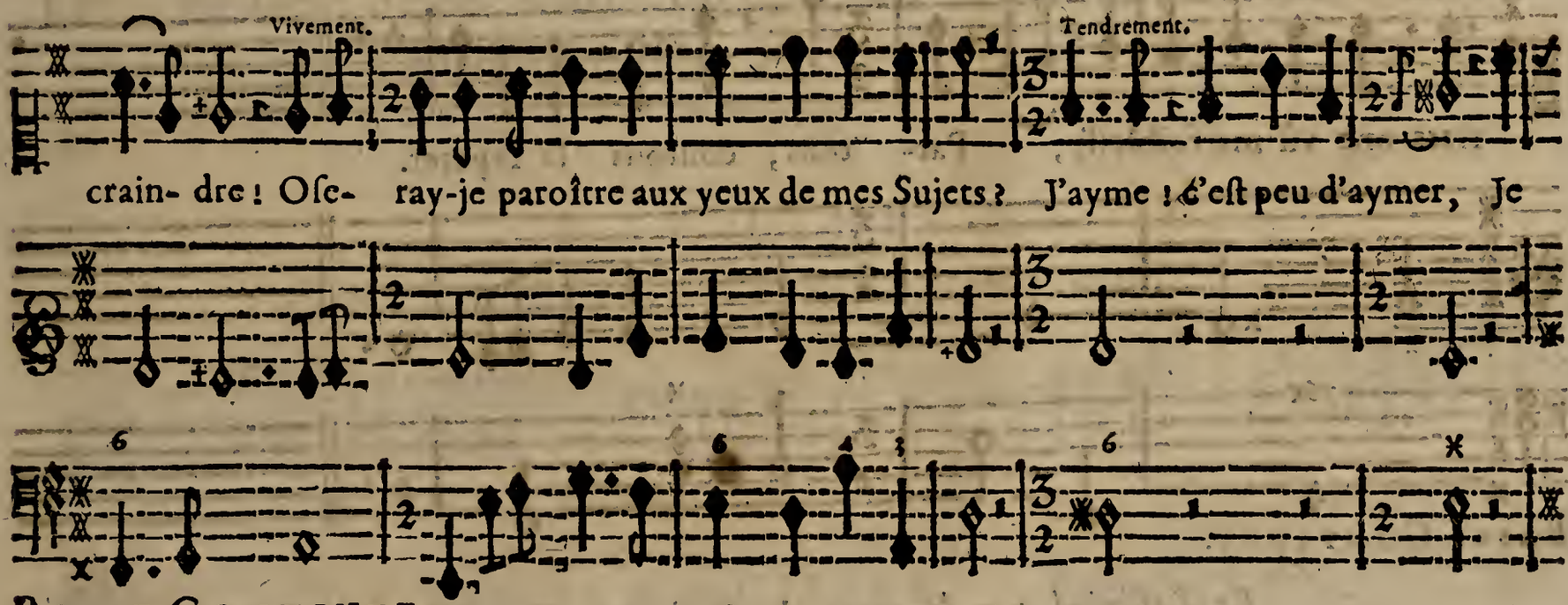


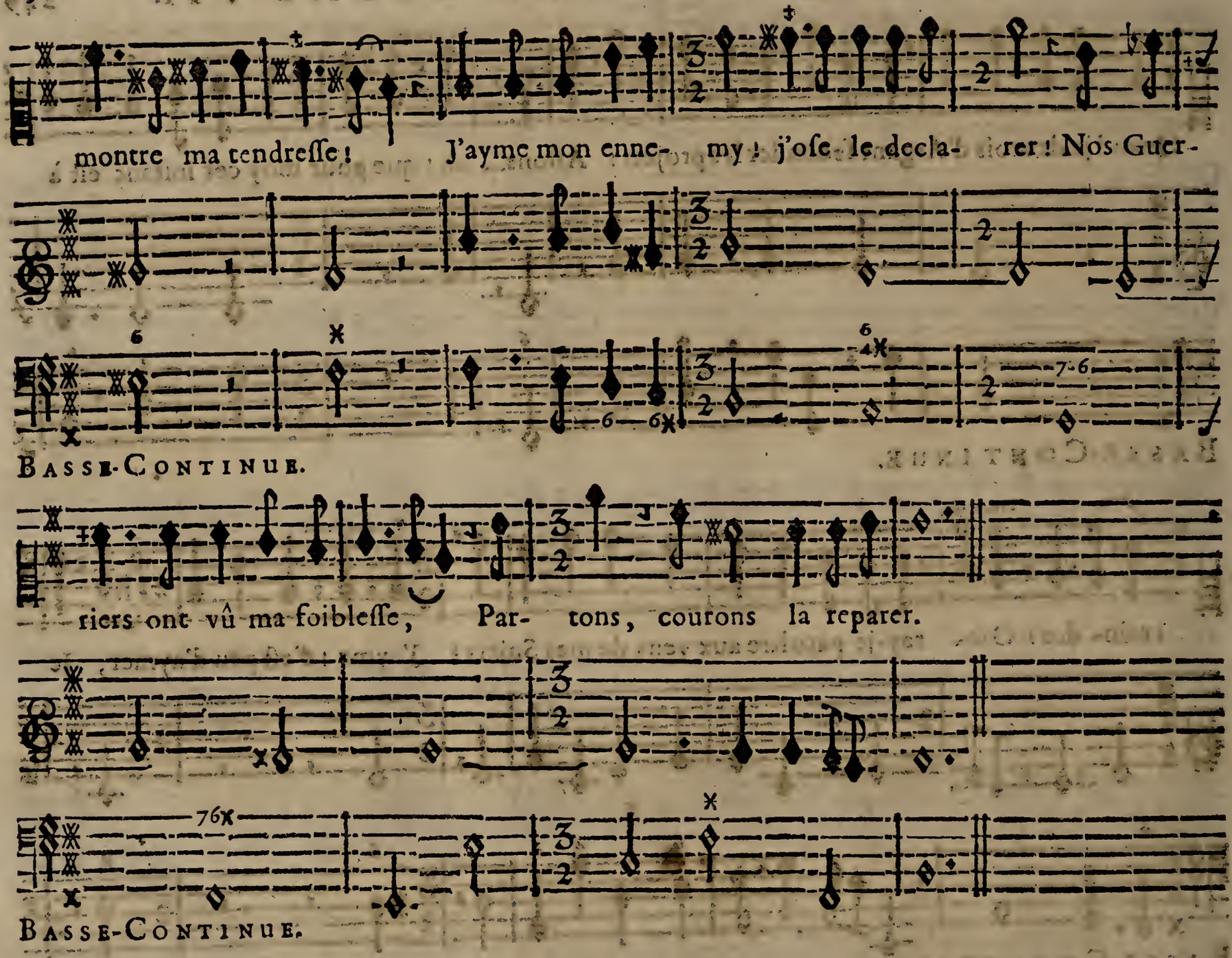
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.


Lentement.
Quand je devrois d'Argant ſeconder les projets ! Allons... ah ! que pour moy cet inſtant eſt à
BASSE-CONTINUE.


Vivement.
Tendrement.
crain- dre ! Oſe- ray-je paroître aux yeux de mes Sujets ? J'ayme ! c'eſt peu d'aymer, Je
BASSE-CONTINUE.



Le Paſſepied par ♮ carre du Prologue, ſert d'Entr'Acte.

FIN DU QUATRIE'ME ACTE.

ACTE CINQUIEME.

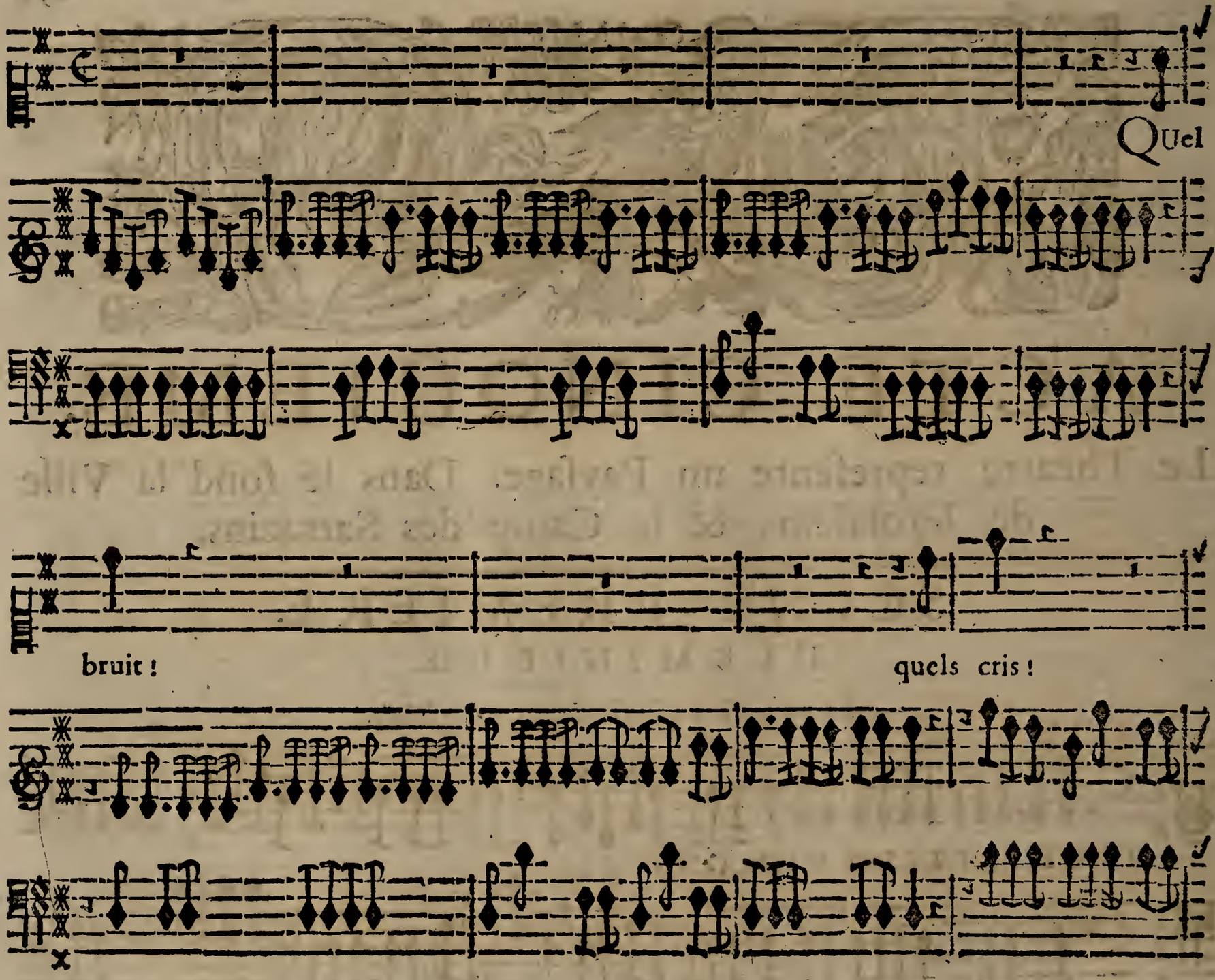
Le Theatre repreſente un Payſage. Dans le fond la Ville de Jeruſalem, & le Camp des Sarrazins.

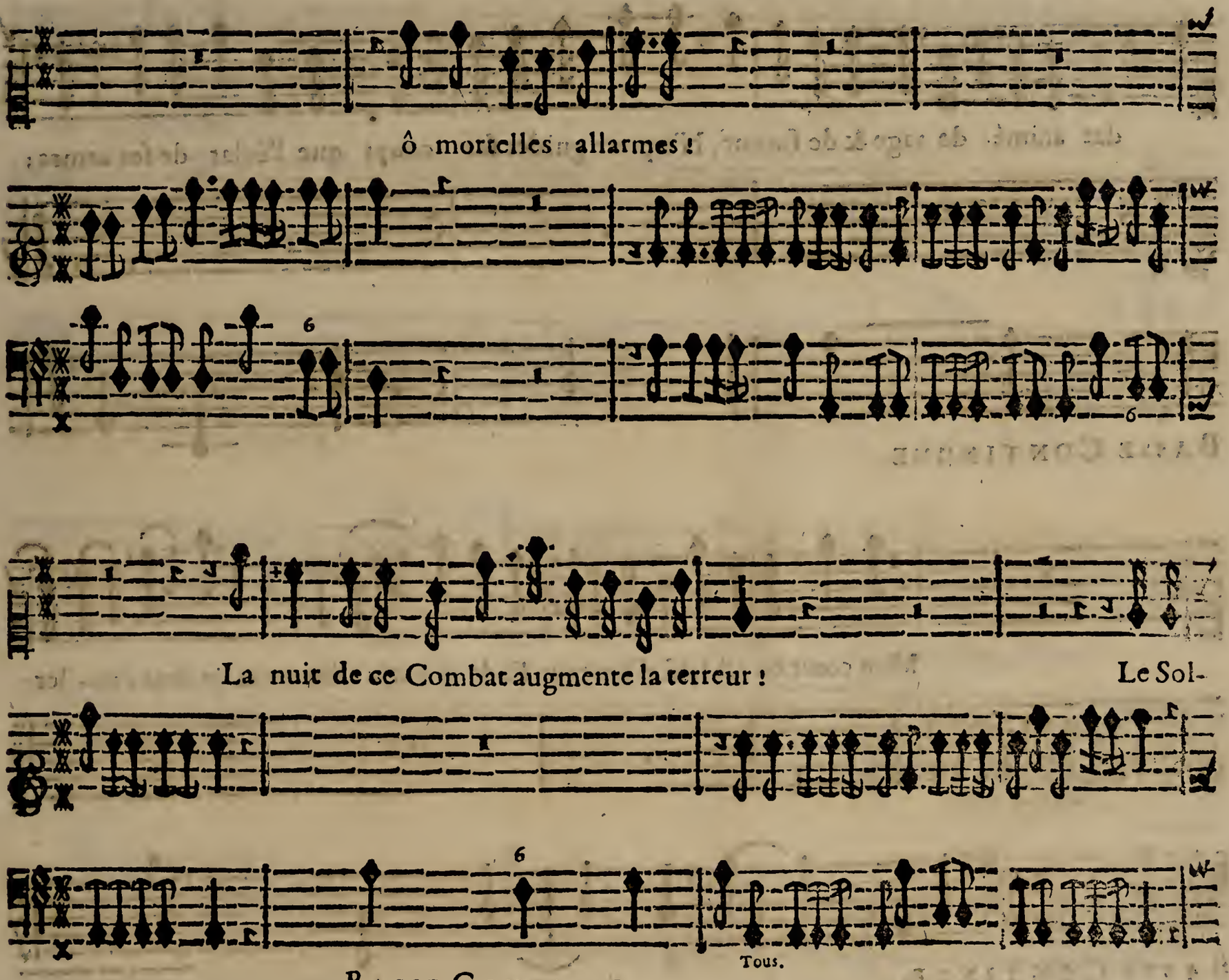
SCENE PREMIERE.

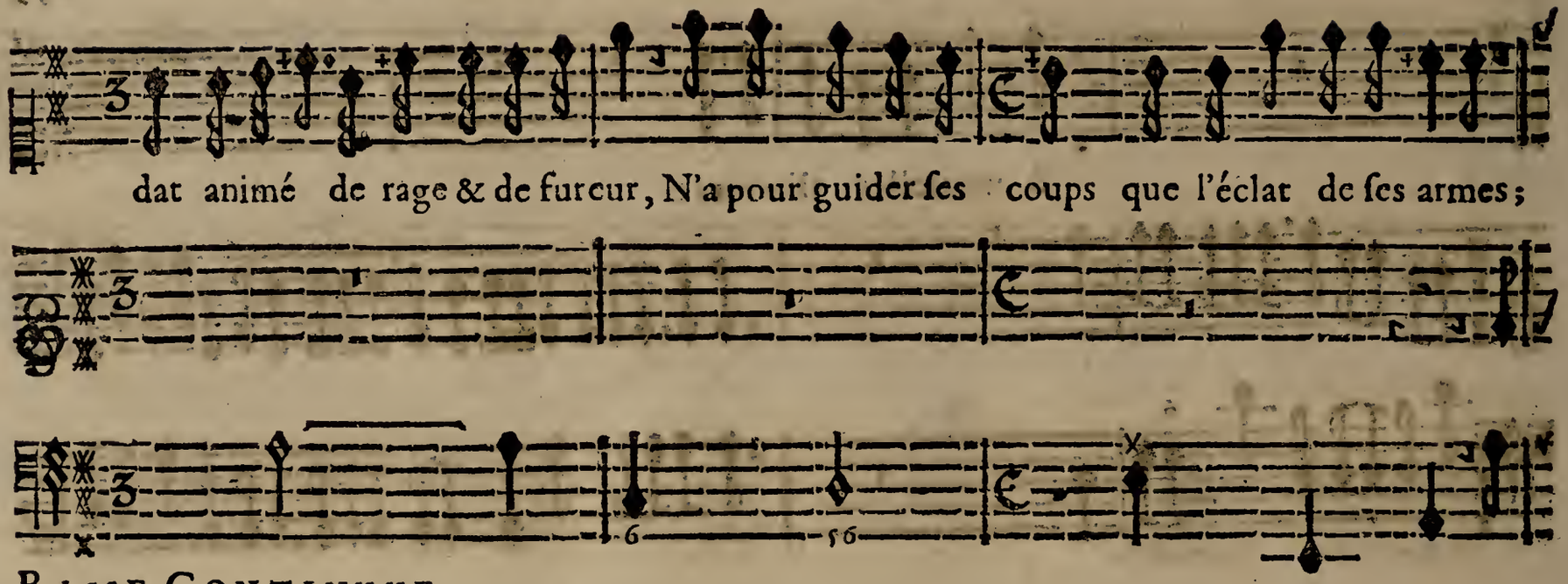
HERMINIE ſeule.

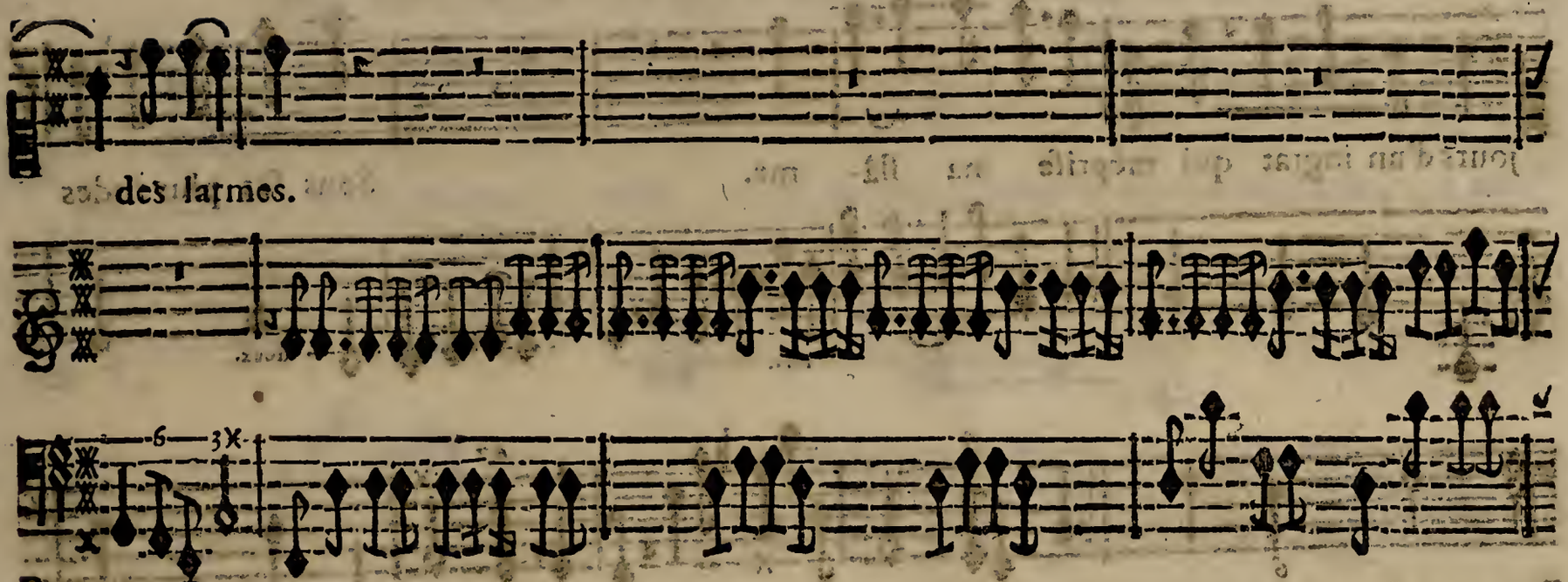
La Scene ſe paſſe ſur la fin de la Nuit.

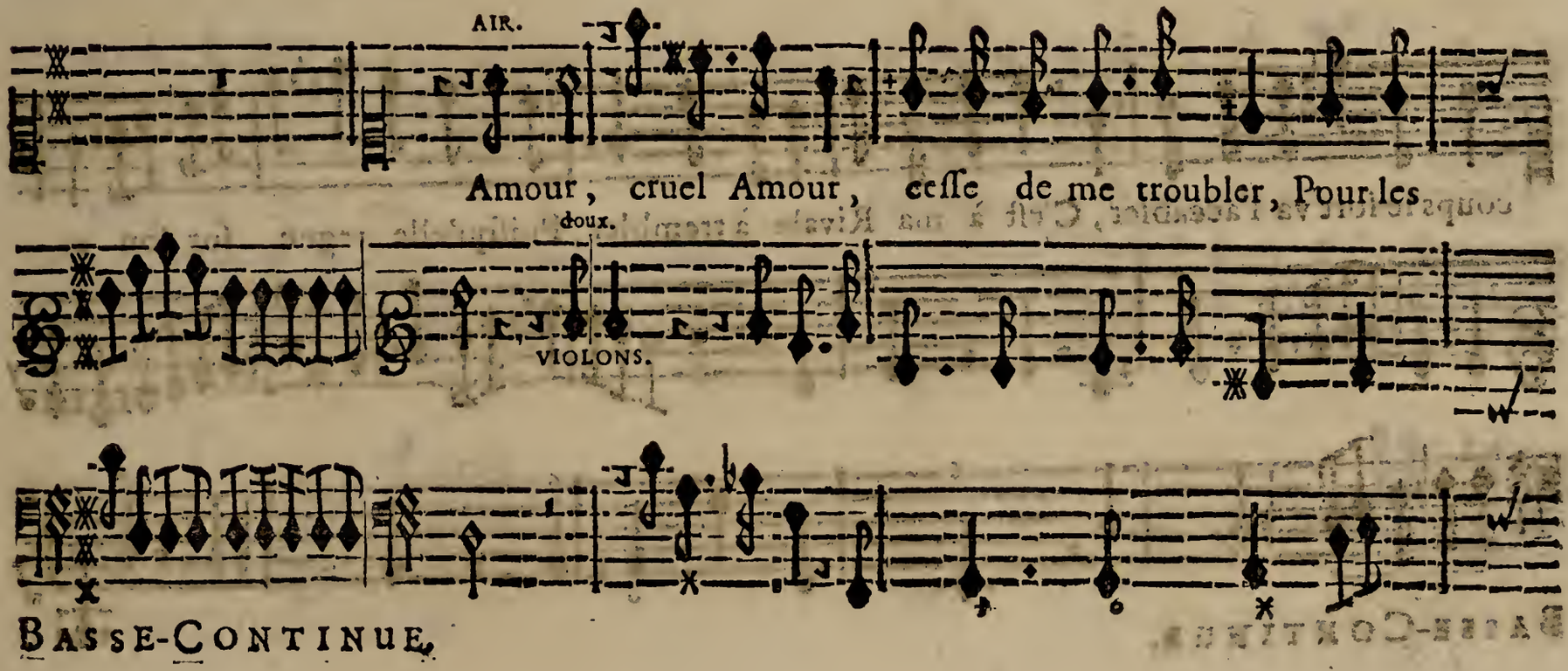
TROMPETTES & VIOLONS.

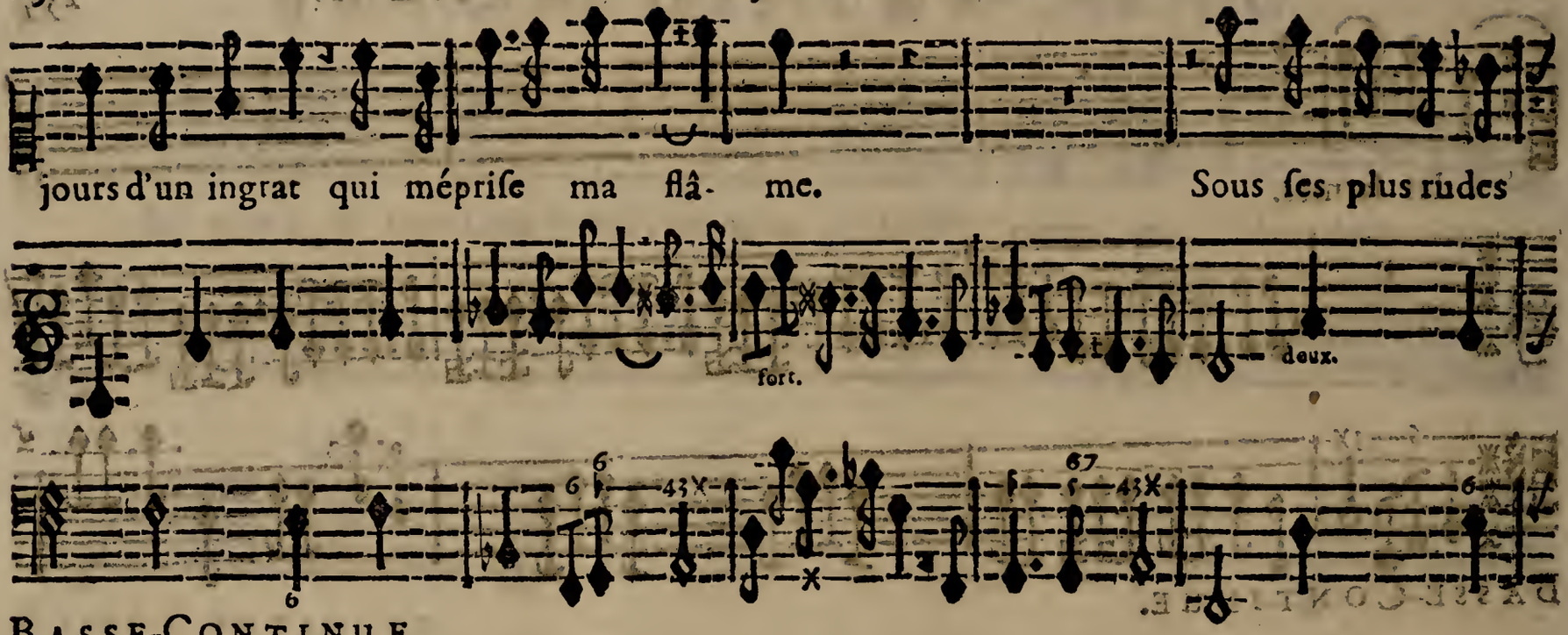

QUel
bruit !
quels cris !


Ô mortelles allarmes !
La nuit de ce Combat augmente la terreur !
Le Sol-
Tous.
BASSE-CONTINUE.

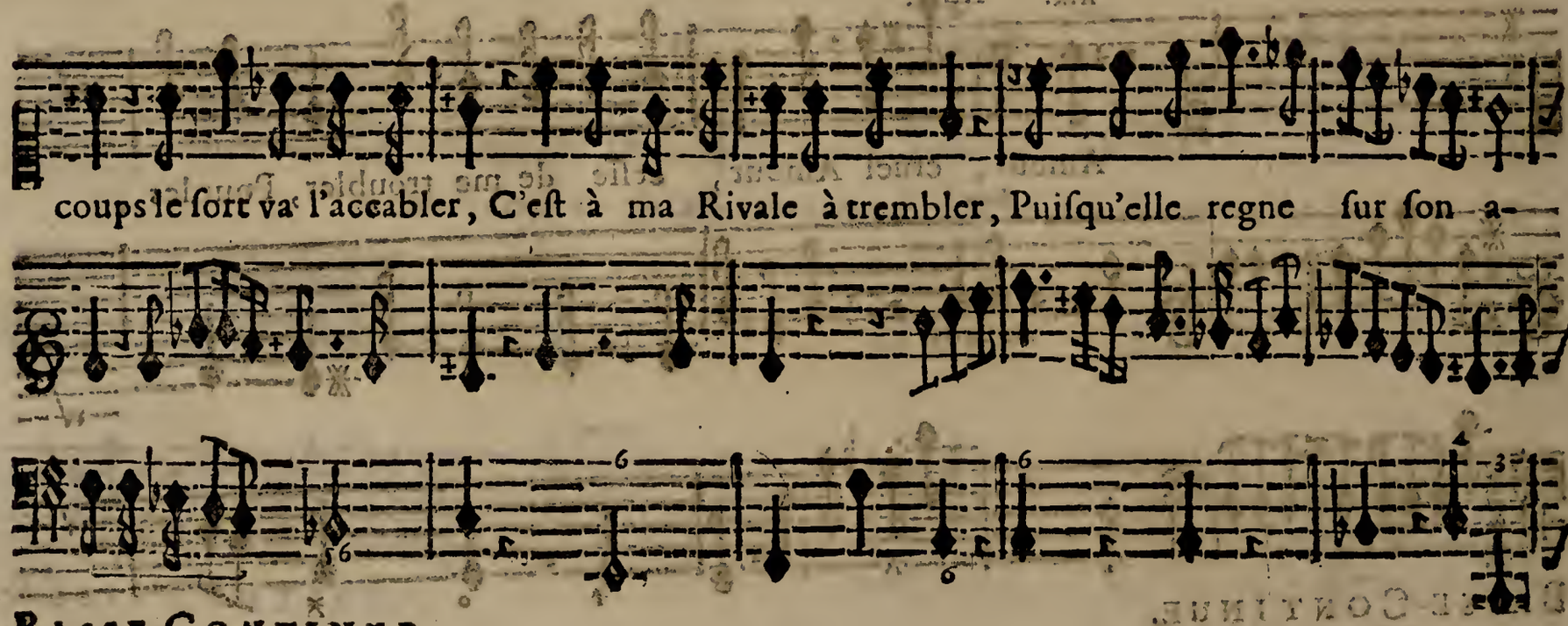

dat animé de rage & de fureur, N'a pour guider ſes coups que l'éclat de ſes armes;
BASSE-CONTINUUE.
Mon cœur en eſt ſaiſi d'horreur, Et de mes tri- ſtes yeux je ſens cou- ler
BASSE-CONTINUE.


des larmes.
BASSE-CONTINUE.

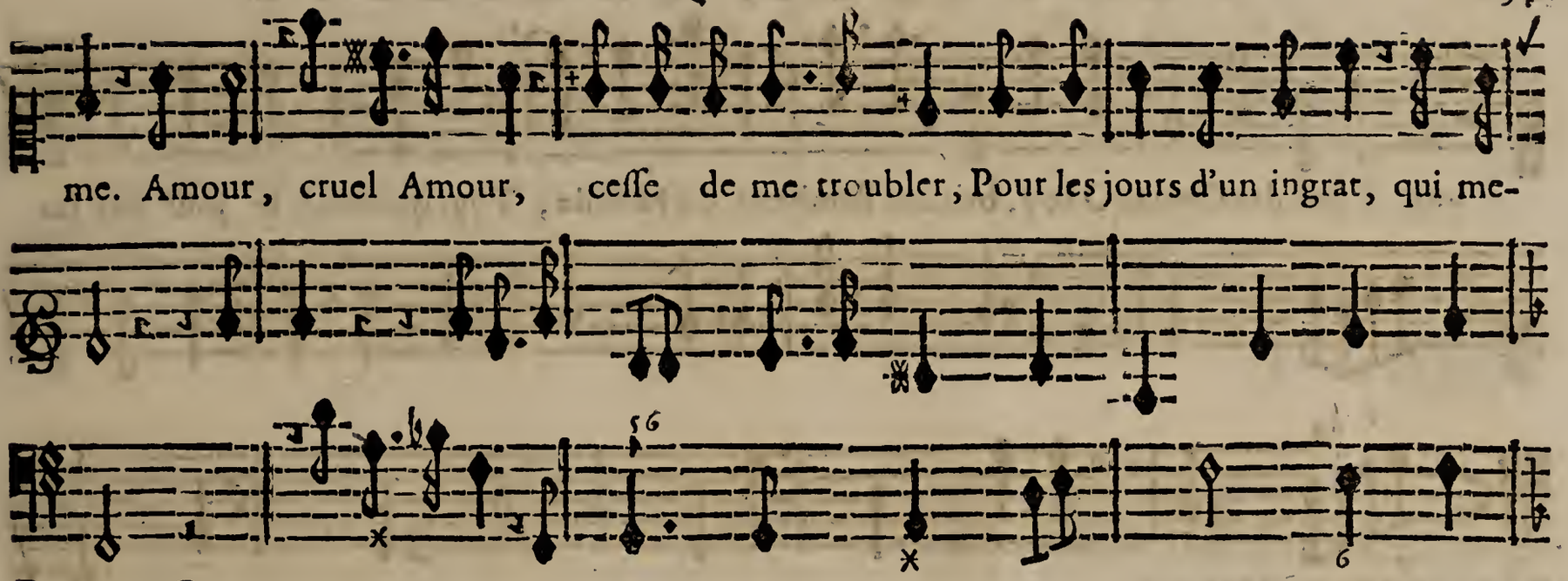

AIR.
Amour, cruel Amour, ceſſe de me troubler, Pour les
doux.
VIOLONS.
BASSE-CONTINUE.

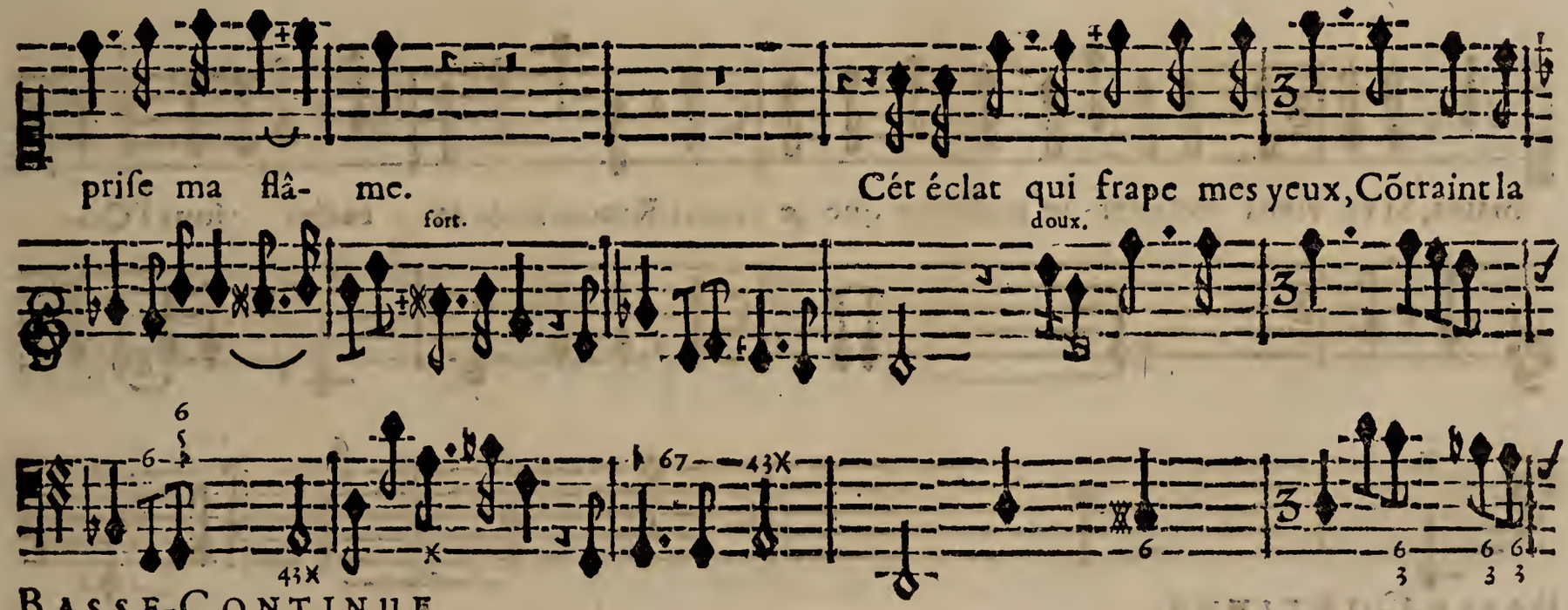


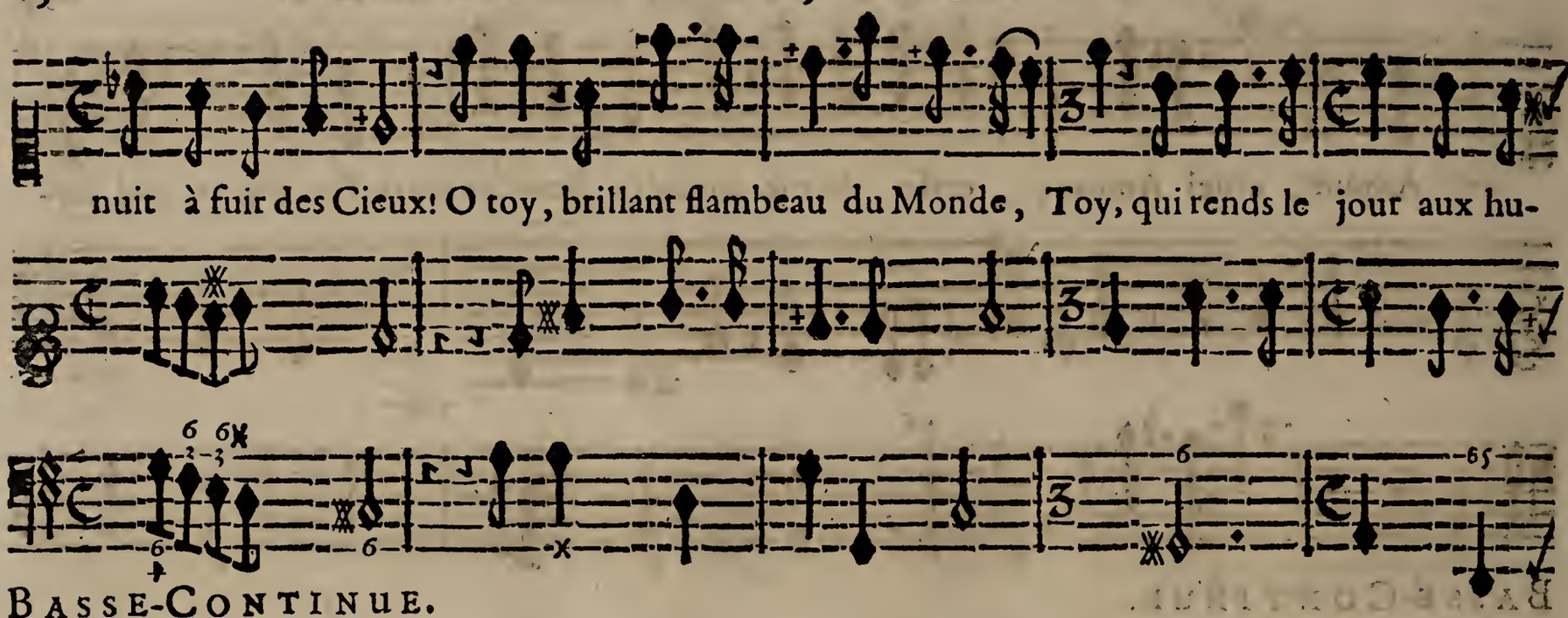
BASSE-CONTINUE.

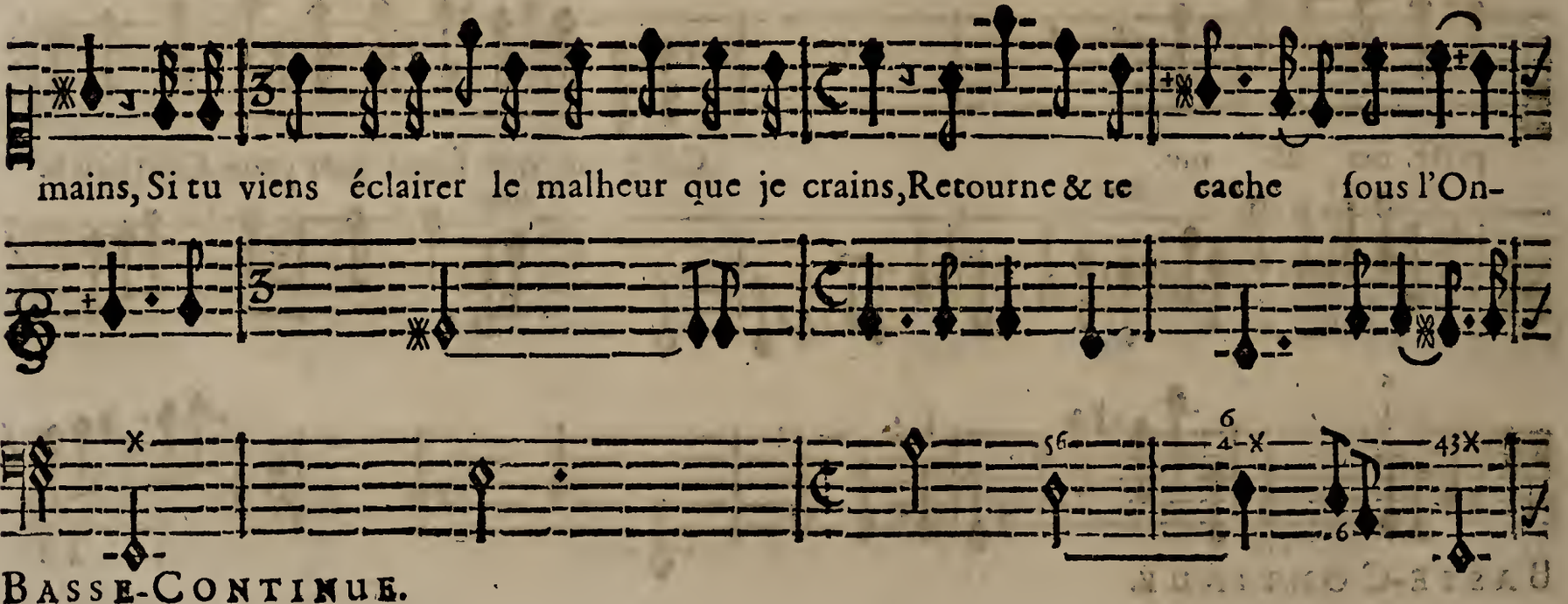


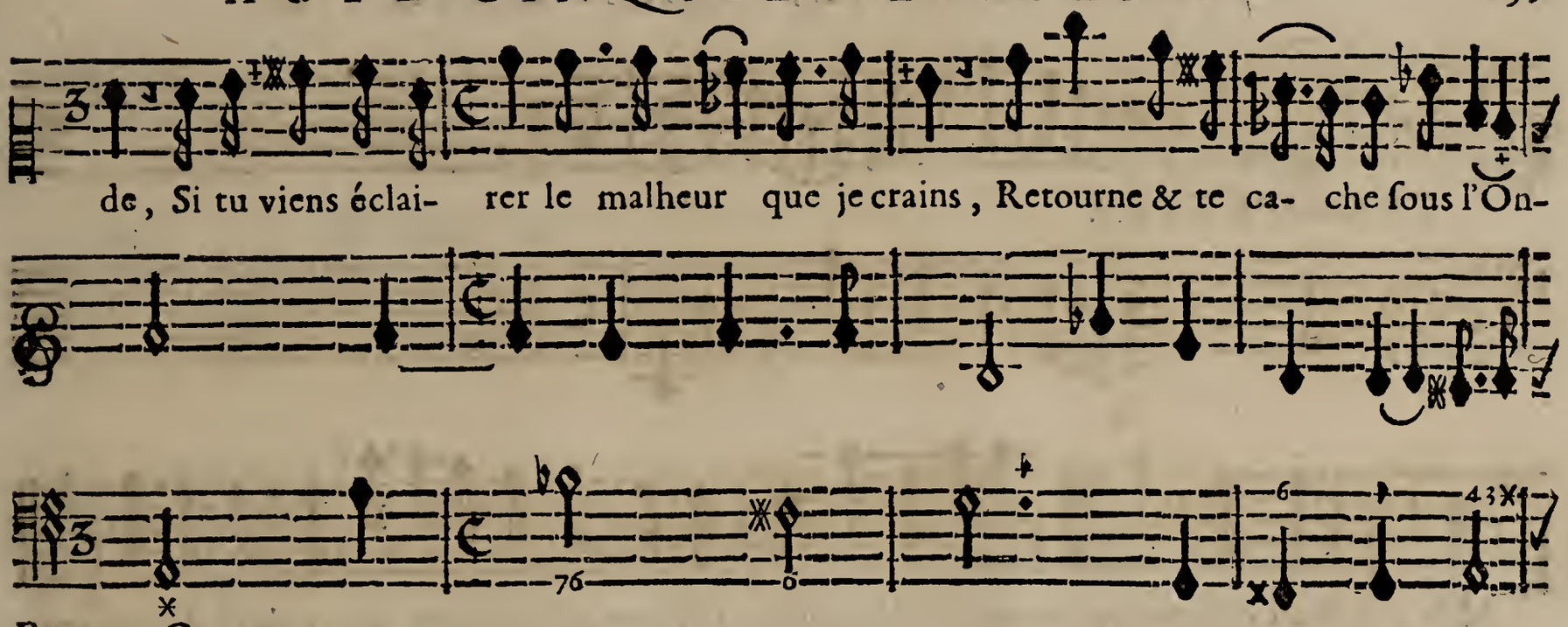
BASSE-CONTINUE.

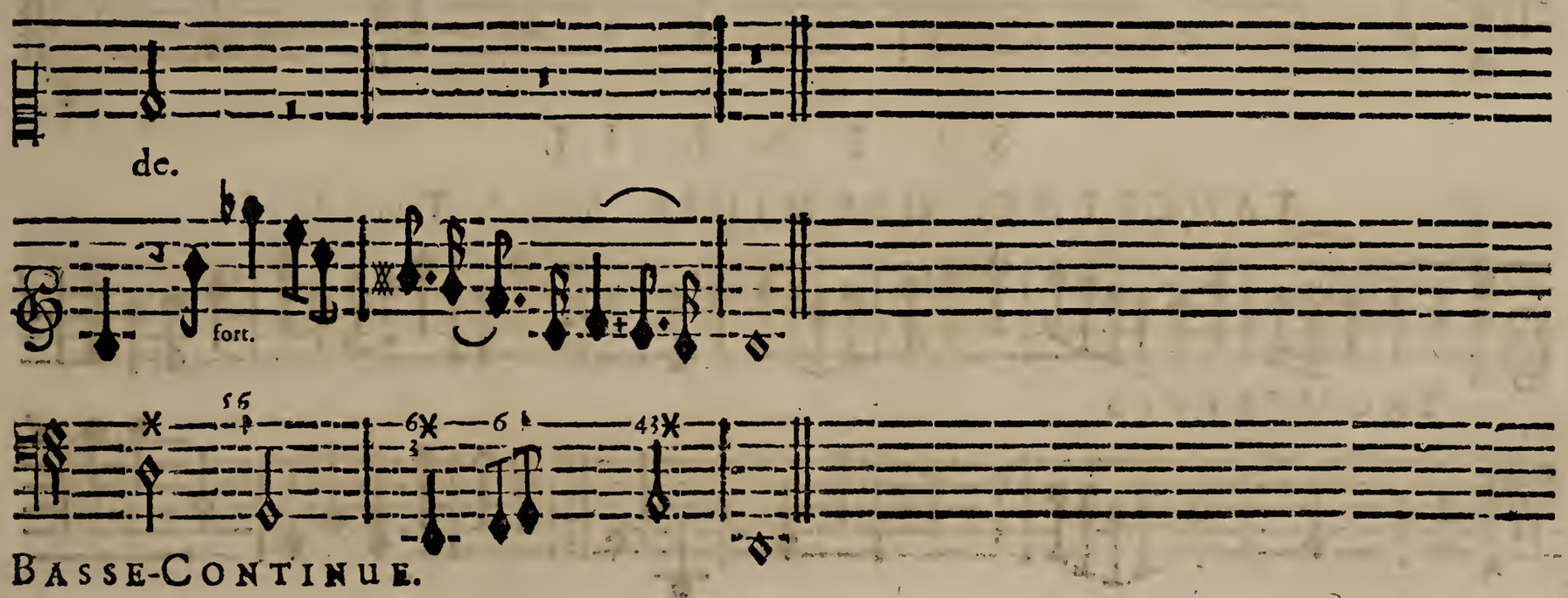

me. Amour, cruel Amour, ceſſe de me troubler, Pour les jours d'un ingrat, qui me-
BASSE-CONTINUE.

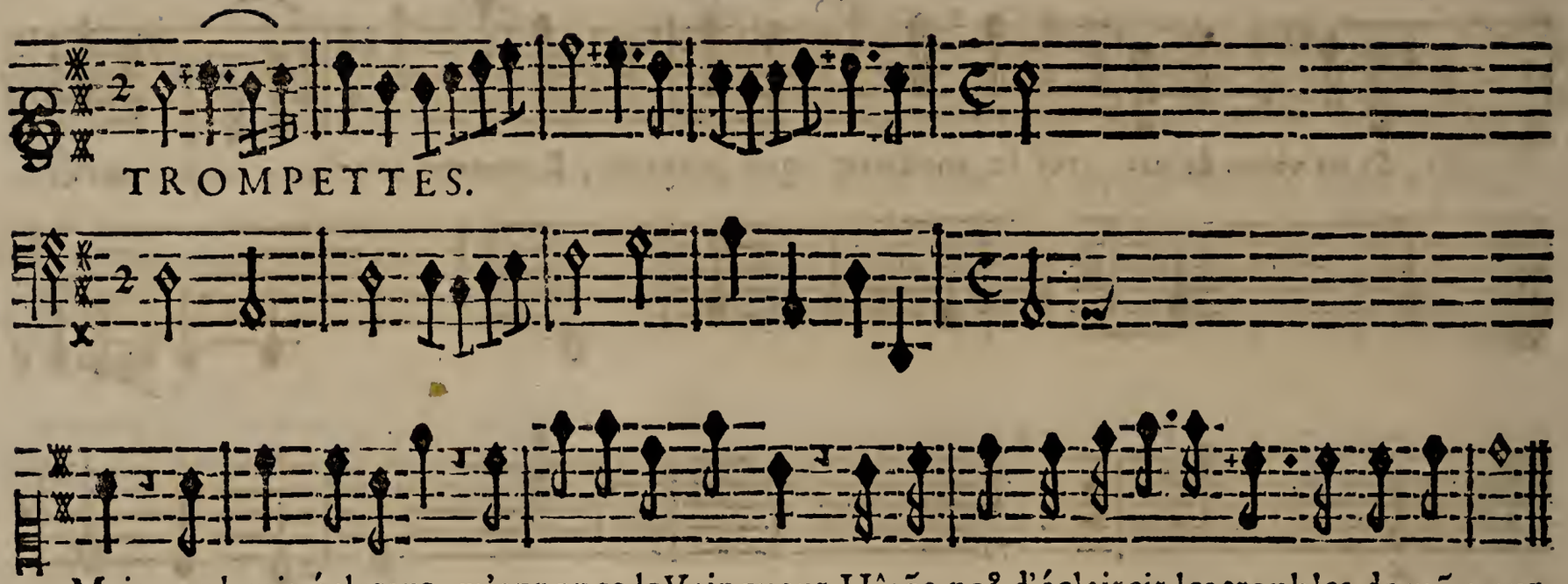

priſe ma flâ- me. Cét éclat qui frape mes yeux, Cõtraint la
fort.
doux.
BASSE-CONTINUE.


nuit à fuir des Cieux! O toy, brillant flambeau du Monde, Toy, qui rends le jour aux hu-
BASSE-CONTINUE.

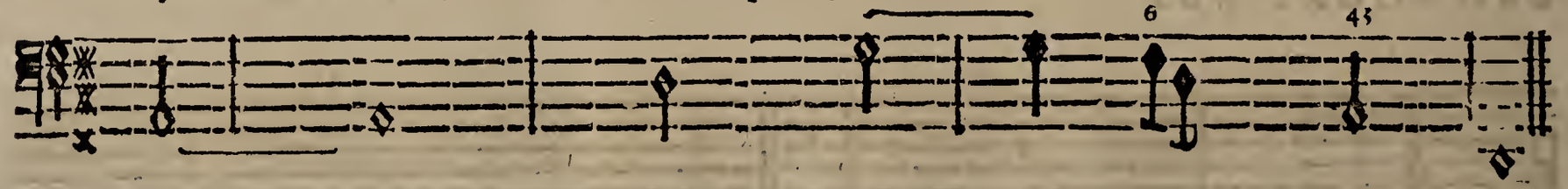

mains, Si tu viens éclairer le malheur que je crains, Retourne & te cache sous l'On-
BASSE-CONTINUE.


de, Si tu viens éclai- rer le malheur que je crains, Retourne & te ca- che sous l'On-
BASSE-CONTINUE.


de.
fort.
BASSE-CONTINUE.

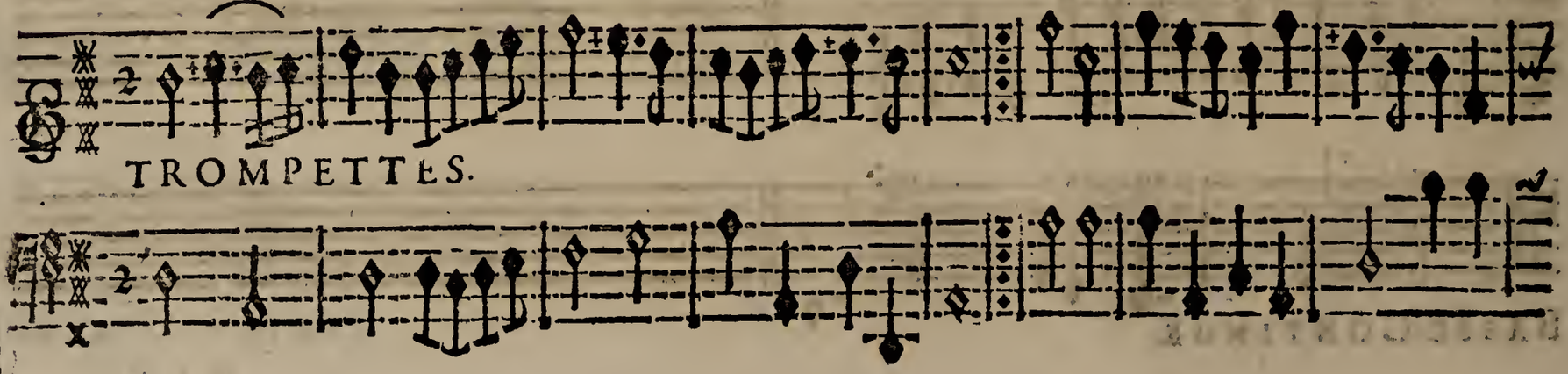


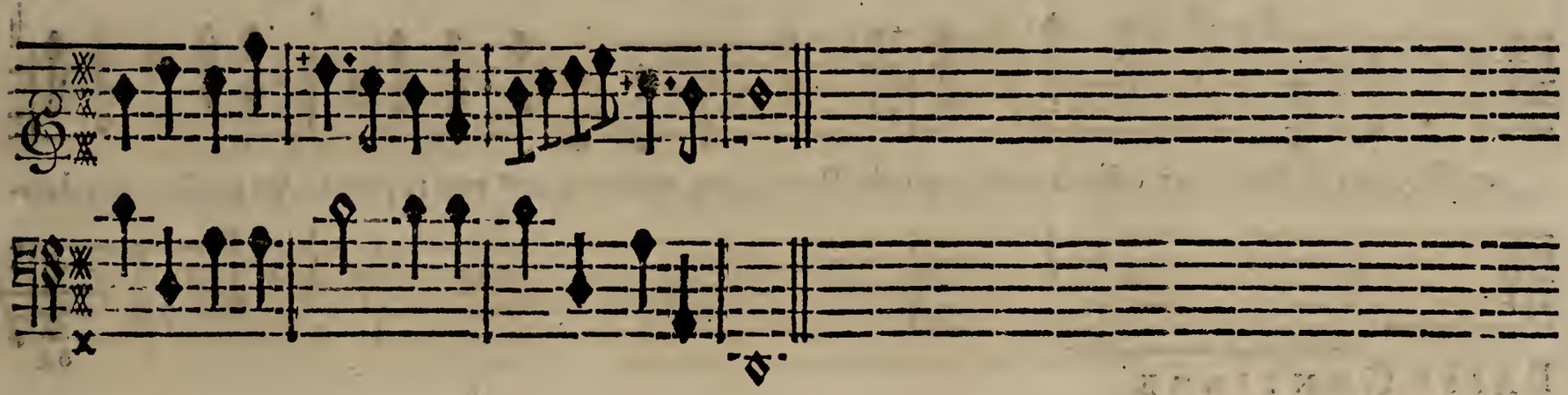
Mais, ce bruit éclatant, m'annonce le Vainqueur, Hâtõs-no⁹ d'éclaircir les troubles de mõ cœur.



SCENE II.

TANCREDE, HERMINIE, Suite de Tancrede.





TANCREDE à sa Suite.

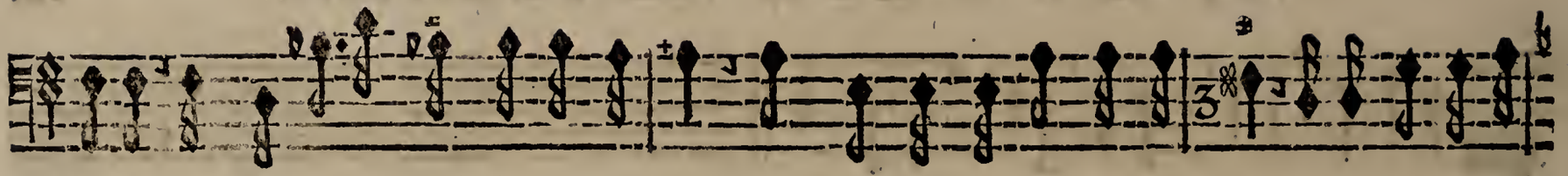
LE jour a découvert le succés de nos armes, Qu'on épargne nos ennemis, La

BASSE-CONTINUE.

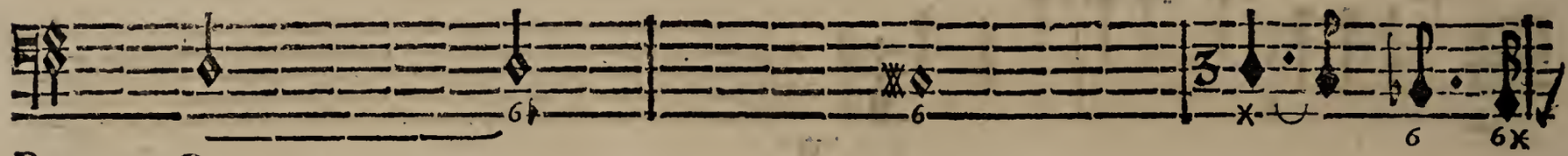
à HERMINIE.

Gloire de les voir soû- mis, Peut seule avoir pour moy des char- mes. Prin-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

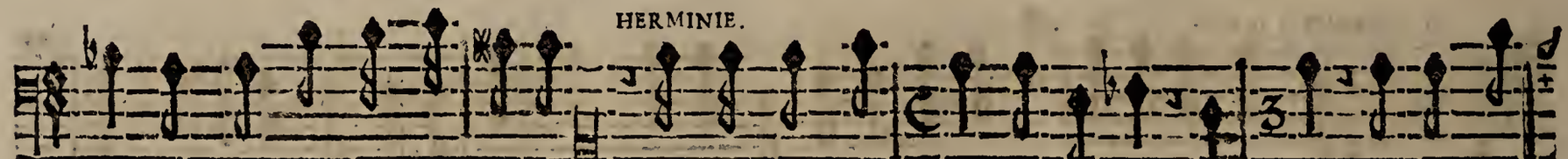


ceſſe, quel deſtin vous offre à mes regards? Pourquoy quittez-vo⁹ vos rẽparts? Au milieu des dan-

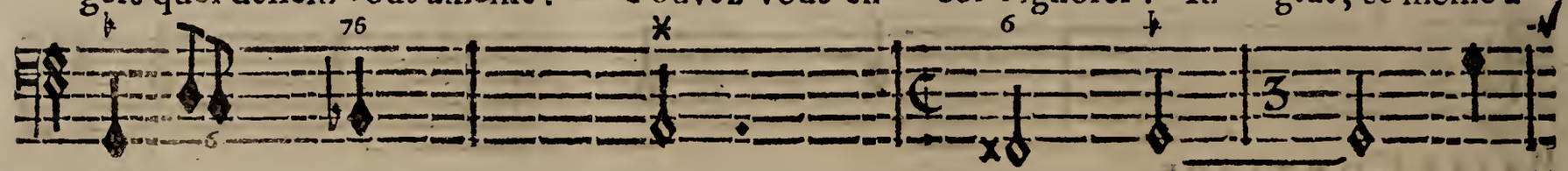


BASSE-CONTINUE.

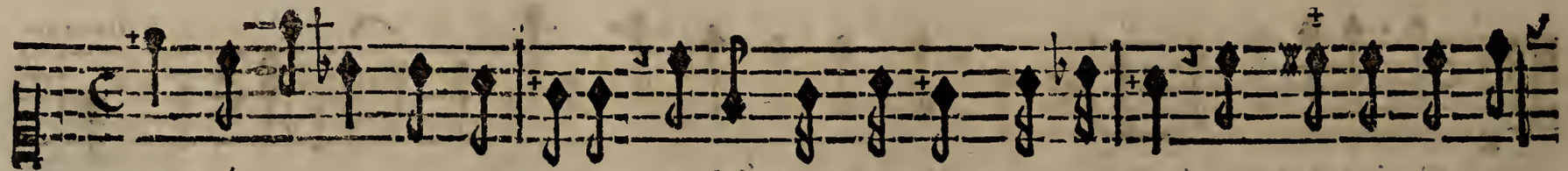
HERMINIE.



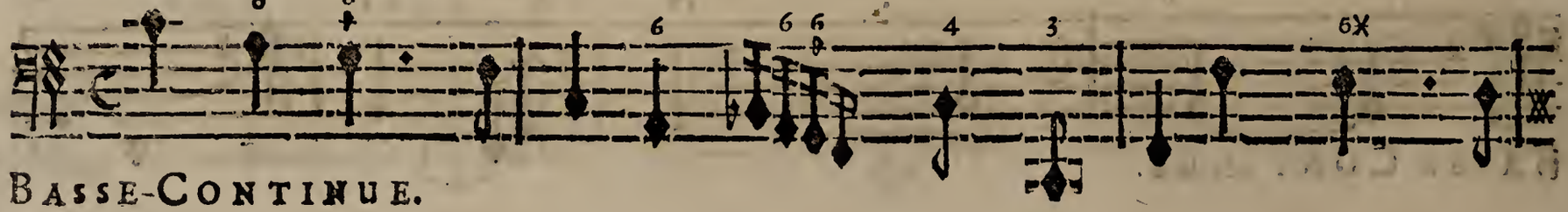
gers quel deſſein vous ameine? Pouvez-vous en- cor l'ignorer? In- grat, ce même a-



BASSE-CONTINUE.

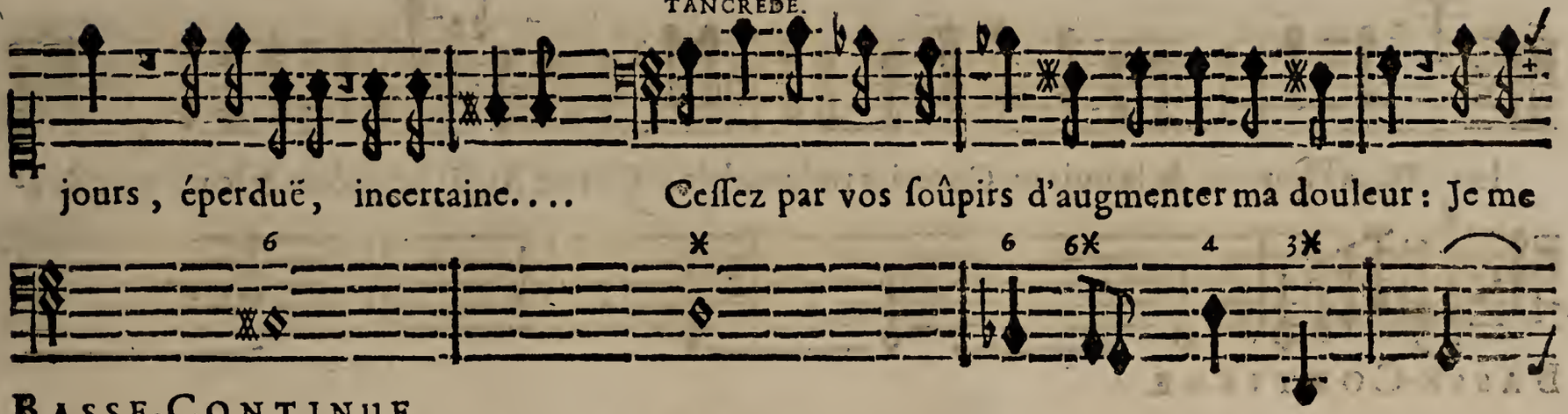


mour, cét amour qui vous gêne, A ſçû dans ces lieux m'attirer. Tremblante pour vos



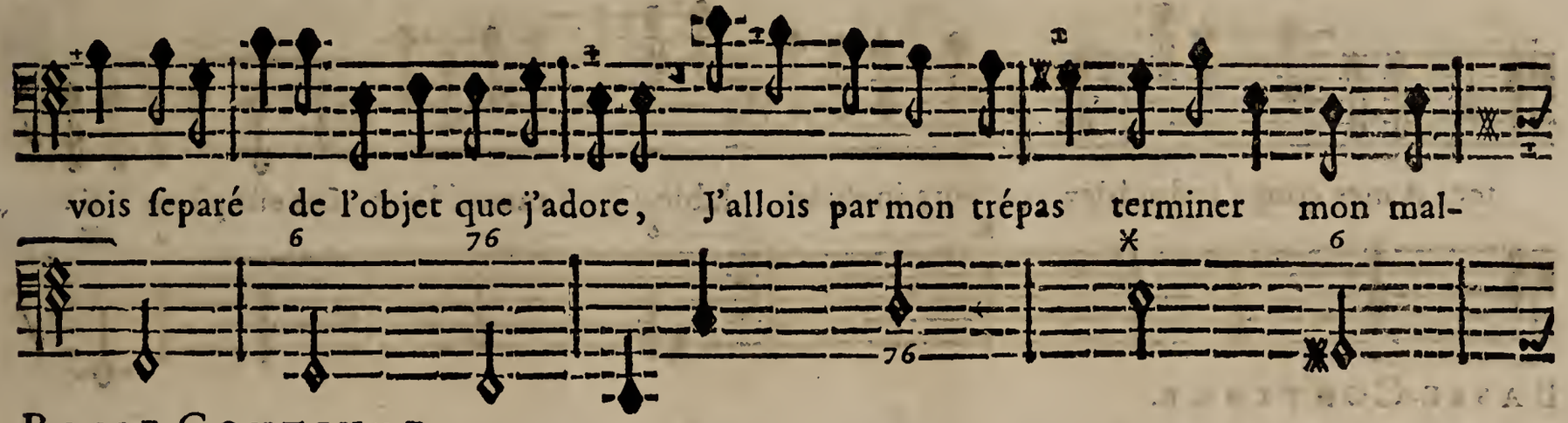
BASSE-CONTINUE.

TANCREDE.



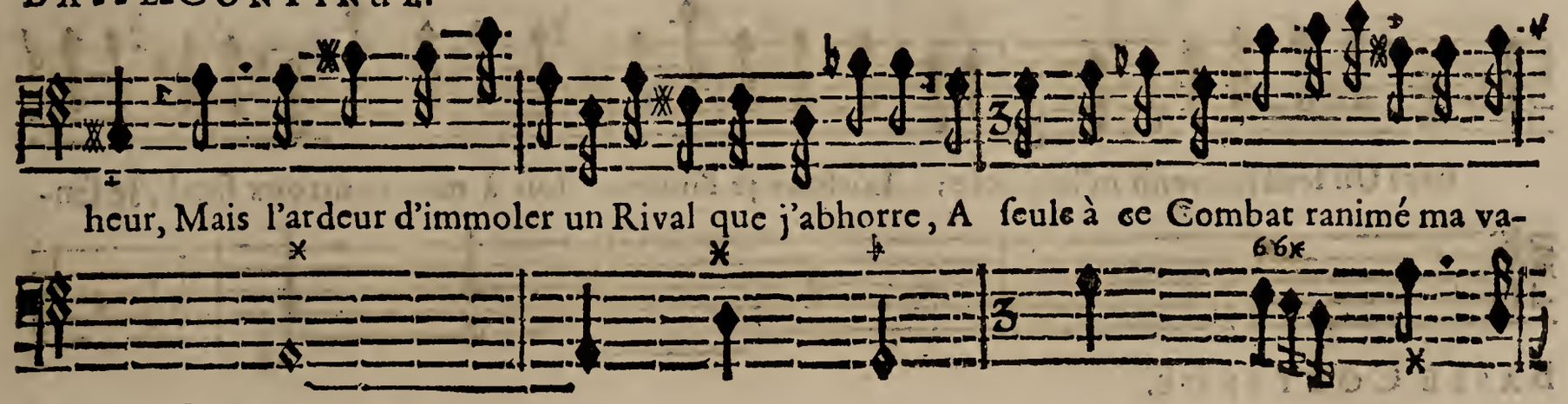
jours, éperduë, incertaine.... Ceſſez par vos ſoûpirs d'augmenter ma douleur: Je me

BASSE-CONTINUE.



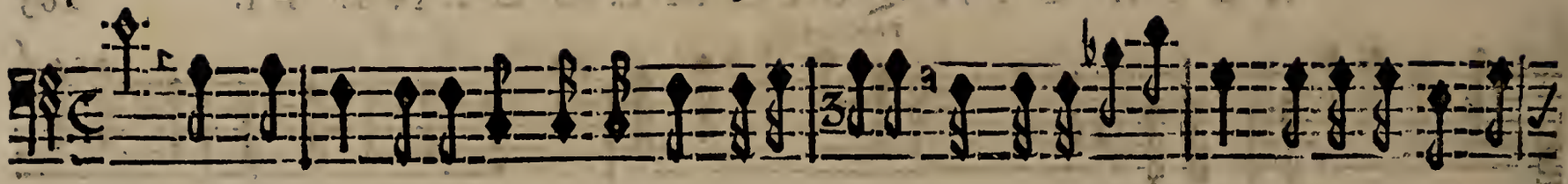
vois ſeparé de l'objet que j'adore, J'allois par mon trépas terminer mon mal-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

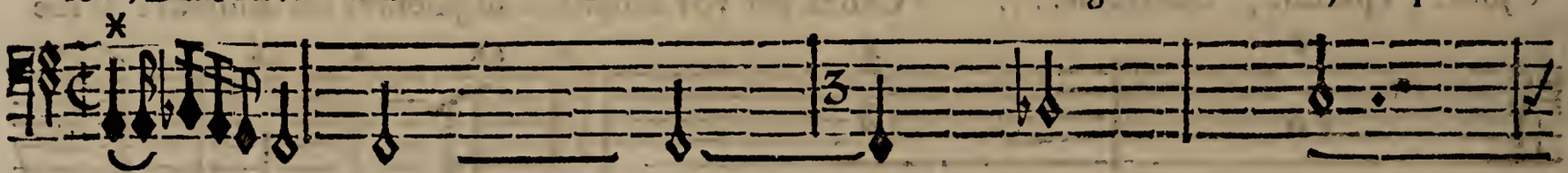


heur, Mais l'ardeur d'immoler un Rival que j'abhorre, A ſeule à ce Combat ranimé ma va-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

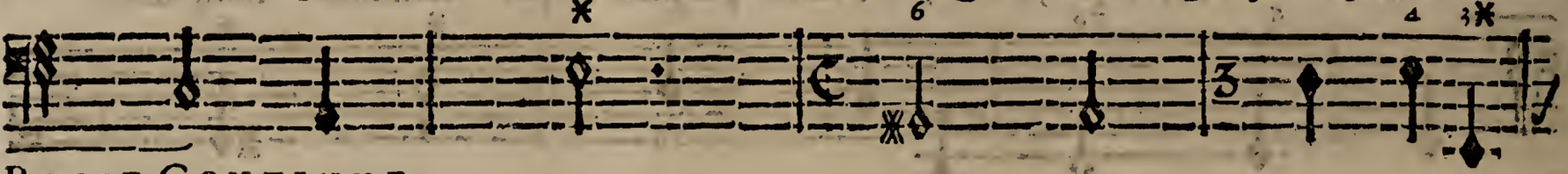


leur; Dans l'horreur de la nuit un Guerrier redoutable... C'étoit Argãt lui-même & je n'ẽ puis dou-

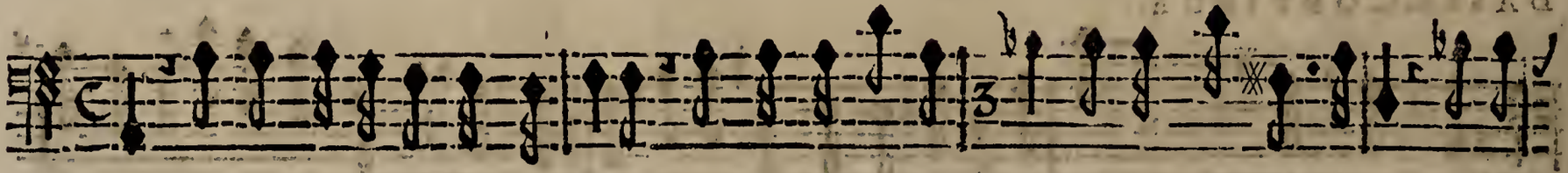


BASSE-CONTINUE.

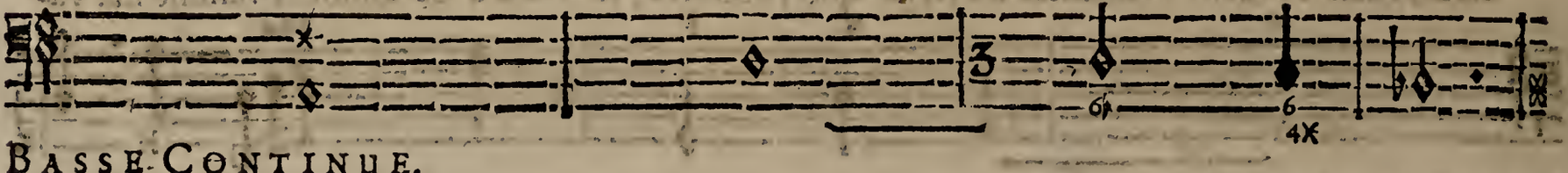
ter, A mes coups redoublez toûjours inebran- lable, Quel autre ſi long-tẽps eût pû me reſi-



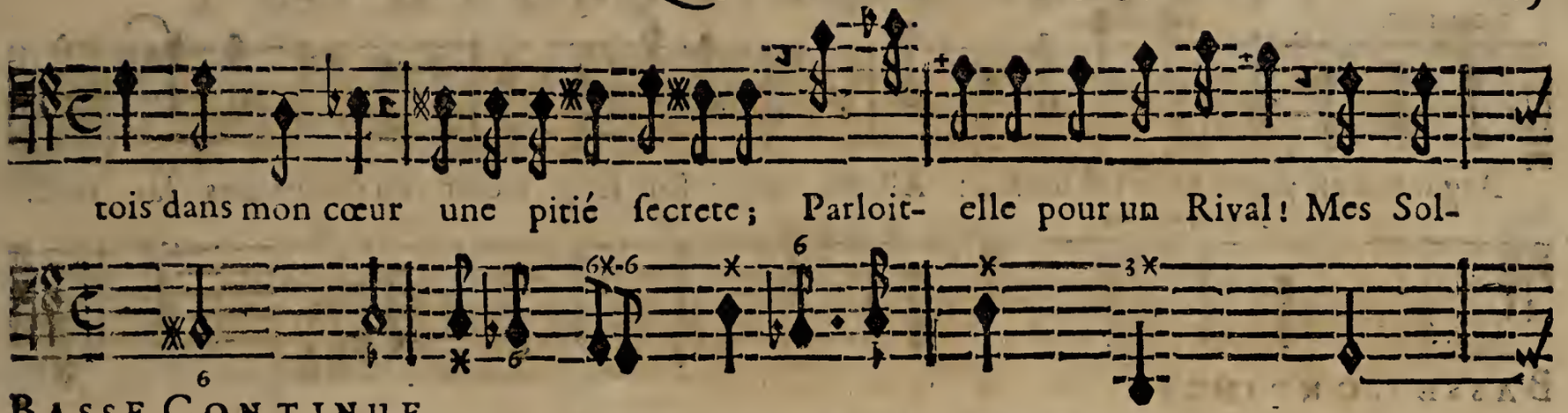
BASSE-CONTINUE.



ſter? Un ſeul ſouvenir m'inquiete; Lorſque je l'immo- lois à mon courroux fatal, Je ſen-

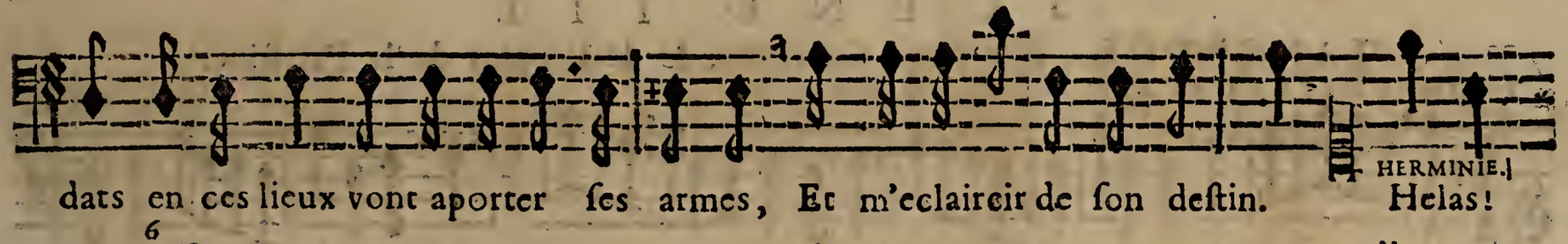


BASSE-CONTINUE.



tois dans mon cœur une pitié ſecrete; Parloit- elle pour un Rival! Mes Sol-

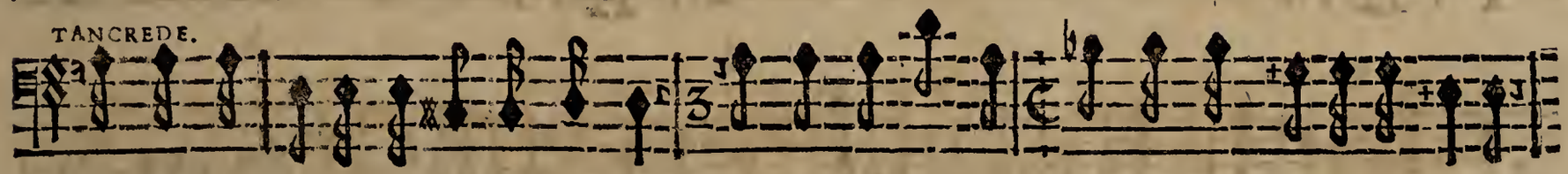
BASSE-CONTINUE.



HERMINIE.

dats en ces lieux vont aporter ſes armes, Et m'eclaircir de ſon deſtin. Helas!

BASSE-CONTINUE.

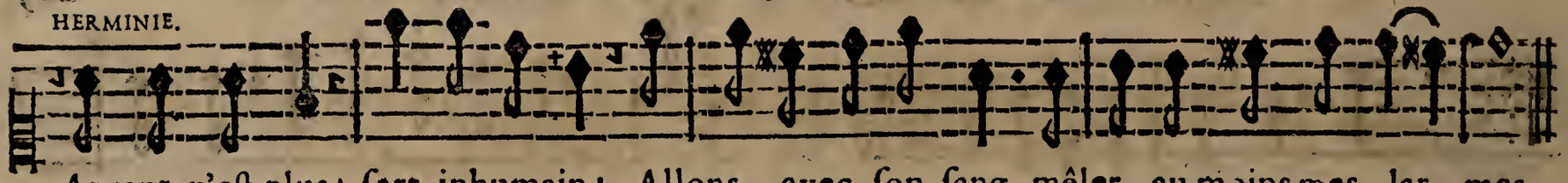


TANCREDE.

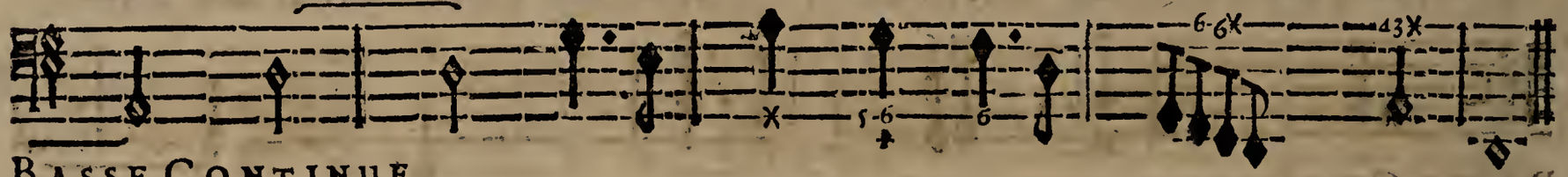
de l'Enchanteur le trepas eſt certain, Et nous ne craignons plus le pouvoir de ſes charmes.

BASSE-CONTINUE.

HERMINIE.



Argant n'eſt plus! ſort inhumain! Allons avec ſon ſang mêler au moins mes lar- mes.

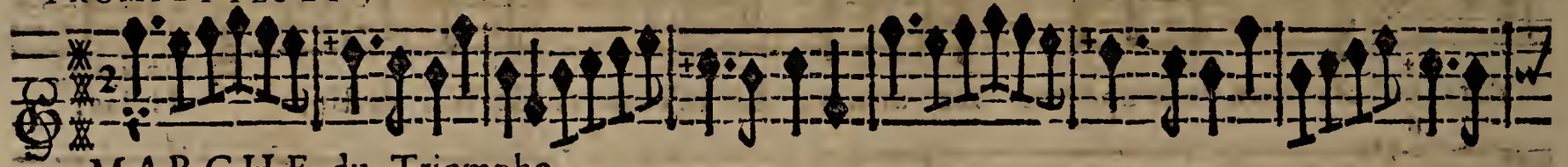


BASSE-CONTINUE.

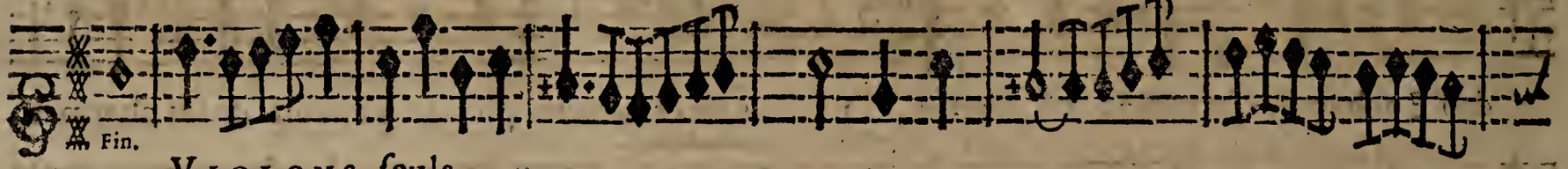
SCENE III.

TANCREDE, Troupe de Guerriers, & de Peuples de la Paleſtine.

TROMPETTES ET VIOLONS.



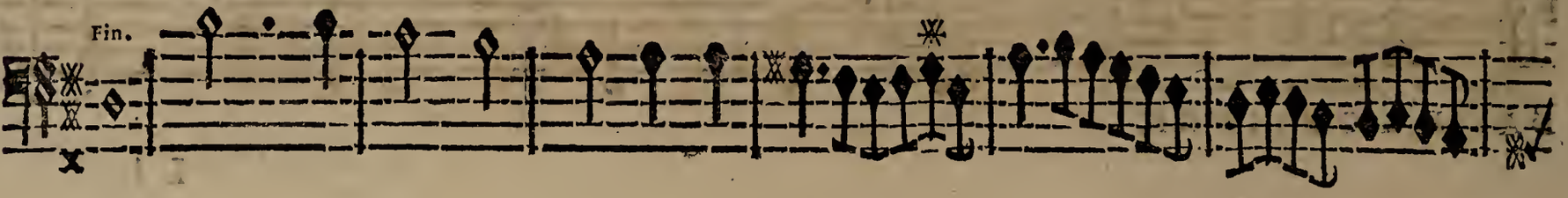
MARCHE du Triomphe.

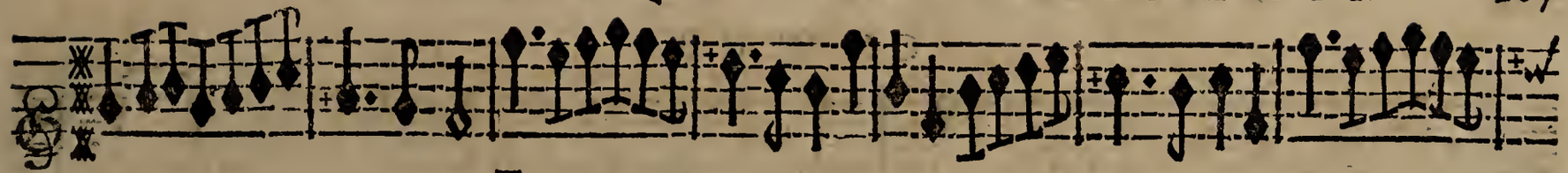


Fin.

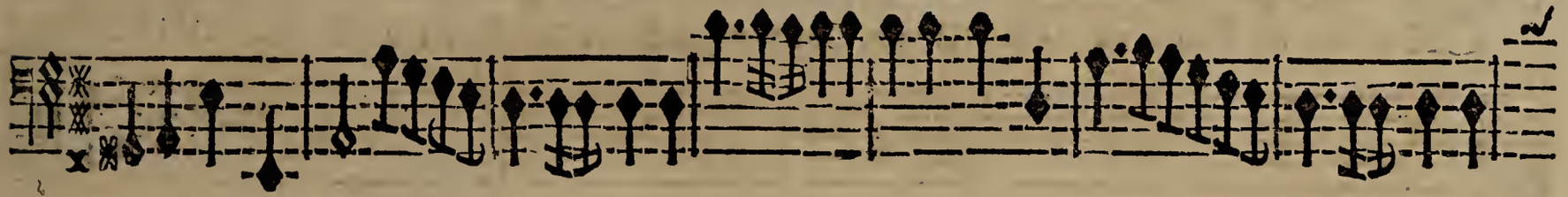
VIOLONS ſeuls.

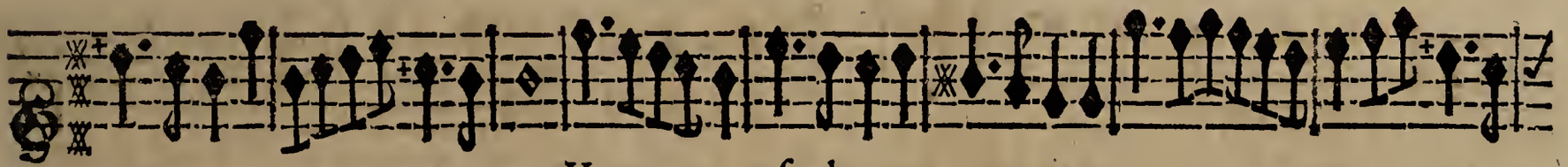
Fin.



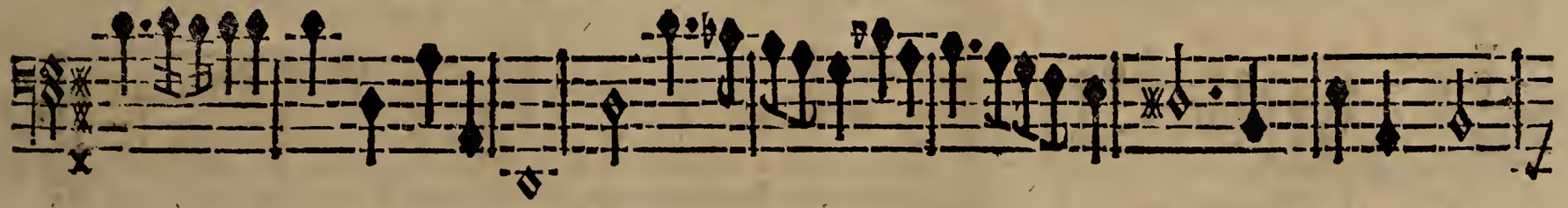


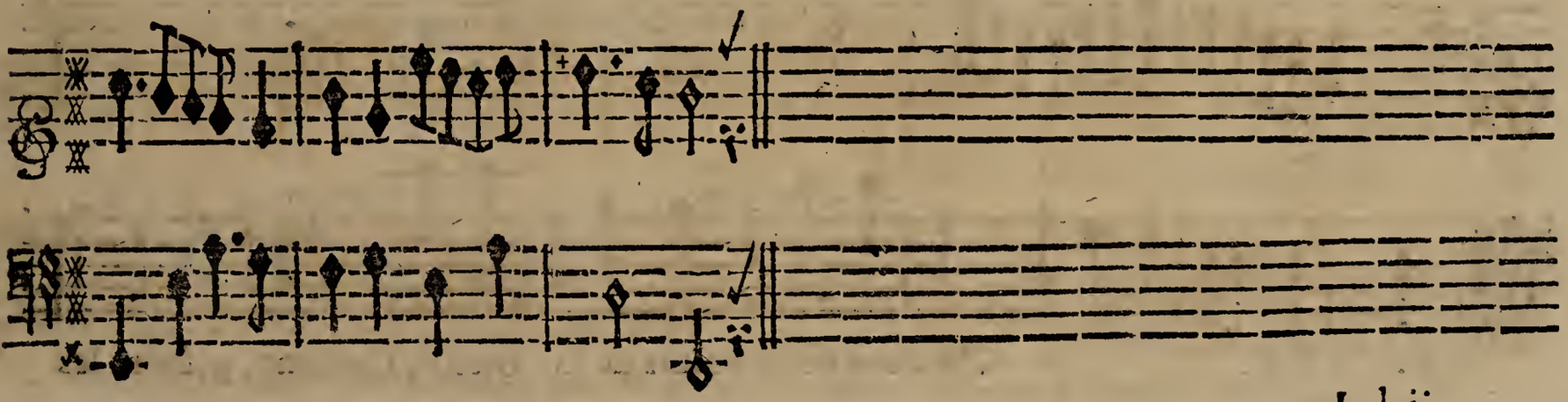
TROMPETTES.





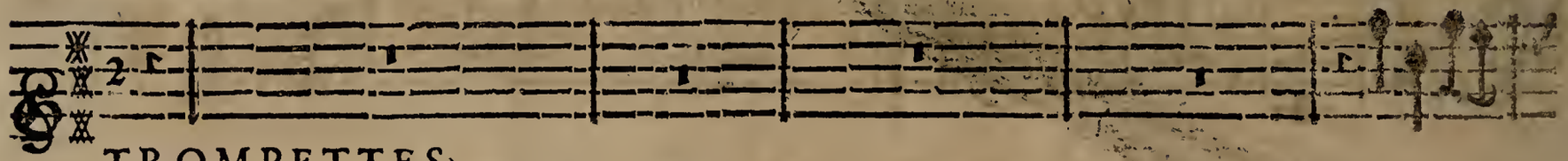
VIOLONS ſeuls.



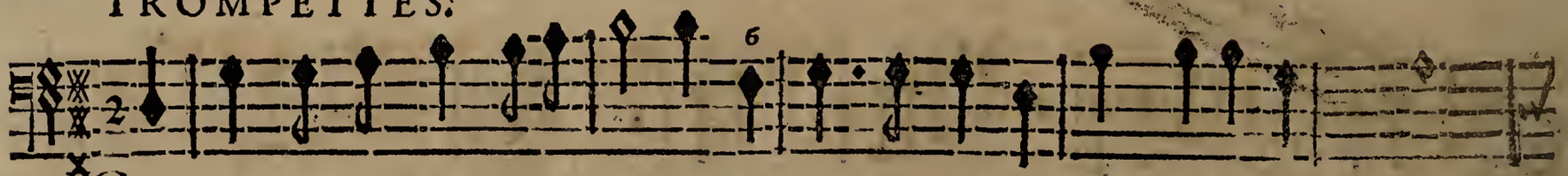


CHOEUR.

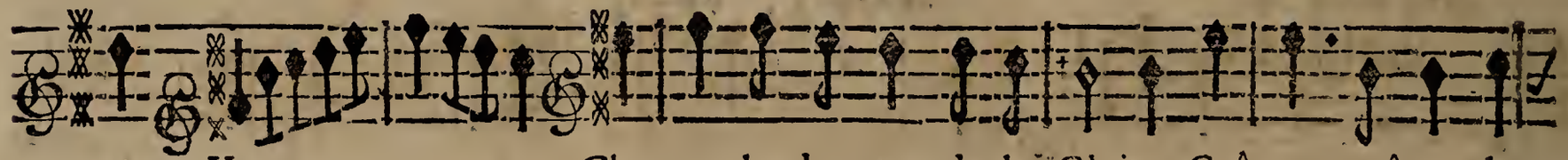
CHantons les douceurs de la Gloire, Goûtons, goûtons les fruits de la Vi- ctoi-



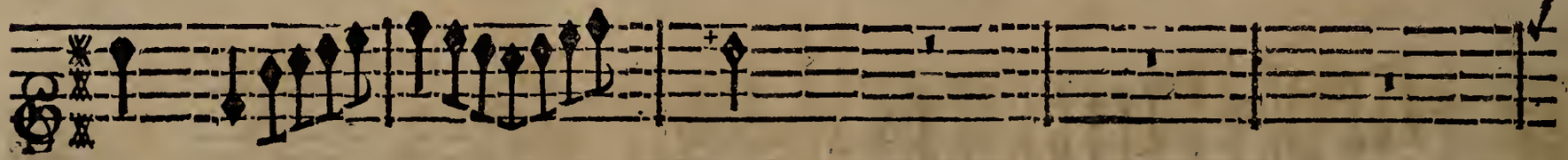
TROMPETTES.

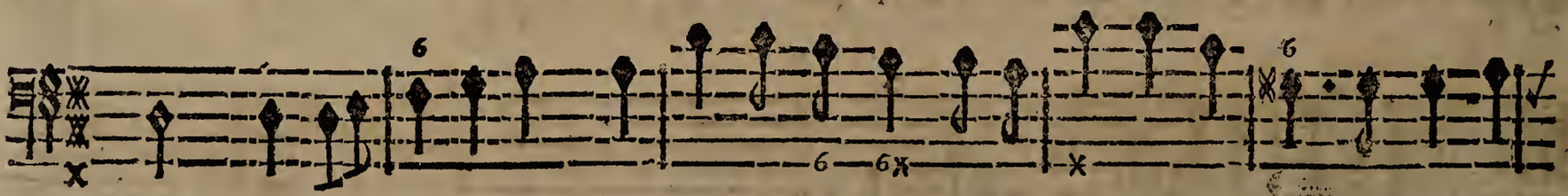


CHantons les douceurs de la Gloire, Goûtons, goûtons les fruits de la Vi- ctoi-

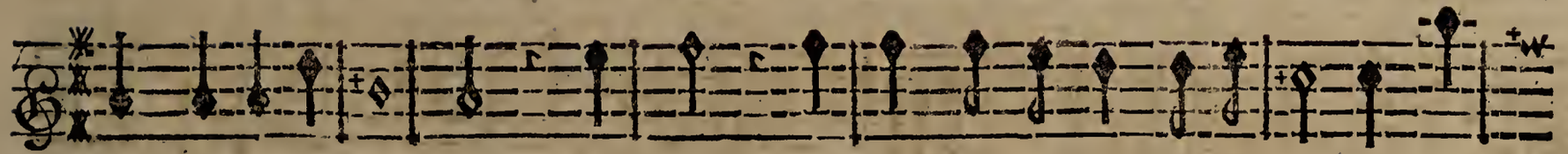


re. VIOLONS. Chantons les douceurs de la Gloire, Goûtons, goûtons les

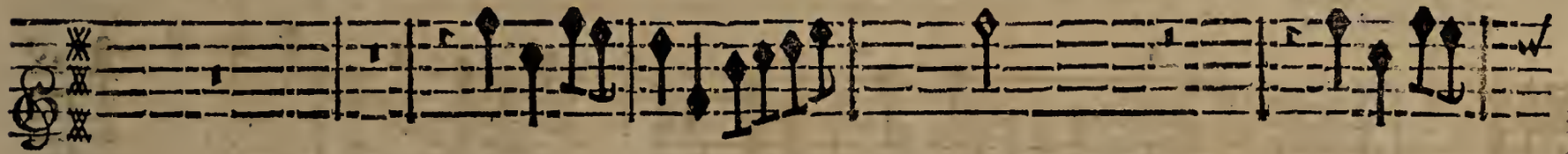


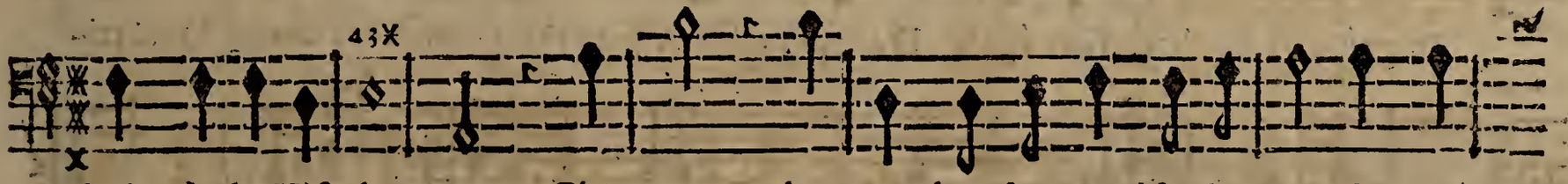


re. B-C. Chantons les douceurs de la Gloire, Goûtons, goûtons les

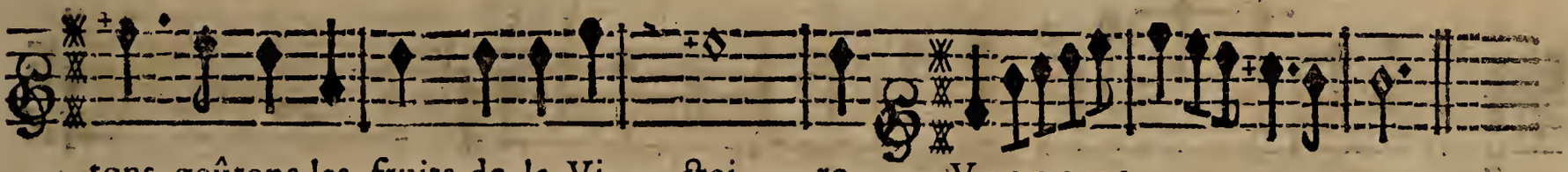


fruits de la Victoi- re. Chantons, chantons les douceurs de la Gloire, Goû-

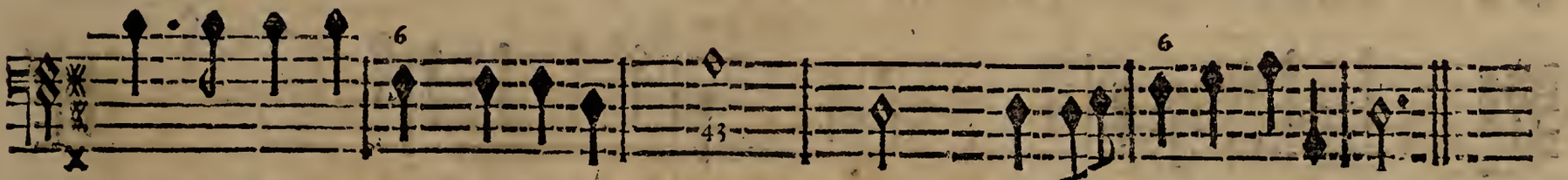




fruits de la Victoi- re. Chantons, chantons les douceurs de la Gloire, Goû-



tons, goûtons les fruits de la Vi- ctoi- re. VIOLONS.



tons, goûtons les fruits de la Vi- ctoi- re. VIOLONS.

doux.

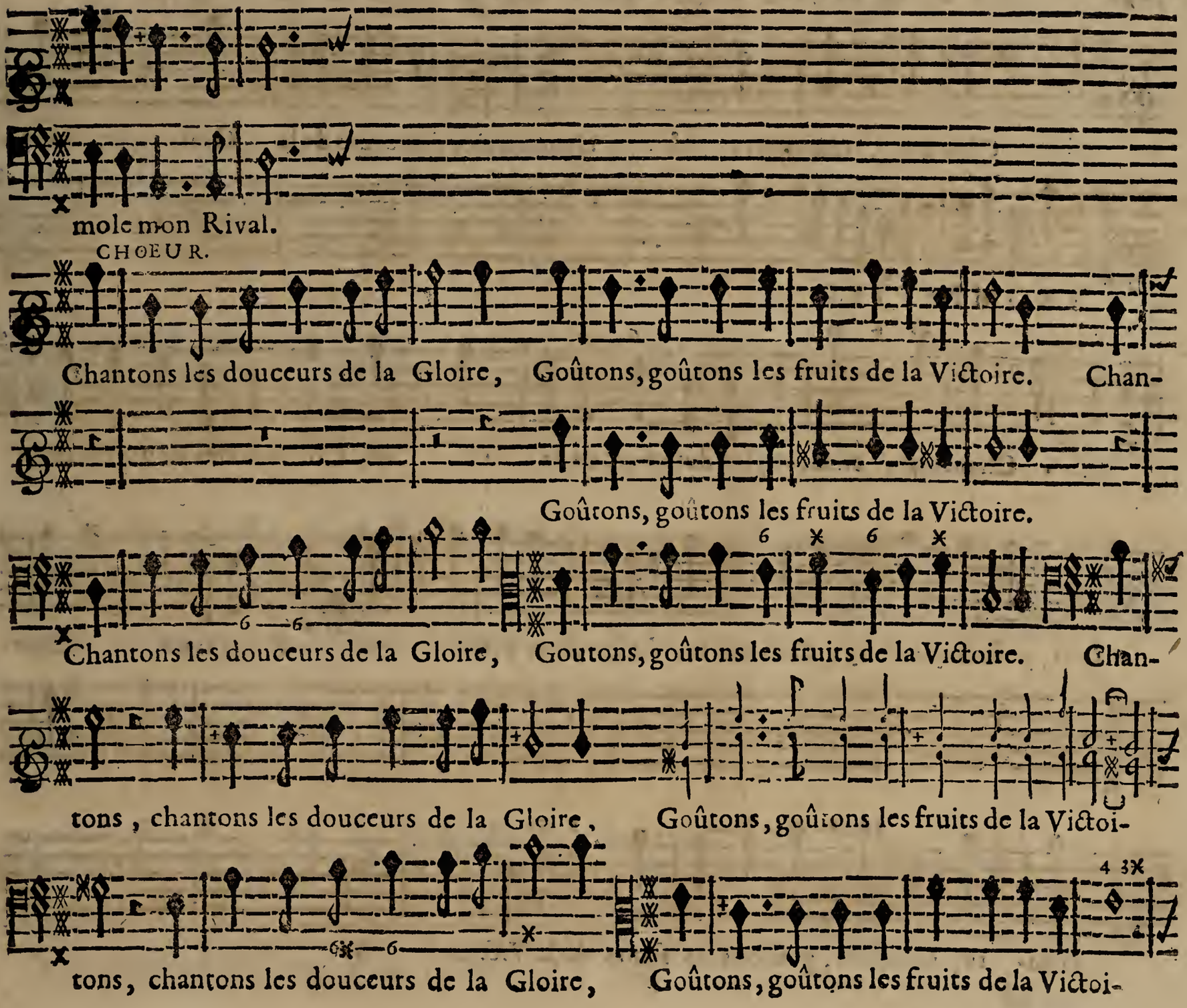
VIOLONS.

TANCREDE.

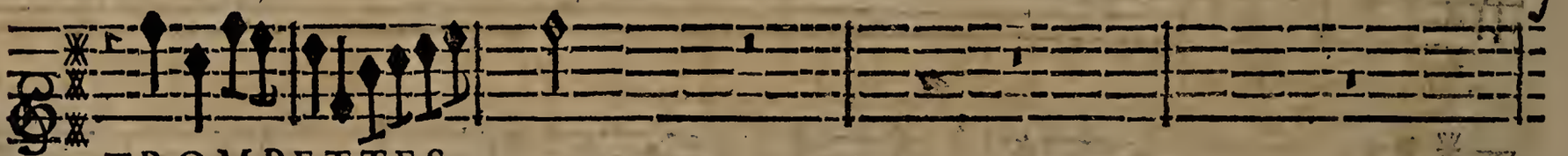
Je goûte un bonheur ſans égal, Du redoutable Argant je reconnois les armes, Quel tri-

omphe pour moy peut avoir plus de charmes, Dans un fier ennemy j'immole mon Ri-

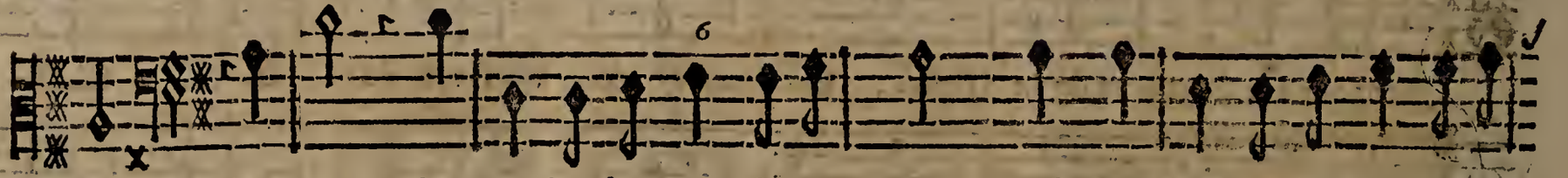
val. Quel triomphe pour moy peut avoir plus de charmes, Dans un fier enne- my j'im-


mole mon Rival.
CHOEUR.
Chantons les douceurs de la Gloire, Goûtons, goûtons les fruits de la Victoire. Chan-
Goûtons, goûtons les fruits de la Victoire.
Chantons les douceurs de la Gloire, Goutons, goûtons les fruits de la Victoire. Chan-
tons, chantons les douceurs de la Gloire, Goûtons, goûtons les fruits de la Victoi-
tons, chantons les douceurs de la Gloire, Goûtons, goûtons les fruits de la Victoi-

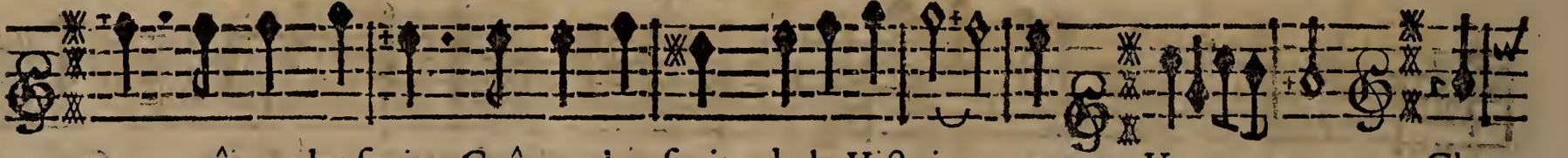
re. Chantons, chantons, chantons les douceurs de la Gloi- re, Goû-



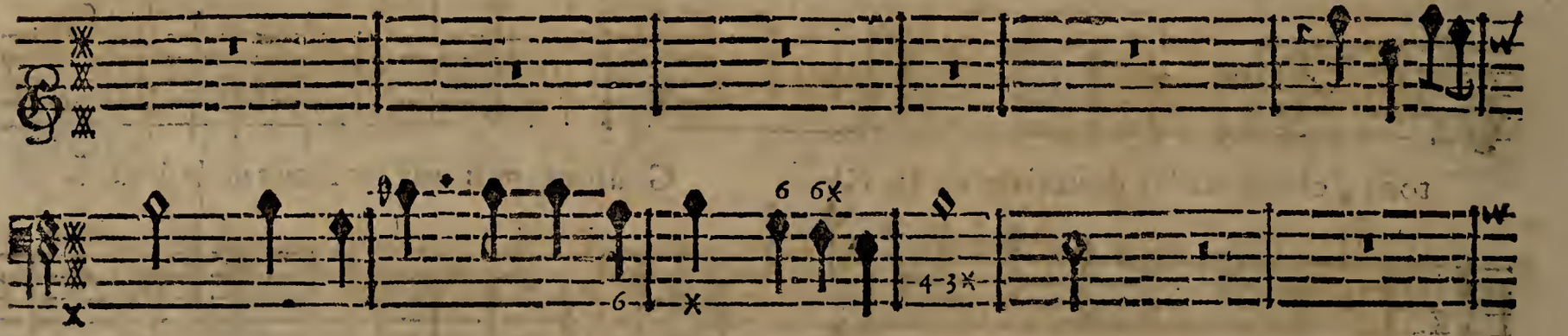
TROMPETTES.



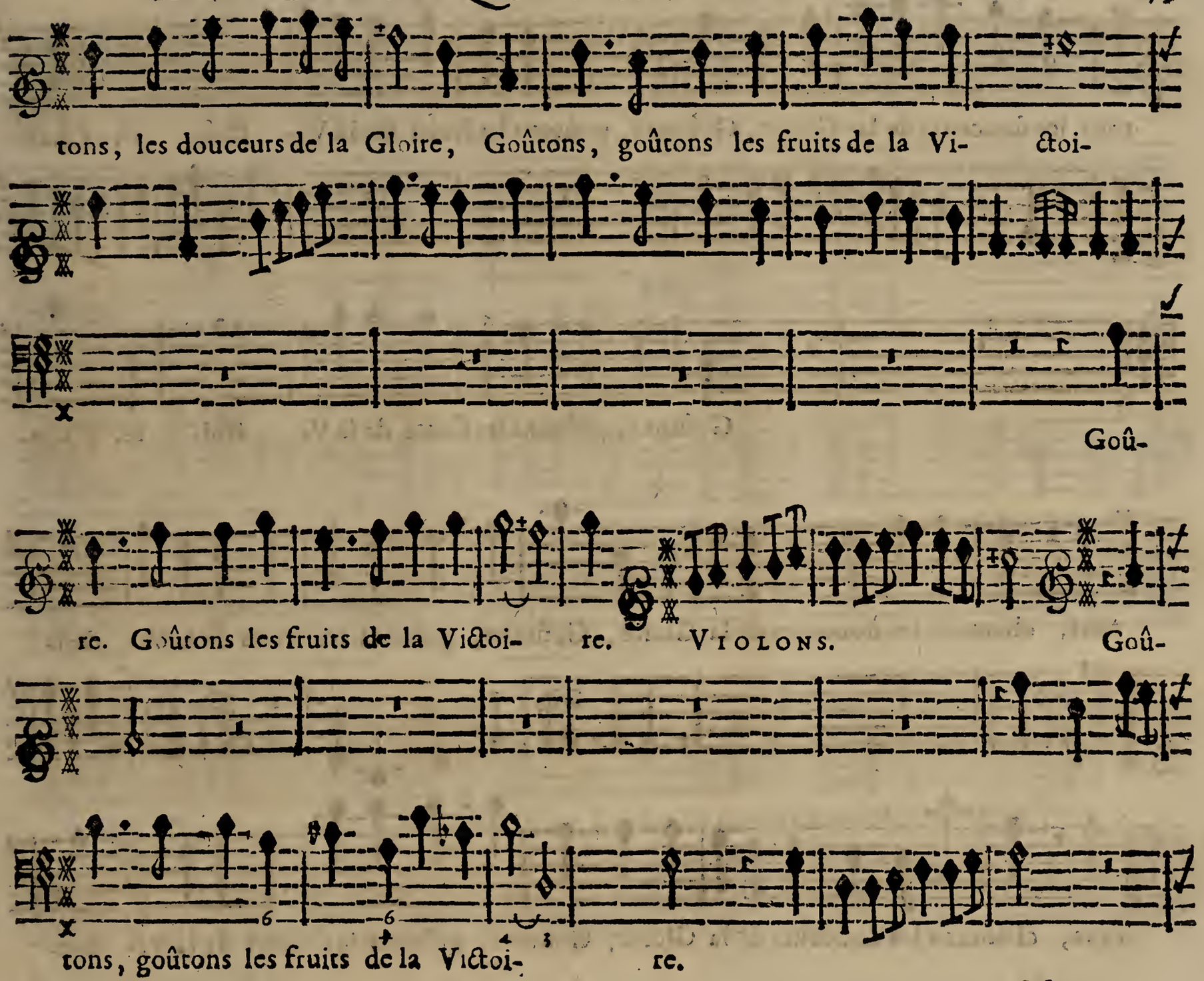
re. Chantons, chantons les douceurs de la Gloi- re, Chantons les douceurs de la

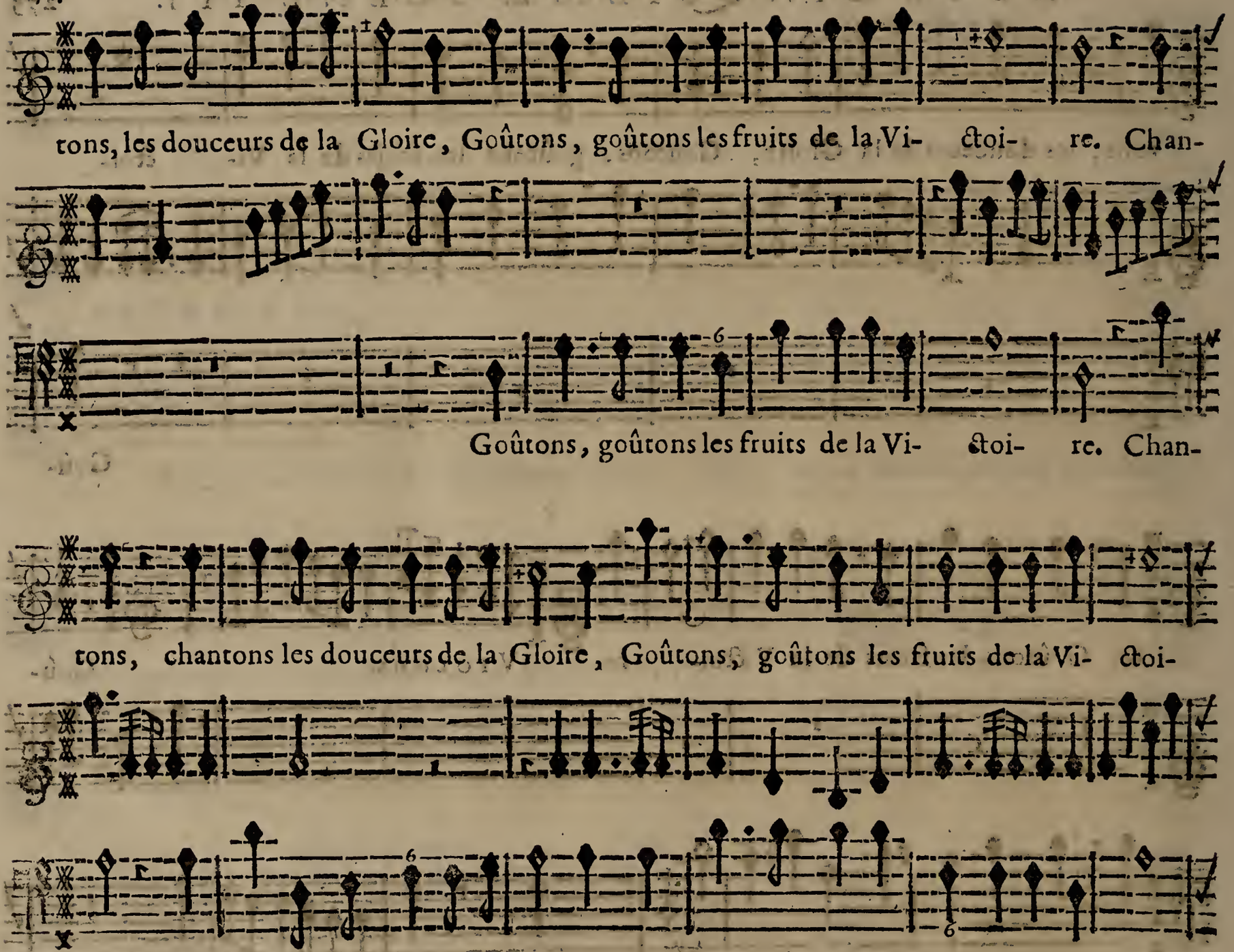


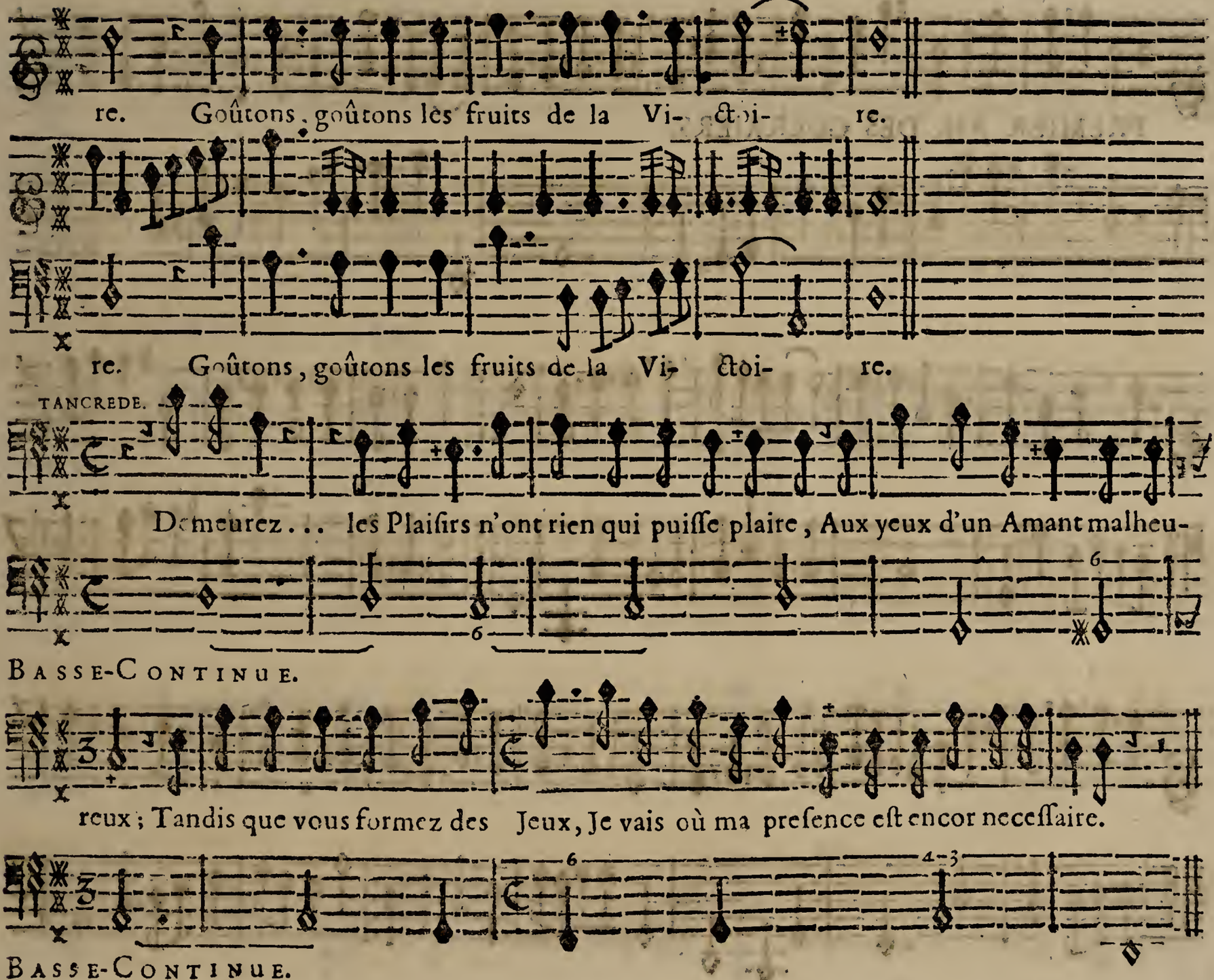
tons, goûtons les fruits, Goûtons les fruits de la Victoi- re. VIOLONS. Chan-

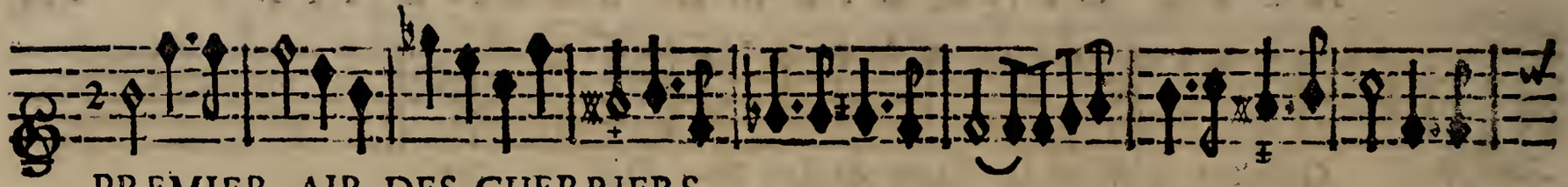


Gloi- re, Goûtons, goûtons les fruits de la Victoi- re.

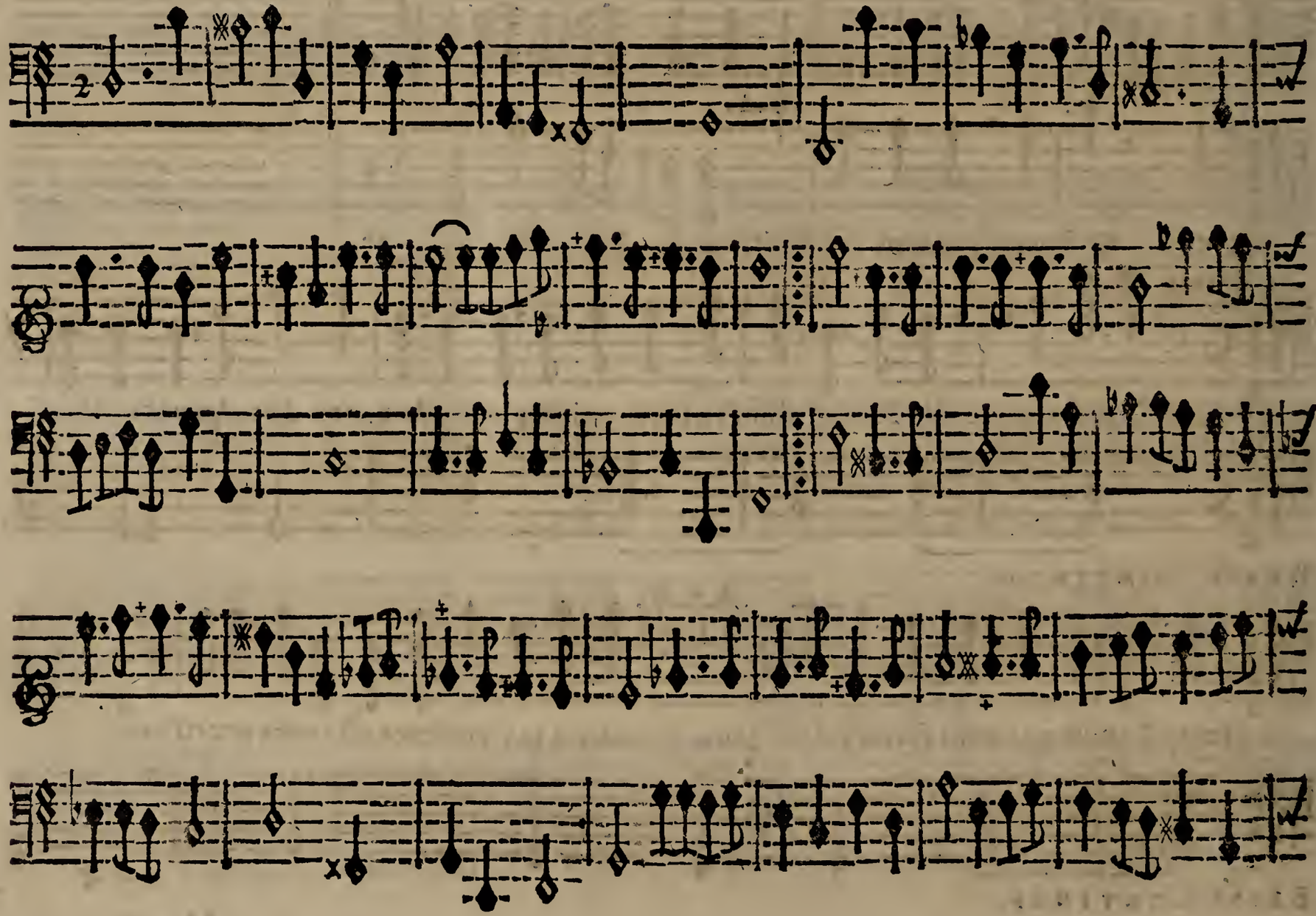

tons, les douceurs de la Gloire, Goûtons, goûtons les fruits de la Vi- ctoi-
Goû-
re. Goûtons les fruits de la Victoi- re. VIOLONS. Goû-
tons, goûtons les fruits de la Victoi- re.

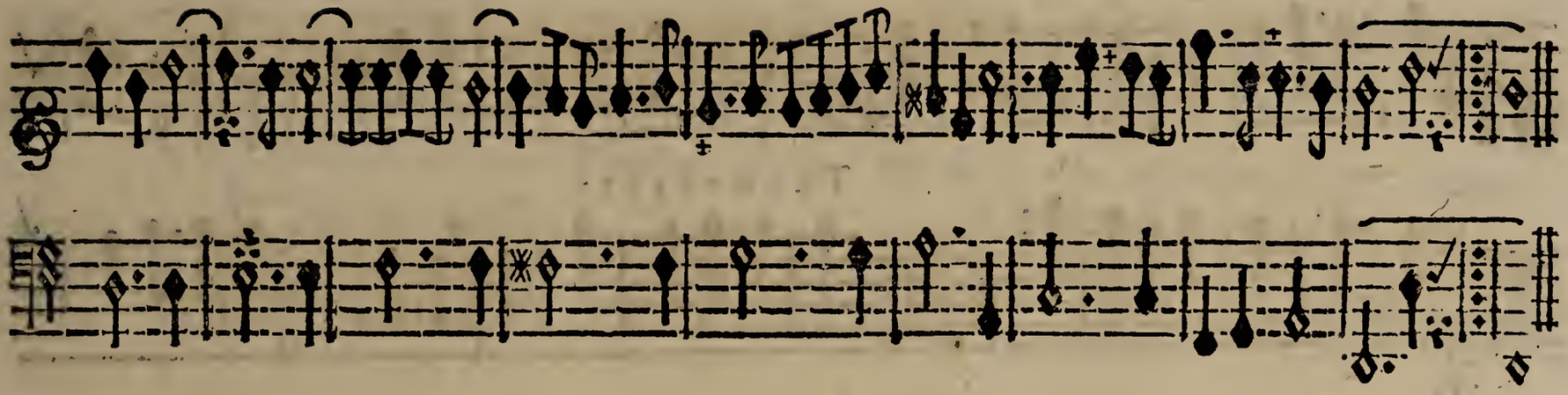

tons, les douceurs de la Gloire, Goûtons, goûtons les fruits de la Vi- ctoi- re. Chan-
Goûtons, goûtons les fruits de la Vi- ctoi- re. Chan-
tons, chantons les douceurs de la Gloire, Goûtons, goûtons les fruits de la Vi- ctoi-
tons, chantons les douceurs de la Gloire, Goûtons, goûtons les fruits de la Vi- ctoi-


re. Goûtons, goûtons les fruits de la Vi- ctoi- re.
re. Goûtons, goûtons les fruits de la Vi- ctoi- re.
TANCREDE.
Demeurez... les Plaisirs n'ont rien qui puisse plaire, Aux yeux d'un Amant malheu-
BASSE-CONTINUE.
reux; Tandis que vous formez des Jeux, Je vais où ma presence est encor necessaire.
BASSE-CONTINUE.



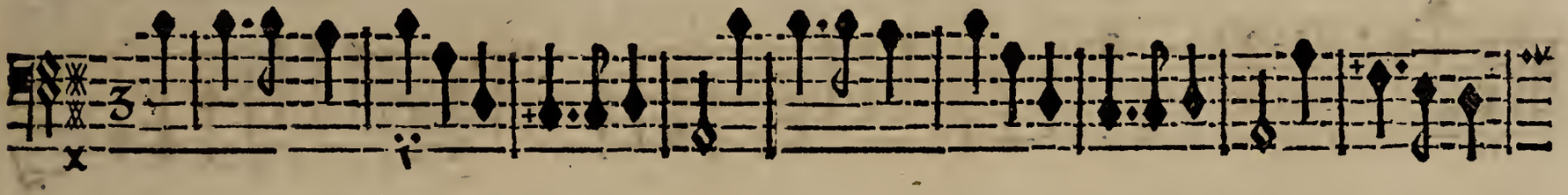
PREMIER AIR DES GUERRIERS.

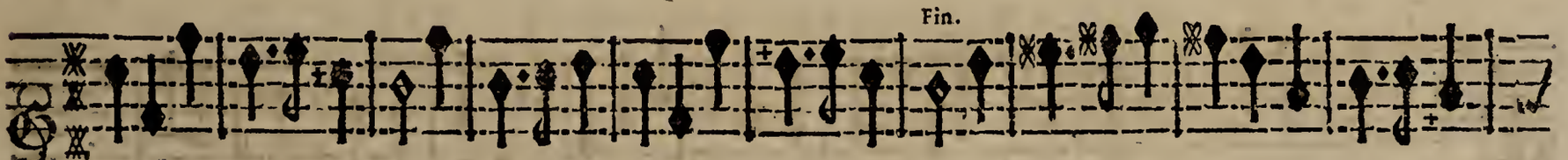




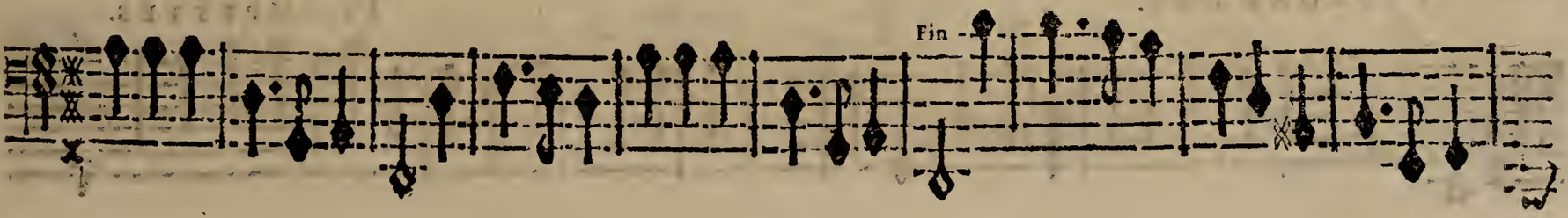
DEUXIE'ME AIR.

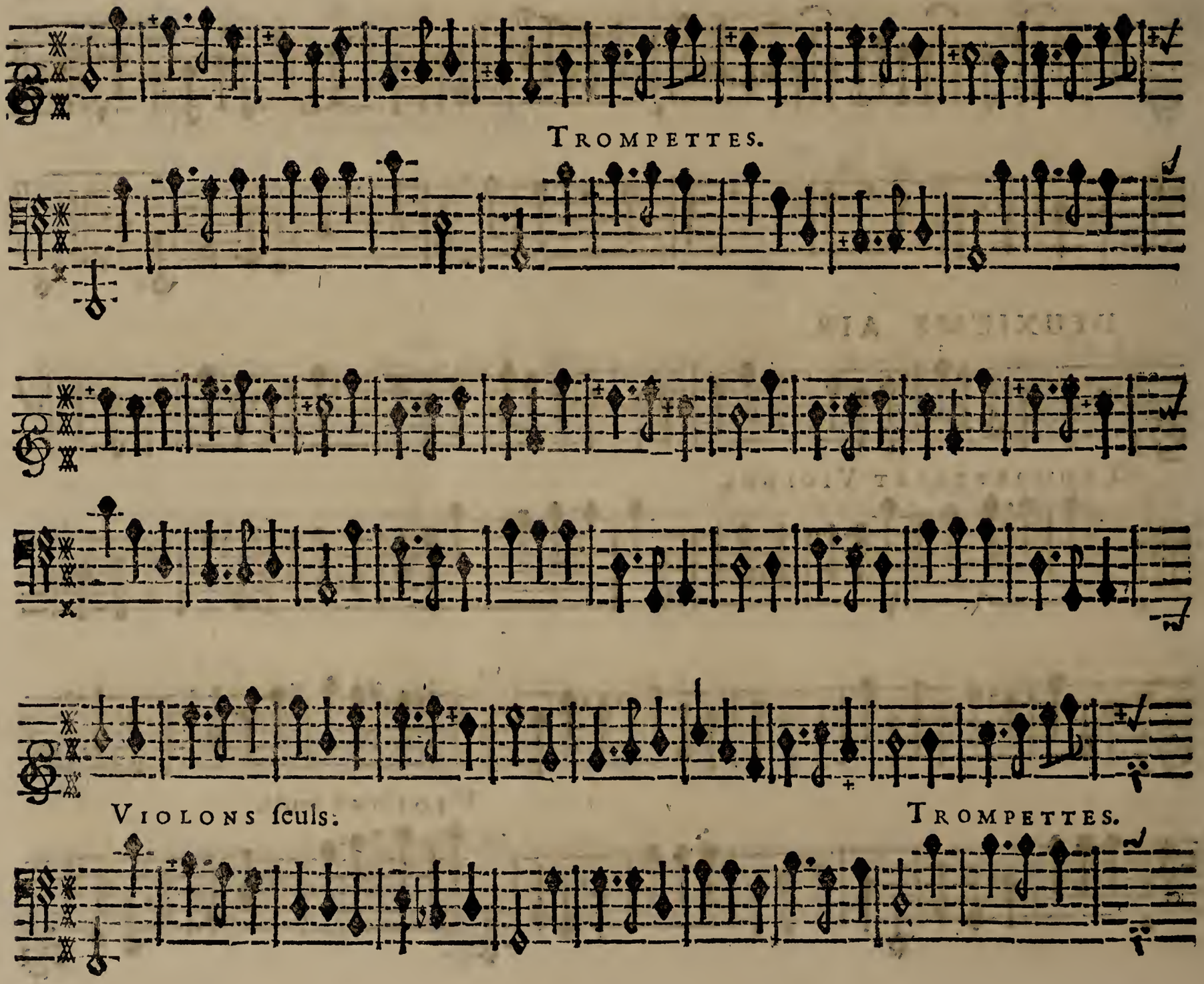
TROMPETTES ET VIOLONS.





VIOLONS seuls.

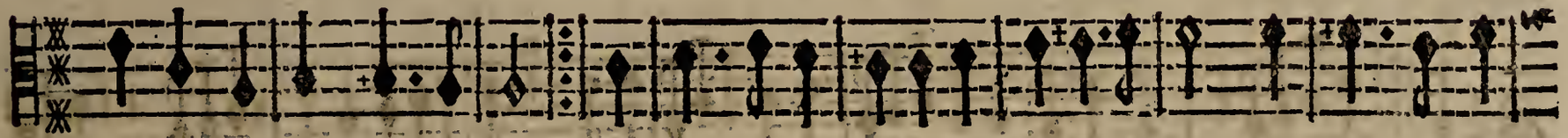



TROMPETTES.
VIOLONS ſeuls.
TROMPETTES.

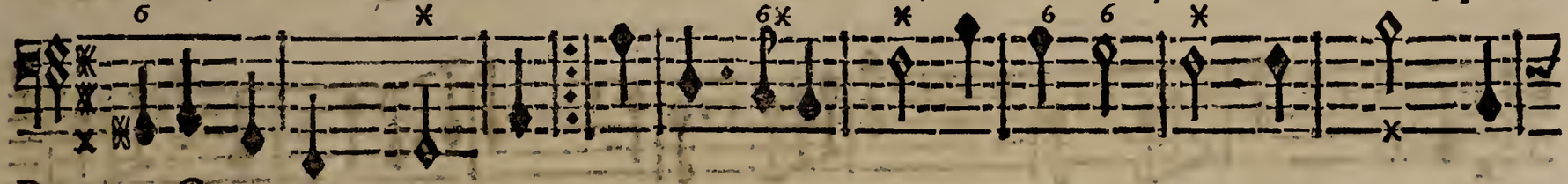
UN GUERRIER.

Un ſort plein de charmes Flatte nos deſirs, Quittons tous les armes, Aprés mille al-

BASSE-CONTINUE.

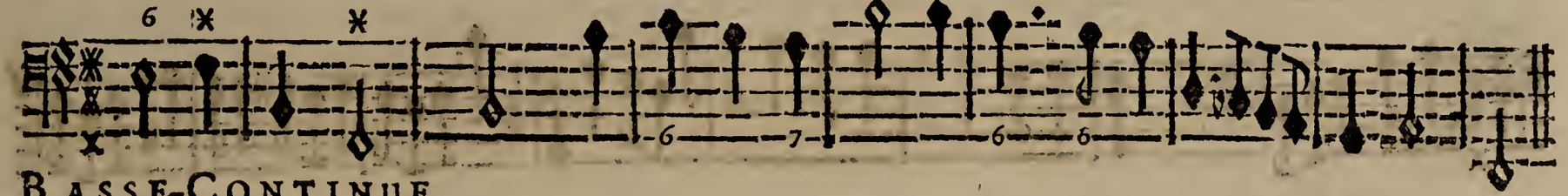


larmes, Suivons les Plaiſirs: La Paix renaiſſante, Brille en ce ſéjour; L'Amour s'y pre-



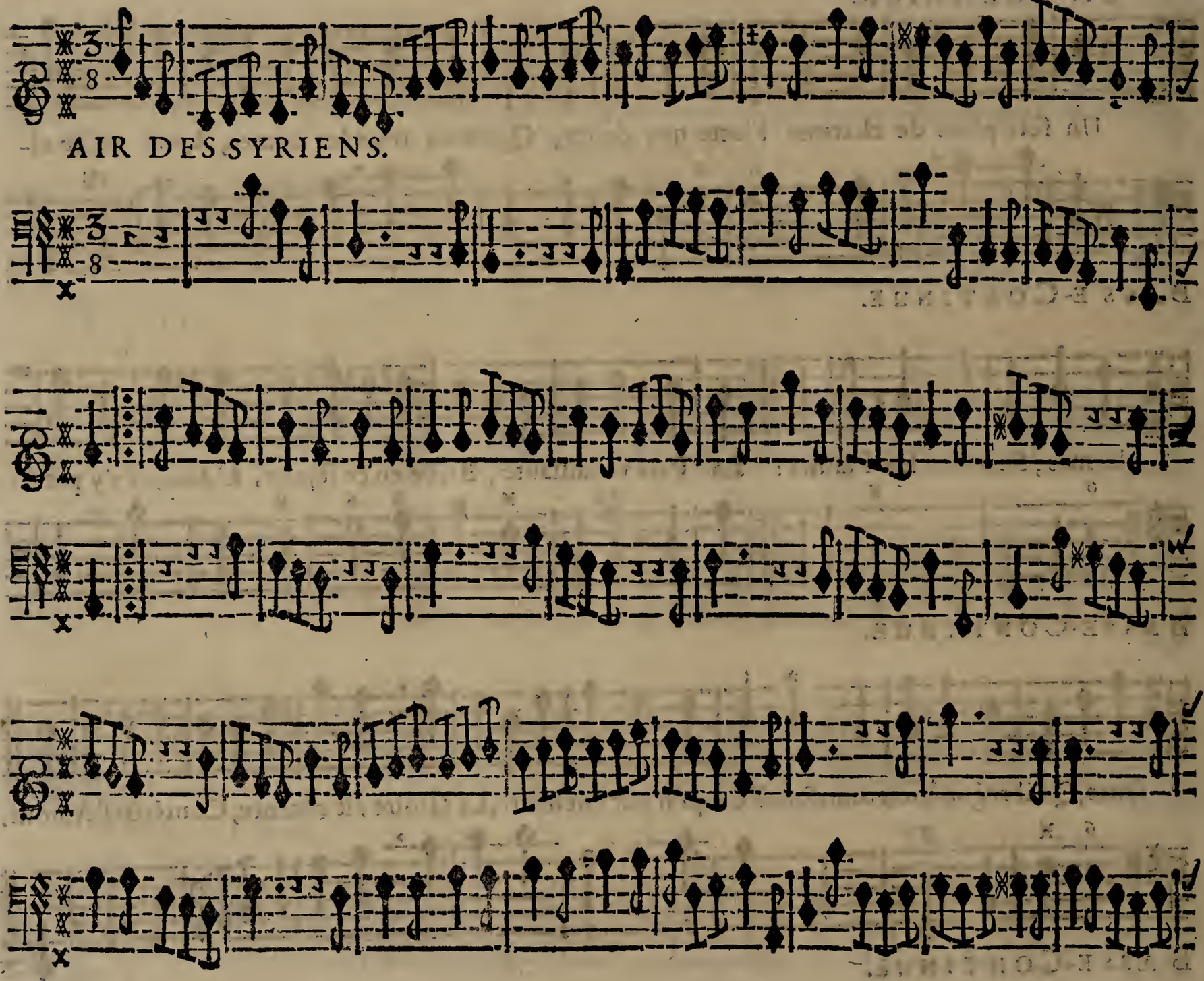
BASSE-CONTINUE.

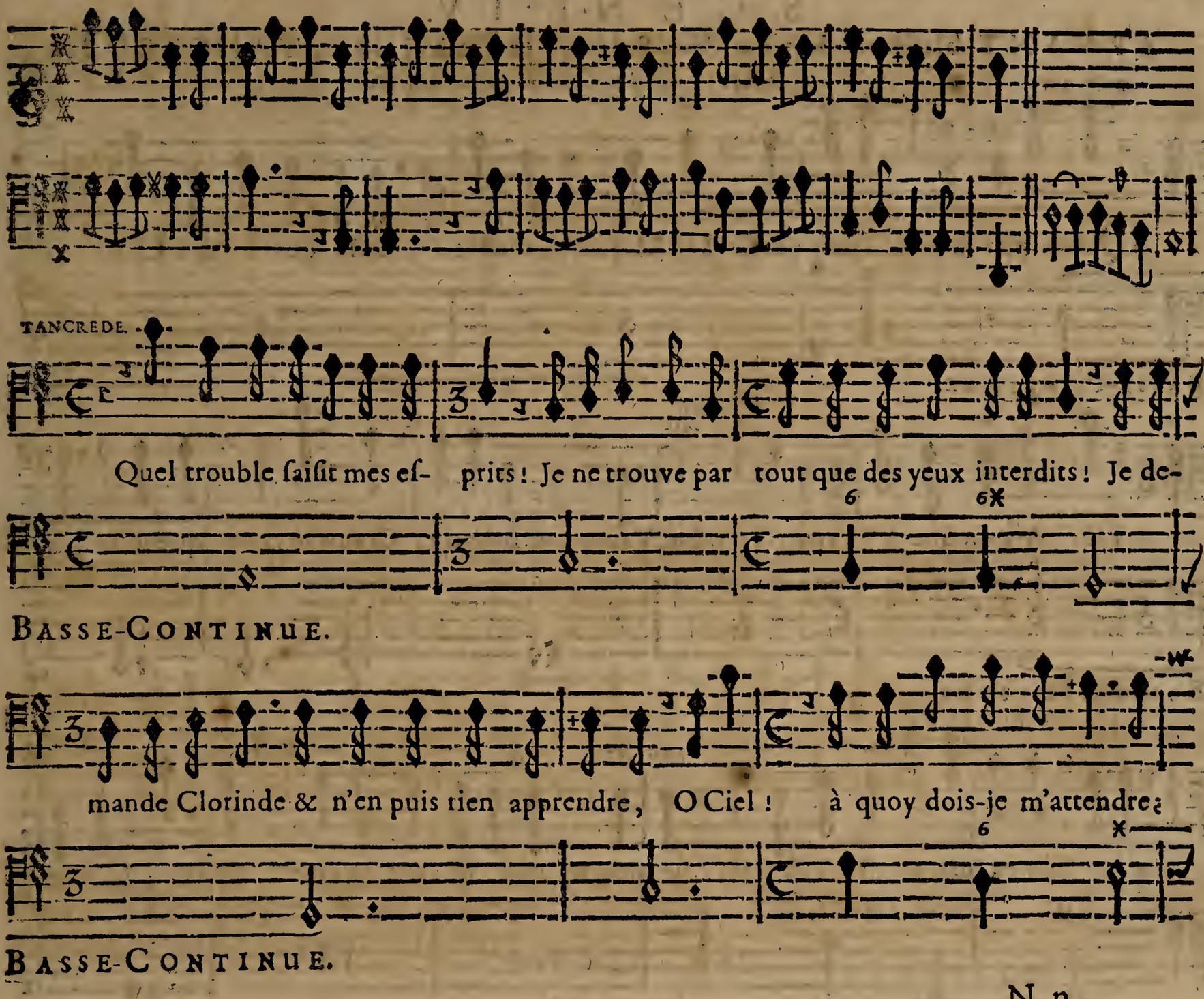
ſente, Qu'il regne à ſon tour; Souffrõs qu'il nos enchante, La Gloire eſt cõtente, Contẽtõs l'Amour.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

AIR DES SYRIENS.

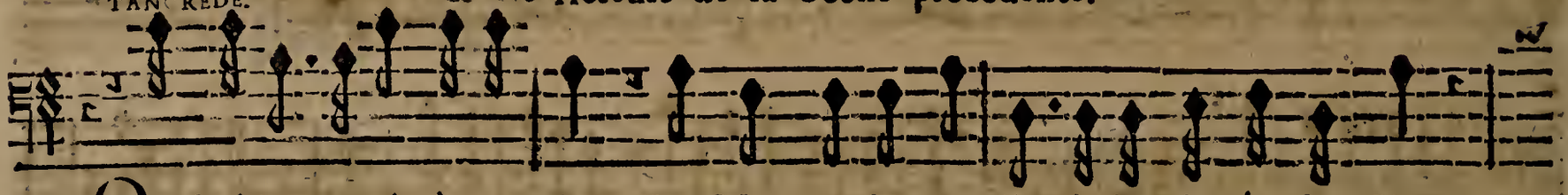



TANCREDE.
Quel trouble saisit mes es- prits ! Je ne trouve par tout que des yeux interdits ! Je de-
BASSE-CONTINUE.
mande Clorinde & n'en puis rien apprendre, O Ciel ! à quoy dois-je m'attendre ?
BASSE-CONTINUE.

SCENE IV.

ARGANT blessé conduit par deux Soldats, HERMINIE, TANCREDE, & les Acteurs de la Scene precedente.

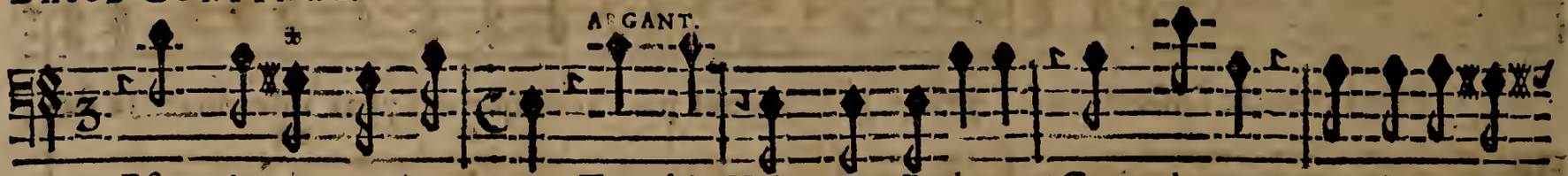
TANCREDE.



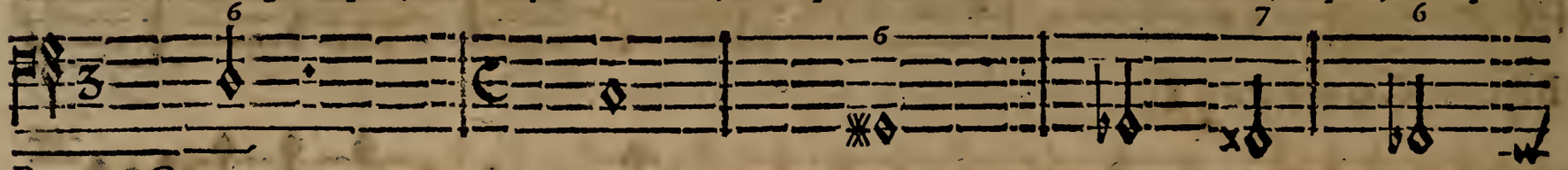
QUel objet paroît à mes yeux ! Les Morts reviennent-ils à la clarté des Cieux !

BASSE-CONTINUE.

ARGANT.



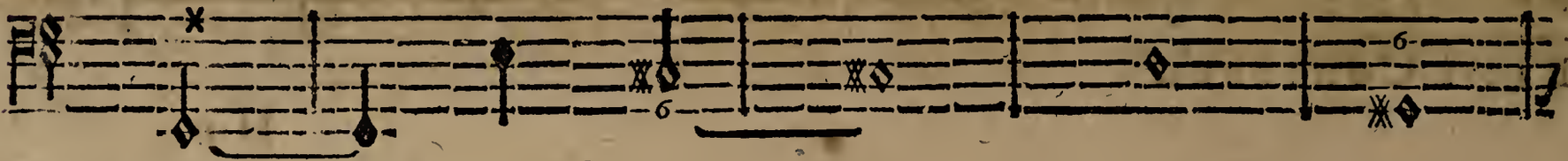
Est-ce Argant que je voy ! Tremble, Vainqueur Barbare, Crains le coup que je te pre-



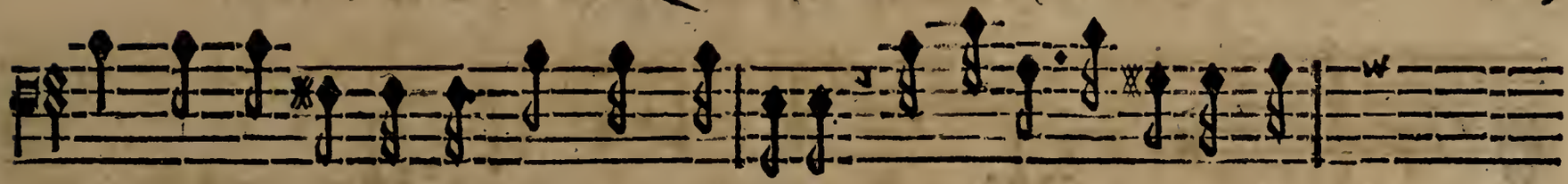
BASSE-CONTINUE.

TANCREDE. ARGANT.

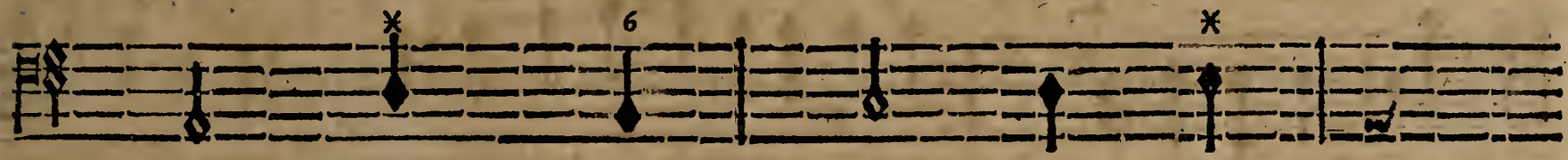
pare. Mon Rival a pû m'échaper!.. Je meurs, ainsi le veut la colere Celeste ; Mais le



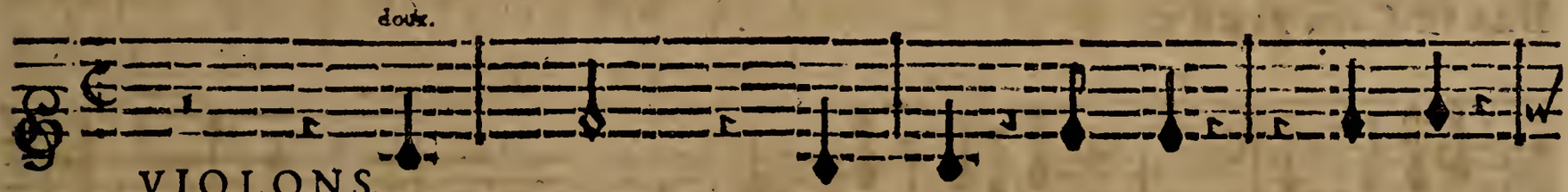
BASSE-CONTINUE.



coup qui m'accable eſt cent fois moins funeſte, Que celuy qui va te frap-

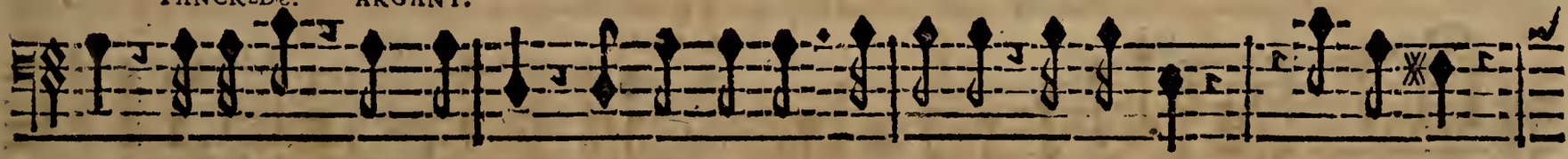


BASSE-CONTINUE.

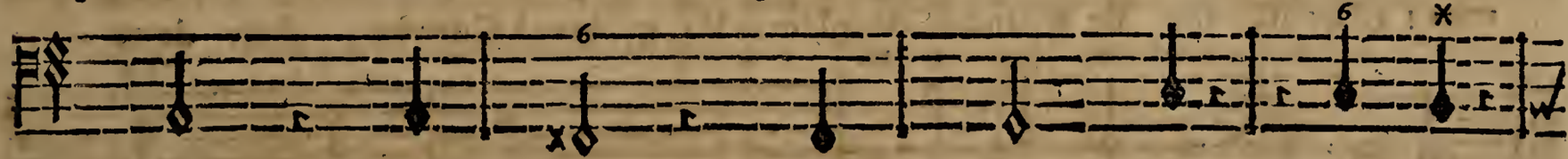


VIOLONS.

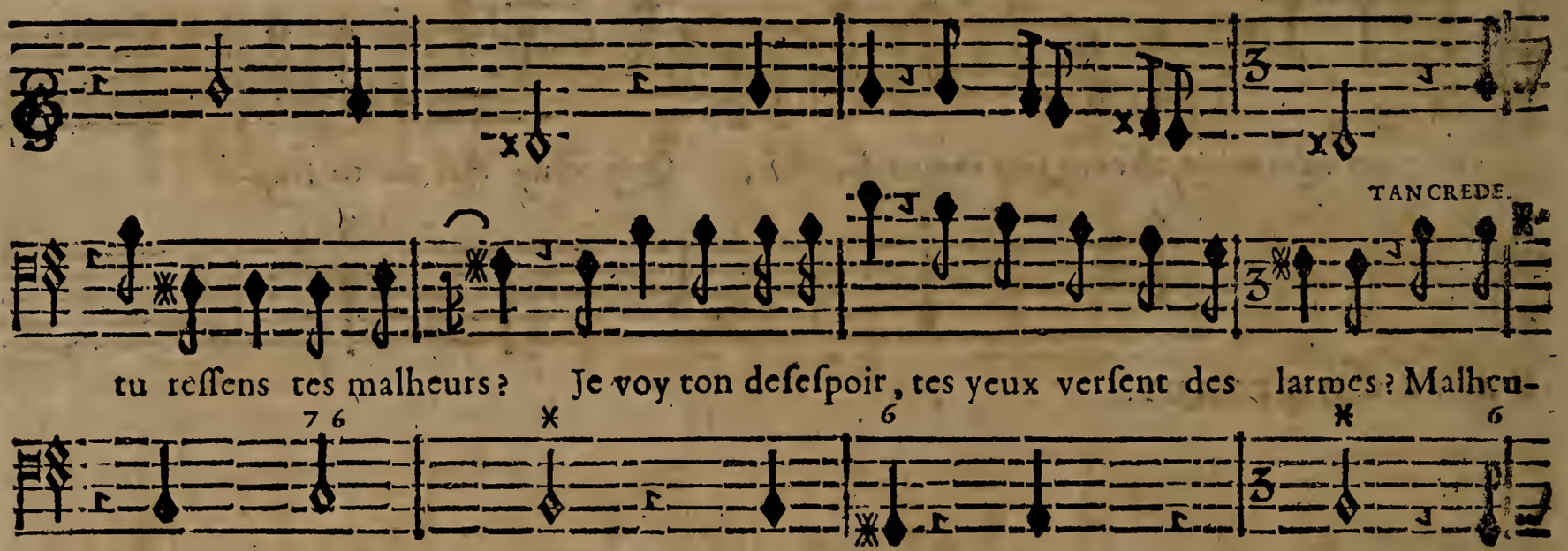
TANCREDE. ARGANT.



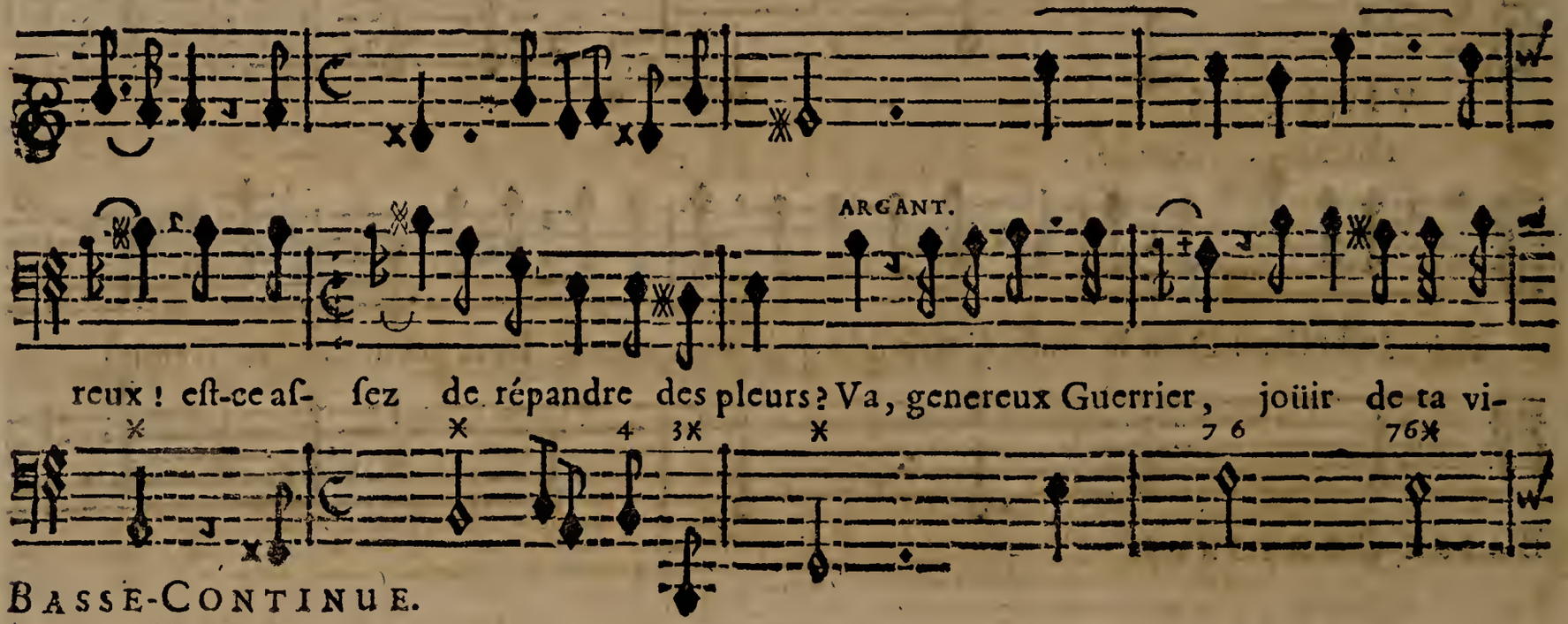
per. Juſte Ciel! Dans la nuit Clorinde a pris mes armes, Et ta main.... tu fremis!



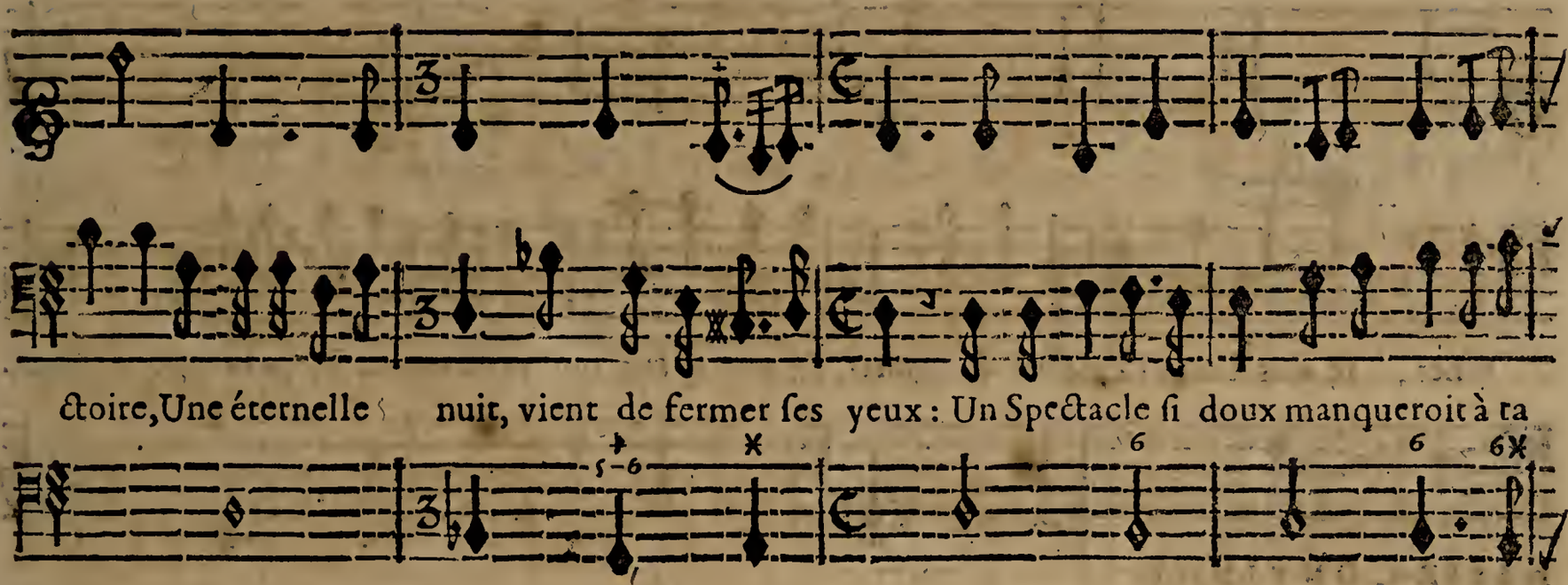
BASSE-CONTINUE.



BASSE-CONTINUE.

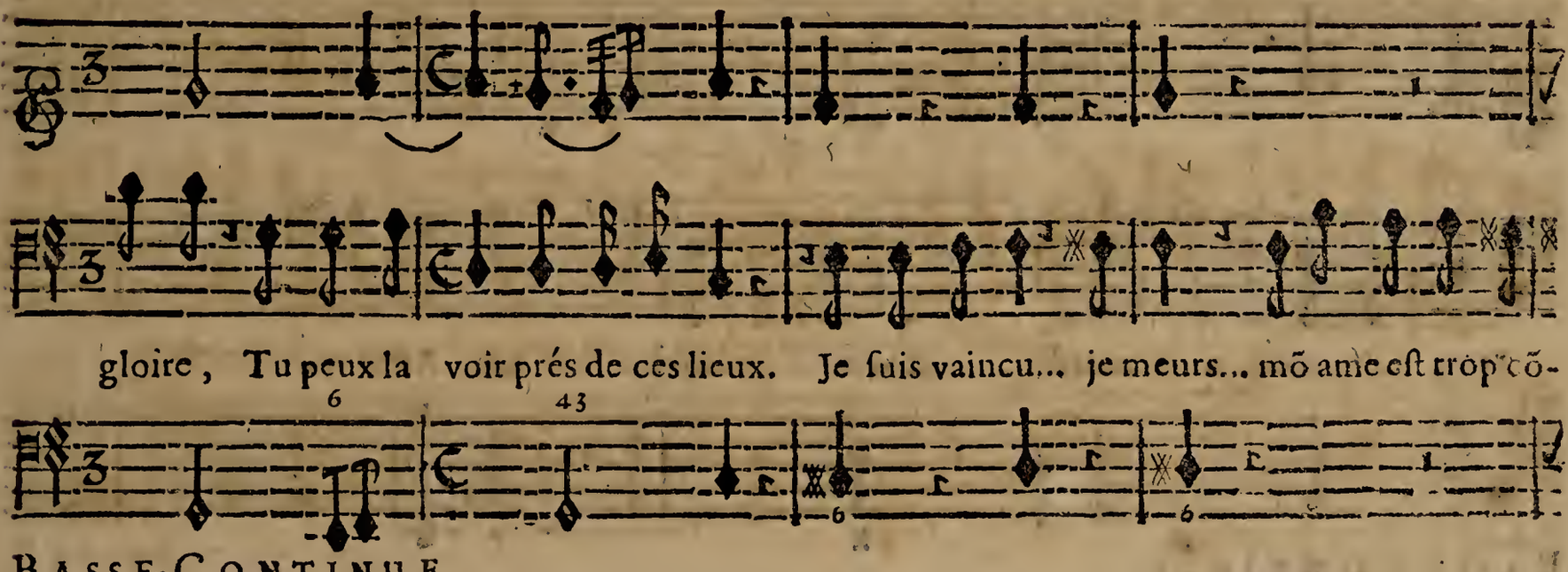


BASSE-CONTINUE.



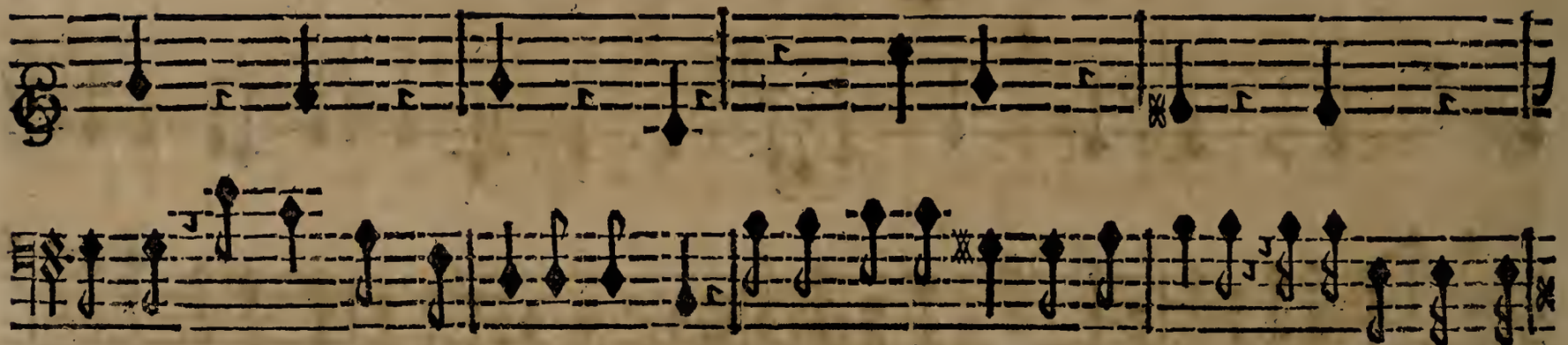
ctoire, Une éternelle nuit, vient de fermer ſes yeux : Un Spectacle ſi doux manqueroit à ta

BASSE-CONTINUE.

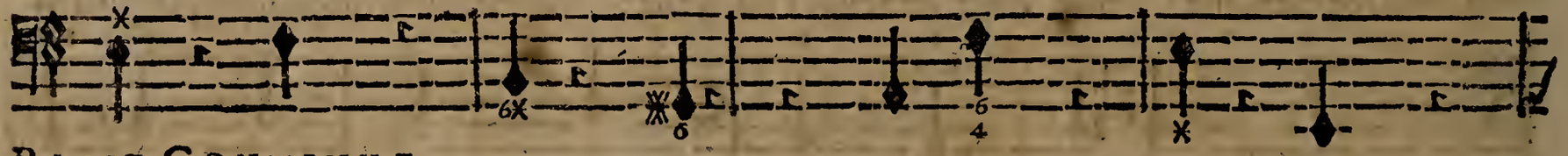


gloire, Tu peux la voir prés de ces lieux. Je ſuis vaincu... je meurs... mõ ame eſt trop cõ-

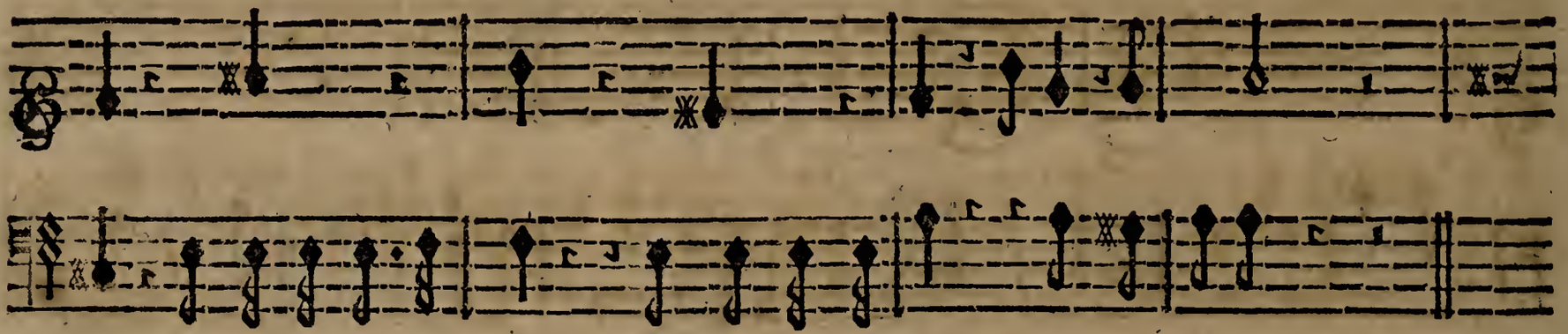
BASSE-CONTINUE.



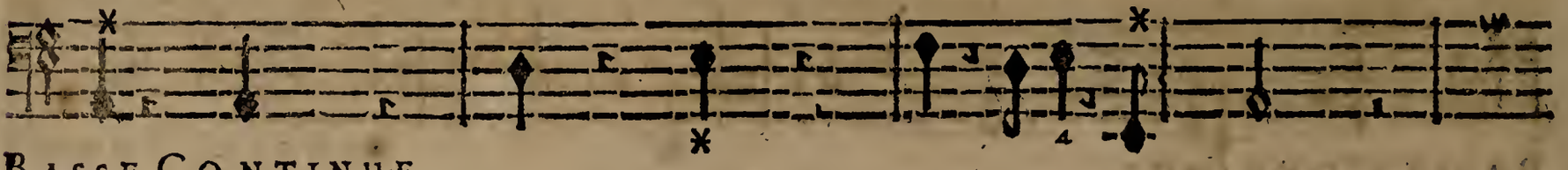
tente, Je vais dans l'Empire des morts, J'y verray ſon ombre charmante, Je te laiſſe en mou-



BASSE-CONTINUE.



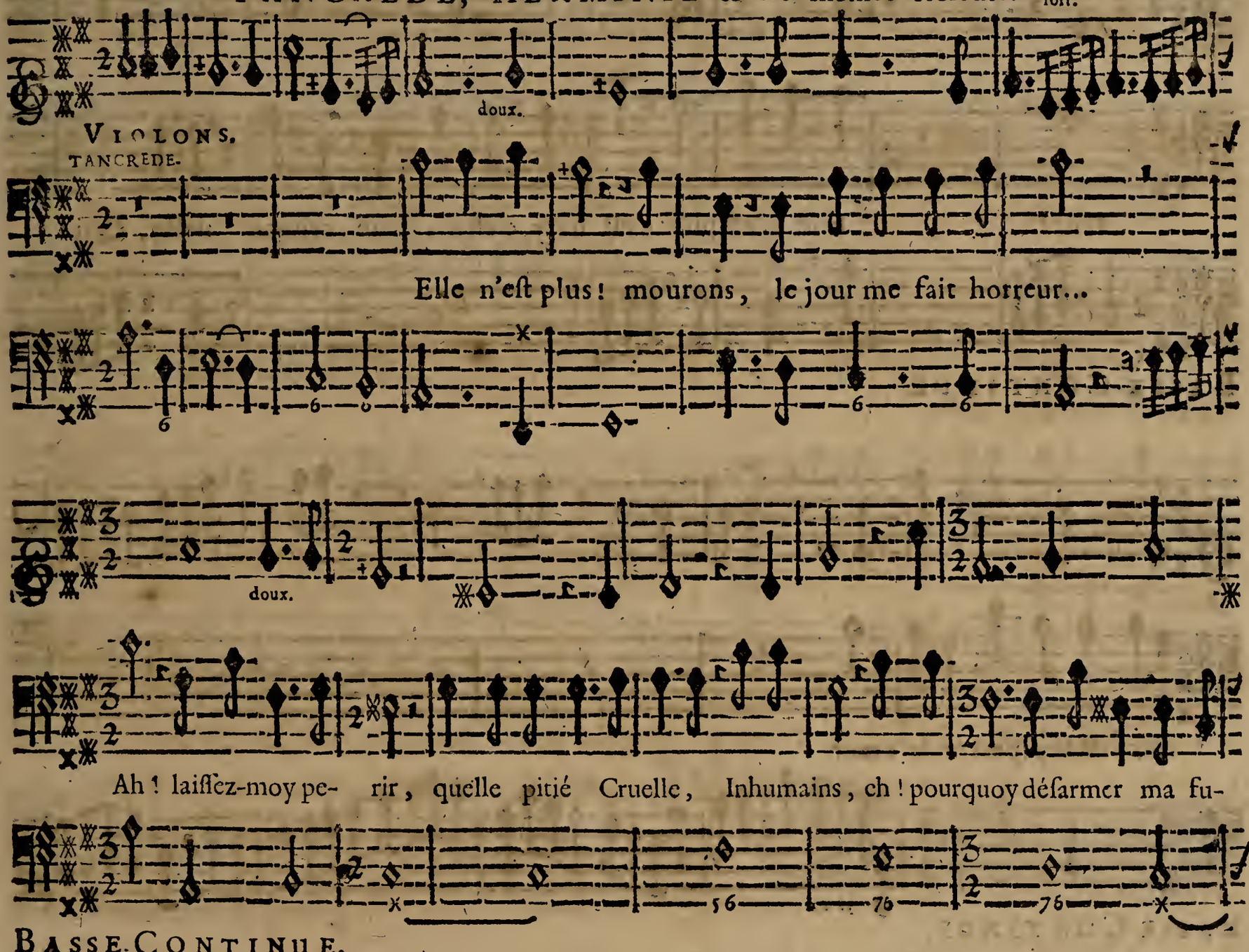
rant, Les odieux remords... d'avoir immolé... ton Amante.

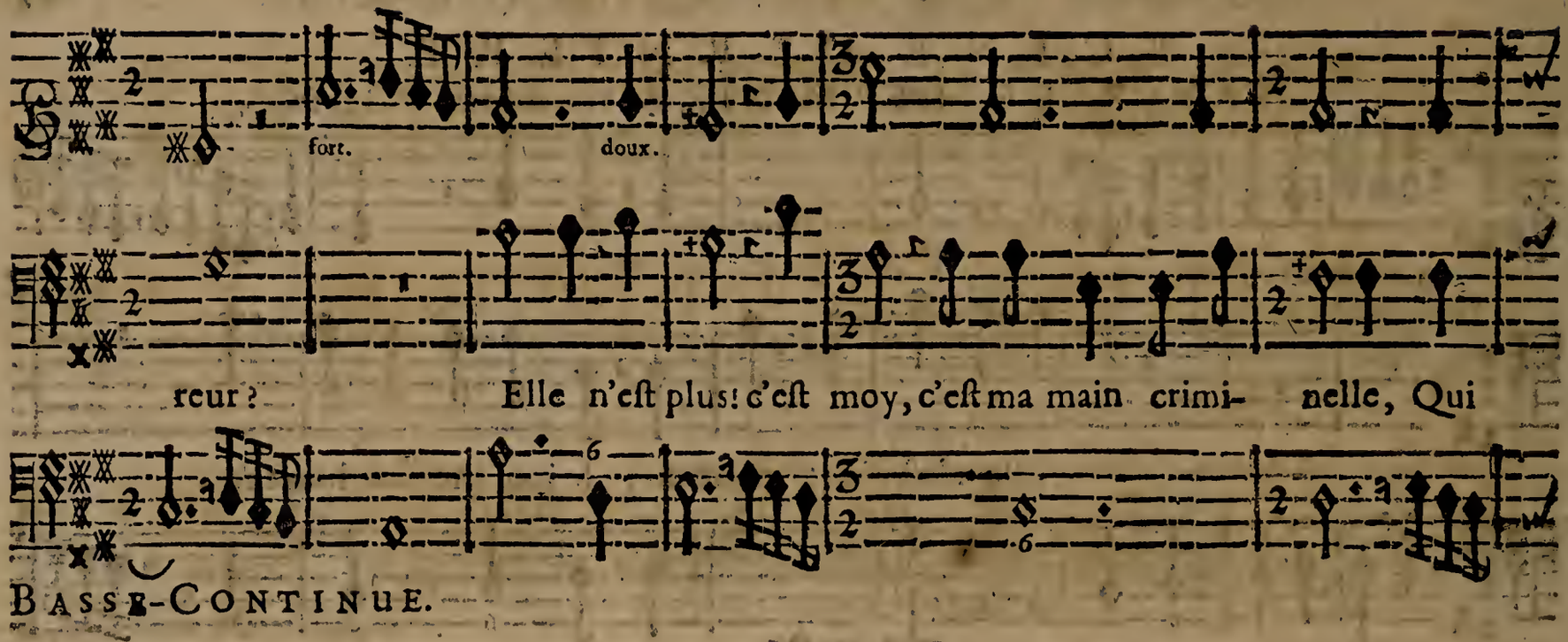


BASSE-CONTINUE.

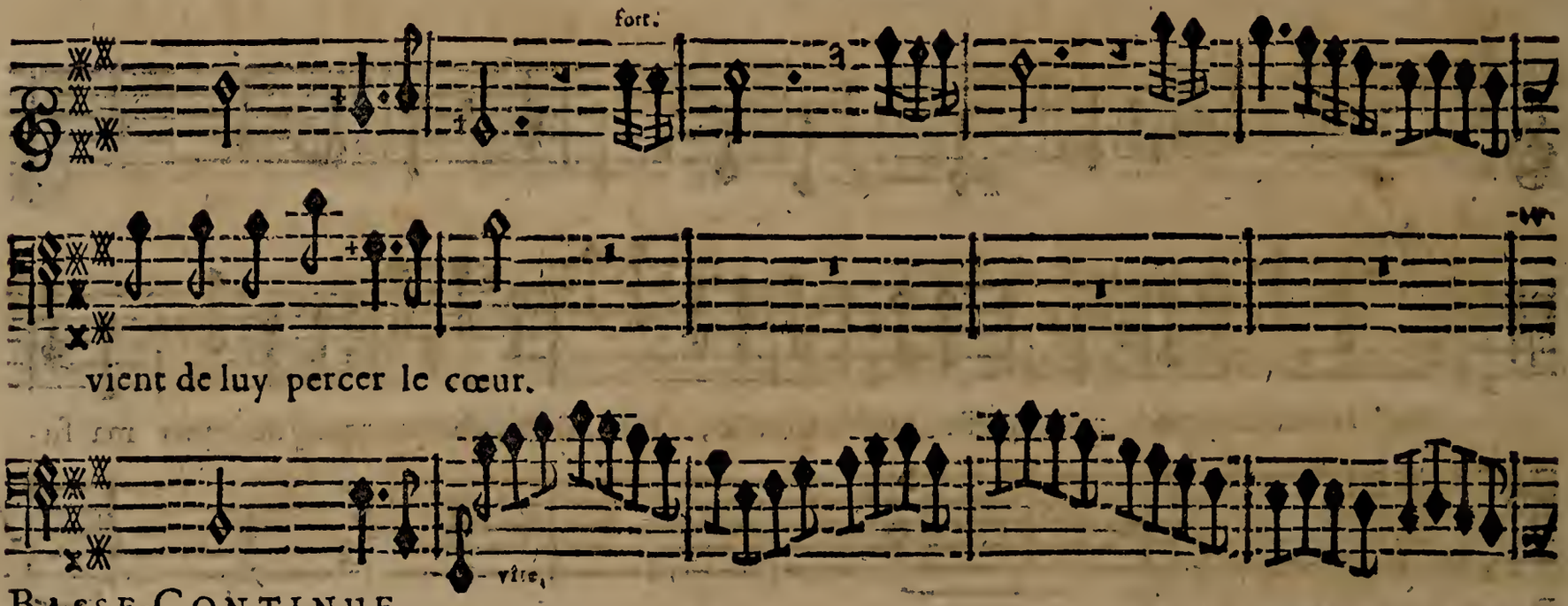
SCENE DERNIERE.

TANCREDE, HERMINIE & les mêmes Acteurs.





BASSE-CONTINUE.



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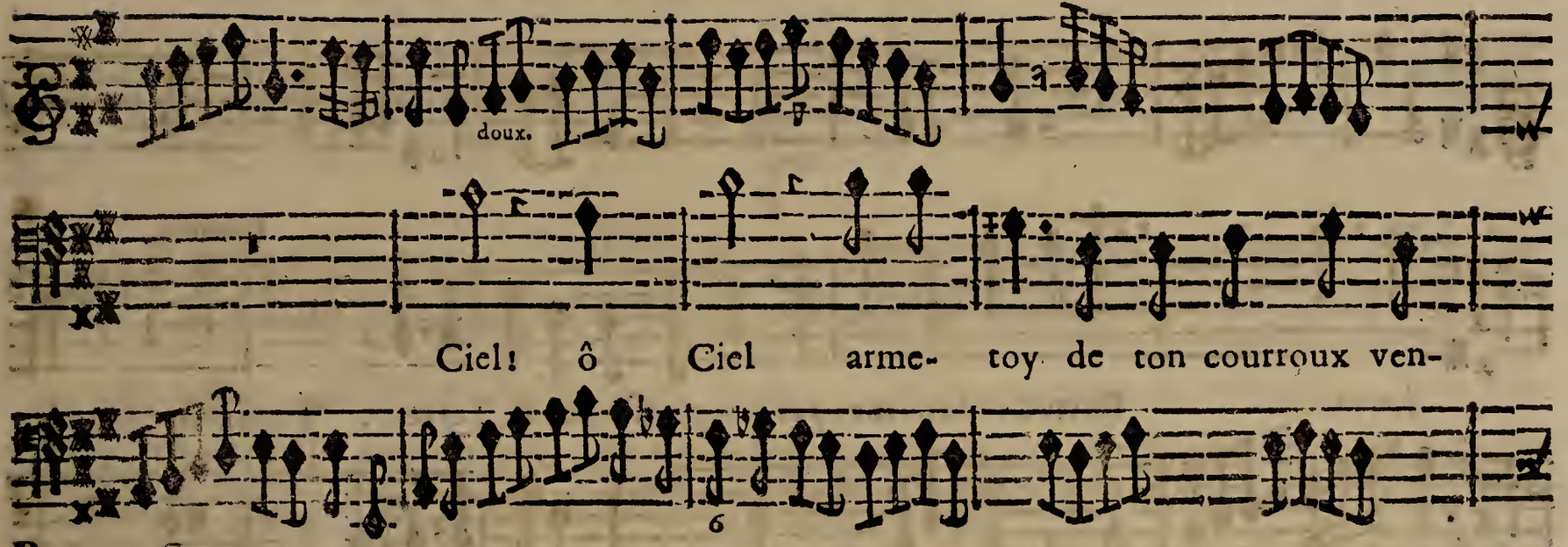
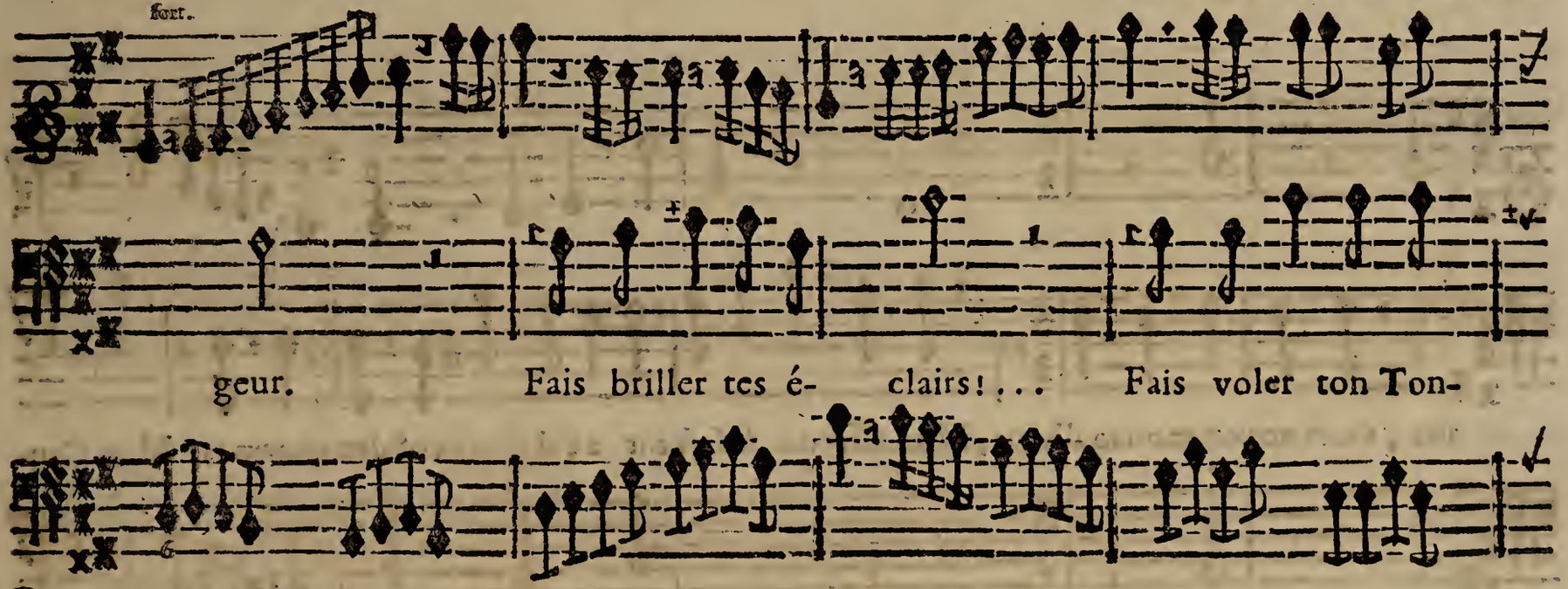
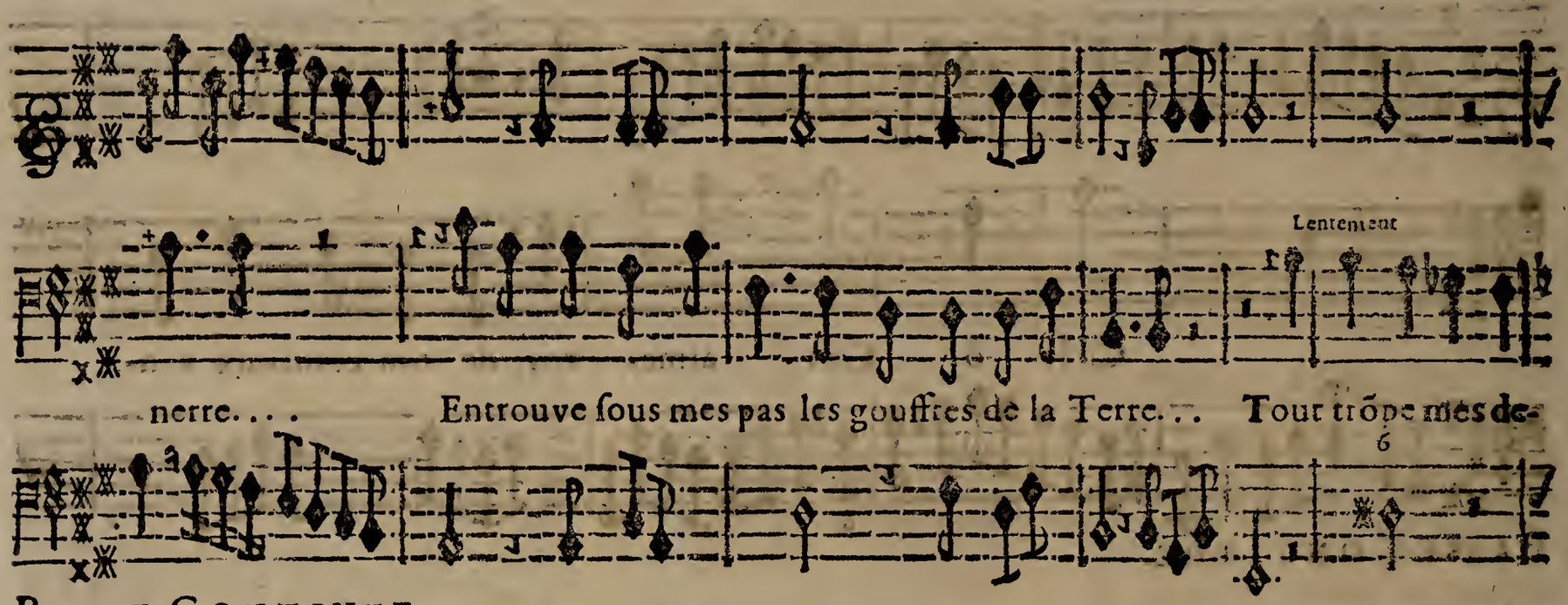

doux.
Ciel! ô Ciel arme- toy de ton courroux ven-
BASSE-CONTINUE.


fort.
geur. Fais briller tes é- clairs!... Fais voler ton Ton-
BASSE-CONTINUE.



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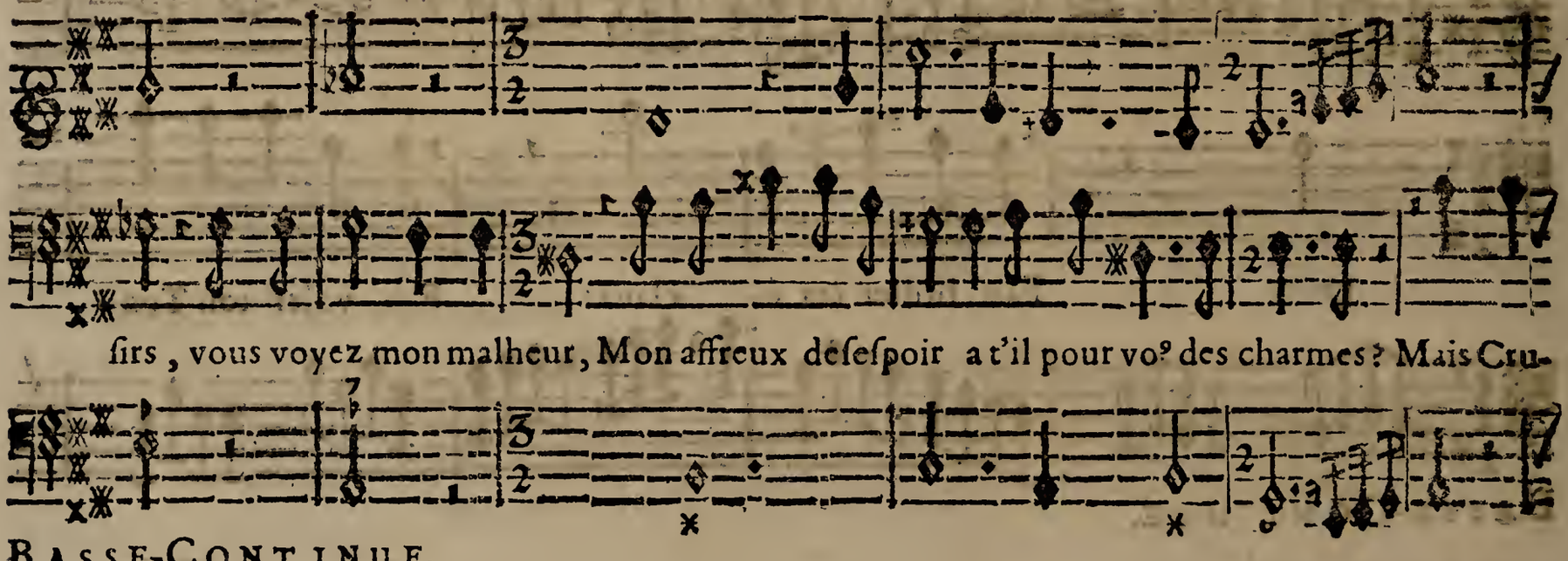

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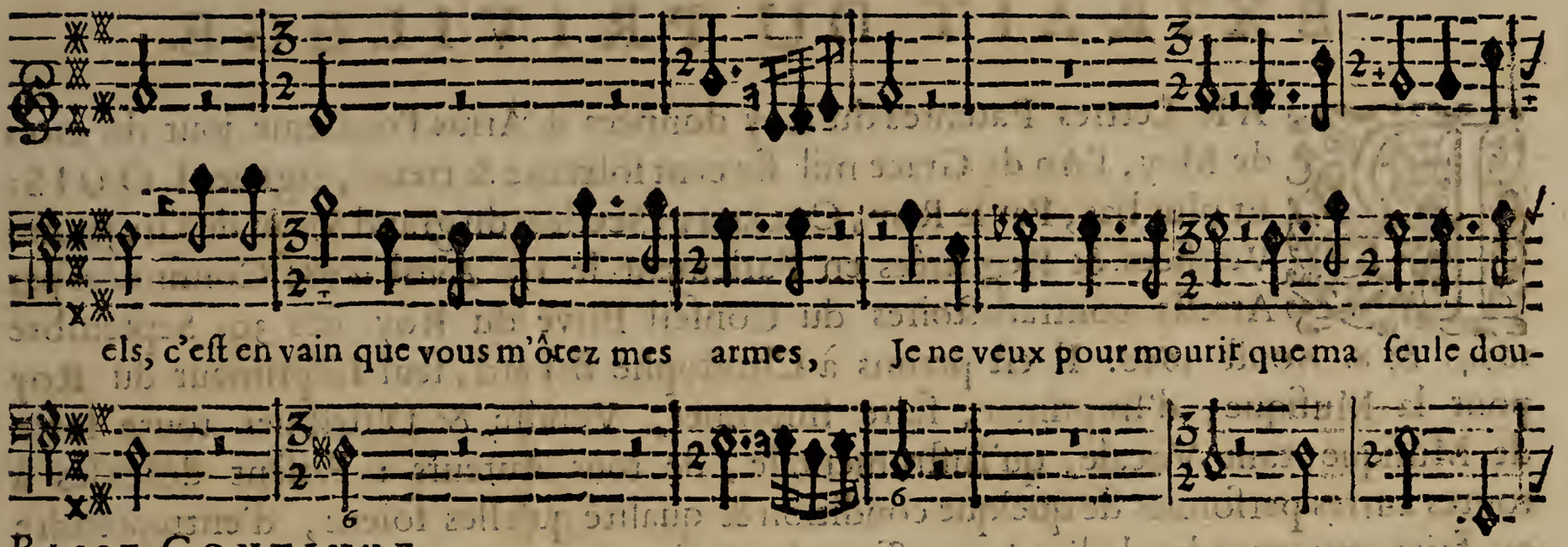

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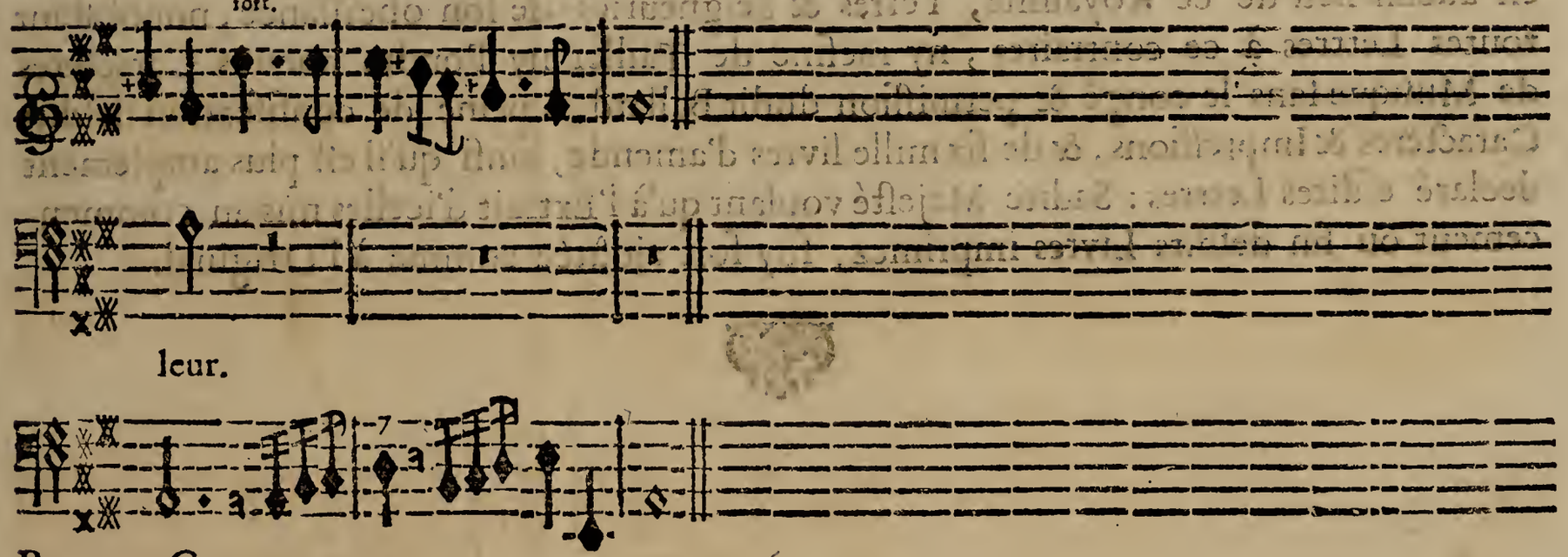

BASSE-CONTINUE.

FIN DU CINQUIE'ME ET DERNIER ACTE.

EXTRAIT DU PRIVILEGE.

PAR Lettres Patentes du Roy données à Arras l'onzieme jour du mois de May, l'An de Grace mil six cent soixante & treize, Signées LOUIS; Et plus bas, Par le Roy, COLBERT; Scellées du grand Sceau de cire jaune: Verifiées & Regiſtrées en Parlement le 15. Avril 1678. Confirmées par Arrests contradictoires du Conseil Privé du Roy des 30. Septembre 1694. & 8. Aouſt 1696. Il eſt permis à Chriſtophe Ballard, ſeul Imprimeur du Roy pour la Muſique, d'Imprimer, faire Imprimer, Vendre & Diſtribuer toute ſorte de Muſique, tant Vocale, qu'Inſtrumentale, de tous Auteurs : Faiſant défenſes à toutes autres perſonnes de quelque condition & qualité qu'elles ſoient, d'entreprendre ou faire entreprendre ladite Impreſſion de Muſique, ny autre choſe concernant icelle, en aucun lieu de ce Royaume, Terres & Seigneuries de ſon obeïſſance, nonobſtant toutes Lettres à ce contraires ; ny meſme de Tailler ny Fondre aucuns Caracteres de Muſique ſans le congé & permiſſion dudit Ballard, à peine de confiſcation deſdits Caracteres & Impreſſions, & de ſix mille livres d'amende, ainſi qu'il eſt plus amplement declaré eſdites Lettres : Sadite Majeſté voulant qu'à l'Extrait d'icelles mis au commencement ou fin deſdits Livres imprimez, foy ſoit ajoûtée comme à l'Original.